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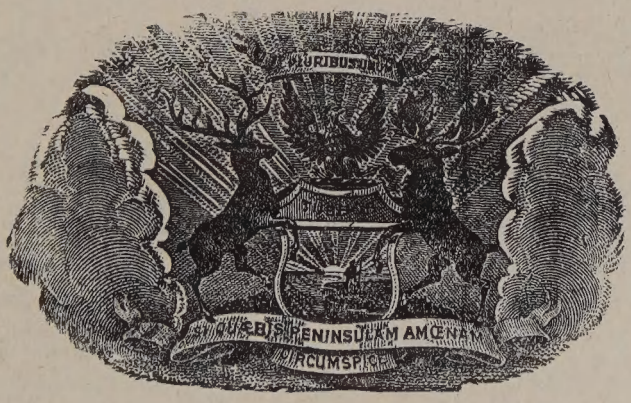
VOL. XXVIII



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PREFACE.

Owing to the veto by Governor Pingree of the appropriation made by the legislature of 1897 for carrying on the work of the Pioneer and Historical Society, the publications of its historical collections were suspended during the years 1898 and 1899.

Annual meetings of the Society were held in Lansing each year, pursuant to the provisions of law, and meetings of the Executive Committee and of the Committee of Historians were also held as occasion seemed to require, the members thereof paying their own expenses rather than to permit a discontinuance of the work that has been performed for the past twenty-six years. The sentiment was unanimous that it would be unwise to let the Society die because of the failure of an appropriation for two years. Its publications are highly prized by historians, Historical Societies and Librarians throughout the United States. We may mention the fact that obtaining copies of numerous and important original documents in the Canadian archives, through the painstaking efforts of the late Col. Michael Shoemaker, and their publication by this Society, was their first and only appearance in print. Other persons had searched for them in vain, and have gratefully acknowledged the work thus performed.

The Legislature of 1899 made a moderate appropriation to continue the work of the Society, which received Governor Pingree's approval, and now, after a lapse of nearly three years, the Committee of Historians take pleasure in presenting to the public volume twenty-eight of the Collections of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society—Volume twenty-seven having appeared in 1897—and also take pride in recommending it as one of the most interesting volumes of the series. Among the papers published herein, to which special attention is called will be found one on "Early Lansing," p. 172, a paper most carefully prepared by Mrs. Sarah E. Dart from her own reminiscences and helps from the House Journal. Following this on page 179, will be found a history of "Fort St. Joseph," by L. H. Beeson, "The old Mission Church of Mackinac Island," on page 187, and "Early Missions at Sault Ste. Marie," page 520, will be found very interesting. "The Vermontville Colony with personal sketches of the

Colonists," by E. W. Barber, page 197, is a most carefully prepared history and genesis of that colony, so different in its inception from any other settlement of Michigan. Mr. C. M. Burton writes of "Detroit in 1832," page 163, and a clipping from the "First Directory of Detroit, 1837," page 585, will be found most interesting, as will also, "The Days of Fife and Drum," by Charles Moore, page 437, which contains valuable information regarding Michigan's soldiers that took part in the struggle of 1861-5. These with many more make volume 28 a valuable addition to the collections of the Society.

As the field of historical research is explored new discoveries of valuable material are made. Placing in permanent records, the names of the pioneer settlers of Michigan, as they pass away, or in historical sketches of the towns, villages and cities they founded, is a duty the present owes to the past. Let us preserve for the future the names and labors of our ancestors. The cost to the State is very small, and the labor on the part of those who perform it is a labor of love. But, more than this, early Michigan had a number of men, while yet a Territory and after it became a State, who were prominent in national as well as in local affairs, who left private and official correspondence of great value, the publication of which is essential to a complete understanding of the events wherein they took part and of the periods whereof they wrote. Already, it is known, a large number of the letters of General Lewis Cass, the most conspicuous of our pioneers, and of Governor William Woodbridge, and of others scarcely less interesting, are available for publication by this Society. The Committee of Historians, therefore, are able to give the assurance that, with money to carry on the work, even more important contributions to the history of Michigan will be made in the future than have been made in the past.

L. D. WATKINS, *Manchester*,
C. M. BURTON, *Detroit*,
A. H. OWEN, *Venice*,
JOHN W. CHAMPION, *Grand Rapids*,
E. W. BARBER, *Jackson*,
H. B. SMITH, *Marengo*.
Committee of Historians.

Lansing, June 1, 1900.

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MICHIGAN

PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MEETING, JUNE 2 AND 3, 1897.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society convened in the senate chamber of the capitol at Lansing on Wednesday, June 2, 1897, at 2 o'clock p. m.

In the absence of Hon. Henry H. Holt, the senior vice-president who had been acting as president since the death of the president, ex-Gov. Felch, the meeting was called to order and presided over by ex-Gov. Cyrus G. Luce.

The session was opened with prayer by Rev. R. C. Crawford and singing of "America" by the audience.

The following officers were present, viz.:

Acting President—Ex-Governor Cyrus G. Luce, Coldwater.

Treasurer—Benjamin F. Davis, Lansing.

Recording and Corresponding Secretary—George H. Greene, Lansing.

Executive Committee—Hon. Orlando M. Barnes, Lansing; Hon. Daniel Striker, Hastings, and Edward W. Barber, Jackson.

Committee of Historians—Theron F. Giddings, Kalamazoo; L. D. Watkins, Manchester, and Hon. Cyrus G. Luce, Coldwater.

Vice Presidents—Daniel Striker, of Barry county; Ralph Watson of Clinton; C. B. Stebbins, of Ingham; Albert F. Morehouse, of Ionia; Benj. L. Baxter, of Lenawee; John M. Norton, of Oakland, and Alonzo H. Owens, of Shiawassee.

There were other members of the society present as follows: Judge D. C. Walker, of Capac; Judge A. C. Baldwin, Pontiac; M. D. Osband,

Grand Rapids; Hon. Geo. W. Thayer, Noys L. Avery and Rev. R. C. Crawford, Grand Rapids, and delegates from the Old Residents Association of Grand Rapids; John W. Dewey and J. H. Howe, Owosso; L. H. Beeson, Niles; Mrs. Sarah E. Striker, Hastings; Lawrence S. Meech, Meridian; Dr. Henry C. Fairbanks, Flint; Jacob Kanouse, Byron; Mrs. Jane M. Kinney, Port Huron; A. W. Chapin, Assyria; Senator A. Campbell, Ypsilanti; H. Potts, Detroit; J. H. Sayers, Eaton Rapids; Rev. Wm. H. Haze, Alvin Rolfe, Mrs. H. A. Tenney, Mrs. Caroline Felch Grant, Mrs. E. R. Merrifield, Dr. Robert C. Kedzie, Mrs. James W. King, Mrs. Marian Turner, Mrs. John W. Longyear, Henry Whiteley, Fremont D. Nichols and others of Lansing.

The reports of the recording secretary, treasurer and corresponding secretary were read and on motion were accepted and adopted.

Miss Fanny Lemon then favored the audience with two vocal solos, "Slumber Song" followed by "In the Garden."

The secretary then called the roll of counties for memorial reports, when the following counties responded through their vice presidents, either in person or by letter, viz.: Barry, Hon. Daniel Striker; Branch, Harvey Haynes; Calhoun, John F. Hinman; Clinton, Ralph Watson; Eaton, Esek Pray; Genesee, Goodenough Townsend; Huron, Erastus M. Stevens; Ingham, C. B. Stebbins; Ionia, Albert F. Morehouse; Jackson, Josiah B. Frost; Kalamazoo, Henry Bishop; Kent, Wm. N. Cook; Lenawee, Benj. L. Baxter; Macomb, Geo. H. Cannon; Marquette, Peter White; Muskegon, Henry H. Holt; Oakland, John M. Norton; Saginaw, Chas. W. Grant; Shiawassee, Alonzo H. Owens; St. Clair, Mrs. Helen W. Farrand; St. Joseph, Calvin H. Starr.

The chair appointed a committee of three, consisting of T. F. Giddings, Judge A. C. Baldwin, and Geo. W. Thayer, to nominate officers for the year 1897-8.

Judge Claudius B. Grant of the supreme court read a very able paper on "The Life and Character of Alpheus Felch."

Herman Bliss sang a song entitled, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair."

Rev. R. C. Crawford paid a very touching tribute to his deceased wife in a paper entitled "Memoir of Mrs. R. C. Crawford."

Five minute speeches were called for and responded to as follows: Benj. L. Baxter, of Tecumseh; John M. Norton, Rochester; Senator A. Campbell, Ypsilanti; Mrs. Jane M. Kinney, Port Huron; A. H. Owens, Lennon; Gov. Cyrus Luce, Coldwater; Dr. Henry C. Fairbanks, Flint; Dr. Robert C. Kedzie, Lansing.

A telegram from Erastus M. Stevens of Caseville, vice president for Huron county, sending greetings and good will, was read by the secretary.

Herman Bliss then favored the audience with another song, entitled "Doris."

Adjourned to 7:30 o'clock in the evening.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The society met pursuant to adjournment and was called to order by the chairman. Prayer was offered by Rev. Wm. H. Osborne.

Music—Quartette, "The Wayside Cross," by Messrs. Root, Thompson, Wycoff and Rowe.

An interesting paper entitled "Study of the Aborigines of Michigan," by Harlan I. Smith of Saginaw, was read by Lewis M. Miller.

Music—A song entitled "Cradle Song," by Miss Lena Crosby.

Edward W. Barber of Jackson read a very exhaustive paper on the "History of Vermontville, with Sketches of its Early Settlers," at the conclusion of which Hon. Geo. W. Thayer of Grand Rapids moved a vote of thanks be extended to him for his most captivating and eloquent paper, which was adopted by a rising vote.

Mr. Gage Christopher entertained the audience with two songs entitled "Daddy" and "In Her Garden Fair."

Five minute speeches were called for and responded to by several good talkers.

Music—Quartette, "The Old Oaken Bucket," by Messrs. Root, Thompson, Wycoff and Rowe.

The meeting then adjourned until Thursday morning at 9:30 o'clock.

THURSDAY MORNING.

The society met pursuant to adjournment and was called to order by the chairman.

Prayer by Rev. Wm. H. Haze.

Music—Song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," by Mr. Tompkins.

L. D. Watkins of Manchester read a paper on the "Destruction of the Forests of Michigan."

A paper by Enos Goodrich, of Fostoria, entitled "Trials of Pioneer Business Men," was read by T. F. Giddings and Geo. H. Greene.

Music—"The Sword of Bunker Hill," by C. W. Root.

Hon. John M. Norton, of Rochester, read a paper on "Early Schools and Pioneer Life."

Music—Cornet solo, "In Old Berlin," by Fred Kneeland.

The committee appointed to nominate officers for 1897-8 made the following report, which was adopted:

To the Officers and Members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

Your committee selected to suggest officers for the ensuing year respectfully report as follows:

For President—Hon. Cyrus G. Luce, Coldwater.

Recording and Corresponding Secretary—Geo. H. Greene, Lansing.

Treasurer—Benj. F. Davis, Lansing.

Executive Committee—Orlando M. Barnes, Lansing; Daniel Striker, Hastings; Dr. Robert C. Kedzie, Agricultural College.

Committee of Historians—Henry H. Holt, Muskegon; Theron F. Giddings, Kalamazoo; L. D. Watkins, Manchester; Clarence M. Burton, Detroit; Gerrit J. Diekema, Holland; Edward W. Barber, Jackson.

Vice Presidents—One from each county as follows:

Allegan—Don C. Henderson, Allegan.

Barry—Daniel Striker, Hastings.

Bay—Judge Sanford M. Green, Bay City.

Berrien—Lewis H. Beeson, Niles.

Branch—Harvey Haynes, Coldwater.

Calhoun—John F. Hinman, Battle Creek.

Cass—

Clare—Henry Woodruff, Farwell.

Clinton—Ralph Watson, South Riley.

Crawford—Dr. Oscar Palmer, Grayling.

Eaton—Esek Pray, Dimondale.

Emmet—Isaac D. Toll, Petoskey.

Genesee—Goodenough Townsend, Davison.

Grand Traverse—Reuben Goodrich, Traverse City.

Gratiot—Wm. S. Turck, Alma.

Hillsdale—William Drake, Reading.

Houghton—Thomas B. Dunstan, Hancock.

Huron—Erastus M. Stevens, Caseville.

Ingham—C. B. Stebbins, Lansing.

Ionia—Albert F. Morehouse, Portland.

Iosco—H. C. King, Oscoda.

Jackson—Josiah B. Frost.

Kalamazoo—Henry Bishop, Kalamazoo.

Kent—Wm. N. Cook, Grand Rapids.

Lapeer—John Wright, Lapeer.

Lenawee—Benj. L. Baxter, Tecumseh.

Livingston—Chas. W. Barber, Howell.

Macomb—Geo. H. Cannon, Washington.

Manistee—T. J. Ramsdell, Manistee.

Marquette—Peter White, Marquette.

Menominee—James A. Crozier, Menominee.

Monroe—John Davis, Monroe.

Montcalm—Joseph P. Shoemaker, Amsden.

Muskegon—Henry H. Holt, Muskegon.

Oakland—John M. Norton, Rochester.
Oceana—Enoch T. Mugford, Hart.
Otsego—Charles F. Davis, Elmira.
Ottawa—
Saginaw—Chas. W. Grant, Saginaw, E. S.
Shiawassee—Alonzo H. Owens, Lennon.
St. Clair—Mrs. Helen W. Farrand, Port Huron.
St. Joseph—Calvin H. Starr, Centreville.
Tuscola—Enos Goodrich, Fostoria.
Van Buren—Theodatus T. Lyon, South Haven.
Washtenaw—Wm. H. Lay, Ypsilanti.
Wayne—Fred Carlisle.
All of which is respectfully submitted.

T. F. GIDDINGS,
A. C. BALDWIN,
GEO. W. THAYER,
Committee.

A paper entitled "Massacre of the Sauks at Saginaw," by E. D. Cowles of Saginaw, E. S., was read by T. F. Giddings. This paper is No. 1 of a series of articles by Mr. Cowles on "The Indian as He was and as He is in the Saginaw Valley."

An invitation from the superintendent of the Industrial School for Boys, for as many as could do so to visit that institution was received, accompanied with a beautiful bouquet of roses. The invitation was accepted and a vote of thanks extended for the bouquet.

M. D. Osband of Grand Rapids offered the following preamble and resolutions, which he prefaced with a few remarks as follows:

Mr. President—The Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society is supposed to be emphatically hungry for history. Its achievements in the past justify this supposition. It has gathered from far and near, such masses of historic material as will gladden the eyes of some future Bancroft or Parkman. Much of this has come from first hands, the men and women who have helped to make the history they record, and which but for this society would never have been recorded, and even now would have been forgotten. Much of it consists of transcripts from documents filed a century ago, among the archives of other countries and until now inaccessible to our country. All this has, in a comparatively inexpensive form, been placed before the public.

But I wish now to speak of certain historic materials pertaining to our own country, in which our people are largely interested, but which are inaccessible to them. Portions of our revolutionary history are, and ever have been, beyond our reach. I refer to the fact that the names and

records of service of the soldiers of the American Revolution have never been published or even gathered and placed on file among the archives of the government. Because of this uncertainty attends every effort of men and women who seek from original sources to learn of the achievements of their ancestors in that struggle.

There is at the present time a growing inclination among our people to form social organizations, based on the records of our revolutionary ancestors. Under various names Sons and Daughters of the Revolution are being formed. To secure evidence of eligibility for membership to such organizations men and women are searching old records and all other available sources to secure the history of the part their ancestors took in those times that tried men's souls. This subject is awakening interest and being favorably considered elsewhere, and in view of its importance I ask leave to offer the following resolution:

WHEREAS, It has come to our knowledge that the lists of the names of the Soldiers of the American Revolutionary War, on whose patriotic valor is based our Nationality and our liberties, have, through all the years of the last century, been largely left to the precarious custody of the original States in the contest;

AND WHEREAS, It is a common experience of those seeking, from original sources, the records of the services of their ancestors in that struggle, to find that complete records are not to be found intact, in their legitimate localities, or elsewhere;

AND WHEREAS, These experiences lead to the conviction that such records have been imperfectly cared for, and that they are liable at all times, from accident or otherwise, to injury or destruction;

Therefore Resolved, that it is the conviction of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society that the names and records of service of all the Soldiers of the American Revolution should be collected, compiled, and published by the Government, in such manner as shall insure permanence, and shall be easy of access to its citizens.

Resolved, That our Senators and Representatives in Congress are hereby requested to use diligent efforts to secure such legislation by Congress as will secure this result.

The resolution was adopted.

Five-minute speeches were then called for and responded to as follows:

Benj. L. Baxter, Tecumseh; Albert F. Morehouse, Portland; Senator A. Campbell, Ypsilanti; Rev. Wm. H. Haze, Lansing; Judge D. C. Walker, Capac; Dr. Robert C. Kedzie, Agricultural College.

Music—"Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," by C. W. Root.

Adjourned to 2 o'clock p. m.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

The Society met pursuant to adjournment and was called to order by the chairman. Prayer was offered by Rev. Wm. H. Haze.

Music—Chorus, by a choir of boys from the Industrial School, entitled "Come Where the Lilies Bloom so Fair." They responded to an encore with another chorus entitled "Sweet Peace."

A paper on the "Land of the Sauks," by E. D. Cowles, was read by Geo. H. Greene. This was another of Mr. Cowles' series of articles, No. XI, on the Indians of the Saginaw Valley.

A paper entitled "Detroit in 1832," by Clarence M. Burton of Detroit, was read by his sister, Mrs. Nathan Judson of Lansing.

Birdie Buck, one of the boys from the Industrial School, sang a solo, "Cast One Little Thought for Me," and responded to an encore with "Do not Turn Me from Your Door."

A paper on the "Removal of the Pottawattomie Indians," by Chief Simon Pokagon of Hartford, the last chief of the Pottawattomie band, was read by T. F. Giddings.

Lewis H. Beeson of Niles read a very interesting paper on "The Old Fort St. Joseph."

Music—Quartette, "Pretty Little Primrose," followed by "Oft in the Stilly Night," by Misses Bower, Rowell, Gilliland and Berridge.

Five minute speeches were called for and responded to as follows:

Ralph Watson, South Riley (read an account of the Ionia Colony, by Mrs. Tower); Albert F. Morehouse, Portland; C. B. Stebbins, Lansing; Henry Whiteley, Lansing; Benj. L. Baxter, Tecumseh (address delivered 21 years ago).

Hon. B. L. Baxter of Tecumseh, Mich., occupied a few minutes in giving the Society the closing remarks of an address delivered by him before the Pioneer and Historical Society of Lenawee county, 21 years ago.

"Many other recollections of those early days occur to me, which might be of interest to you, but as my time is limited, I will be brief.

'Passing away' is so sternly and irrevocably written upon the persons and events of those early days that it well becomes us, not only in behalf of the memory of those sturdy pioneers, who braved the exposures, the deprivations, and even the dangers of forest life, to work out for us, for the most part, the beauty and prosperity that now surround us; to catch at, and record in their passing, what we may, of the many incidents and events of those early days, ere they shall have passed beyond our reach.

Many from whom these might have been better secured are already gone beyond recall.

Father Wright, Judge Wilkins, Levi Baxter, Selleck C. Boughton (the early surveyor of the village and the surrounding country), Judge Blanchard, Wm. H. Hoag, Samuel Satlerthwaite, of the Society of

Friends, occupying the valley of the Raisin south of us, James Patchen, Olmsted Hough, our former sheriff; Col. Wm. McNair, Cousin George Spafford, Simeon Davidson, Dr. Wm. Baldwin, Abner Spafford, Jesse Button, Jesse Osborn, Musgrove Evans, Gen. Joseph W. Brown, alone surviving, and Austin E. Wing, the triumvirate who in 1824 purchased the land and platted our little village—these have all passed away, and now the then boy of 16 is called upon to address you as a Pioneer and surviving relic of those early days.

'Passing away,' so plainly written in bold and sad relief, upon these local events of the last half century, should not fail to remind us that we, too, are, slowly it may be, but surely, also passing away—and what we as a Society have to do to commemorate and record its vanishing events must be promptly and quickly done, or remain forever undone."

As a closing song, the audience joined in singing the song of the old folks, "Auld Lang Syne."

Rev. Wm. H. Haze pronounced the benediction and the meeting adjourned.

REPORT OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY.

Lansing, June 2, 1897.

To the Officers and Members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

Your Recording Secretary begs leave to submit herewith his annual report for the year ending with this date, as follows:

The twenty-second annual meeting of this Society was held in the Senate chamber of the Capitol, June 3 and 4, 1896. The program as published was carried out with but few changes. The proceedings of that meeting are published in detail in volume 27 of our Collections, together with the papers read and other valuable historical material secured at that time.

MEMBERSHIP.

The total enrollment on the membership book of the Society is 891. Of this number 404 have been reported as deceased, leaving the present membership 487.

Since our last report there have been thirty-four names added to the list, as follows: Harlan I. Smith and Wm. H. Sweet of Saginaw; Edward W. Barber, Jackson; Thomas G. Greene, Marden Sabin, Charles L. Seekell, William J. Major, Henry S. Leinbach and Lucy McKee White, Centreville;

John P. Gladding, Levi T. Hull and Abner M. Beardsley, Constantine; William Conner and Geo. W. Palmer, Wasepi; John Farrow, Sturgis; William Beard and Roderick E. Fletcher, Mendon; James W. King, Three Rivers; William W. Warner, Allegan; Charles Chandler and Mark Norris, Grand Rapids; Mrs. Mary E. Maynard and Chester Messer, Hastings; Harrison Soule, Ann Arbor; Elijah B. Newhall, Ypsilanti; Judge Geo. H. Durand, Flint; Judge Philip T. Van Zile, Detroit; Burton Parker, Monroe; Gurden L. Wight, Fremont D. Nichols, James H. Baker, Russell C. Ostrander, Cornelius V. R. Pond and Henry Whiteley, Lansing.

DONATIONS.

Among the donations is one presented by Francis I. Clark of Flat Rock, worthy of especial mention. It is a letter dated at St. Johns, New Brunswick, Aug. 14, 1775, written by Isaac McDaniells to his wife. The writer was a brother of Mr. Clark's mother and had fled to St. Johns on account of the war.

The other donations consist of books, pamphlets, portraits, etc., about the usual number as heretofore, and the Society desires to express its gratitude and extend its thanks to those who have added to its collections by their donations.

The list of donations is as follows:

AMERICAN CONGREGATIONAL ASSOCIATION, Boston, Mass.:
Forty-Third Annual Report of its Directors, 1896.

BAKER, GEO. A., South Bend, Ind.:
South Bend Daily Times, June 3, 1896, containing an account of the first meeting of the Northern Indiana Historical Society in its new quarters.
South Bend Daily Times, July 4, 1896, Historical Notes.

BARBER, EDWARD W., Jackson:
Jackson Evening Press, June 22, 1896. Article on Vermontville.
Jackson Morning Patriot, Dec. 26, 1896. Paper by E. W. Barber on the Cuban Question.

BISHOP, HENRY, Kalamazoo:
Schoolcraft Express, Oct. 26, 1894. Article on Railroad History.
Supplement to the Detroit Post and Tribune, July 6, 1879.
Organization of the Republican party under the Oaks at Jackson.
Kalamazoo Daily News, Nov. 4, 1894. Sketch of William G. Dewing.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE LIBRARY, Brunswick, Me.:
Bibliographical Contributions. Pamphlet.

BOWKER, R. R., New York:
Publications of Societies. Pamphlet.

BRIGGS, COL. GEO. G., Grand Rapids:
Ceremonies at the Unveiling of the Thomas D. Gilbert Memorial. Pamphlet.

BUFFALO HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Buffalo, N. Y.:
Annual Report of the Board of Managers, Jan., 1896.

CALLAHAN, E. M., Lansing:
Headlight Flashes for Pontiac, Flint, Ionia, Greenville, St. Johns and Grand Haven. Illustrated.

CHURCH, MRS. C. W., Lansing:
Michigan Christian Advocate, Vol. XIV except Nos. 1 and 46 and Vol. XV except No. 50.

CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Chicago, Ill.:
Report of Annual Meeting Nov. 17, 1896. Leaflet.
Report of Quarterly Meeting Jan. 19, 1897, and Special Meeting Jan. 26, 1897.
Report of Quarterly Meeting April 20, 1897.
Report of Special Meeting April 29, 1897.

CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Chicago, Ill.—*Continued:*
Invitation to attend the exercises at the opening of the Society's new building, Dec. 15, 1896.
Chicago Inter Ocean Dec. 16, 1896. Account of the dedication of the new home of the Society.

CITY OF WALTHAM, Mass.:
Proceedings at the celebration of the Sesqui-Centennial of the town of Waltham, Jan. 16, 1888. Book.

CLARKE, FRANCIS I., Flat Rock:
An old letter from his uncle, Isaac McDaniells, to his wife, dated August 14, 1775, at St. Johns, New Brunswick, where he had fled on account of the war.

COLUMBIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Washington, D. C.:
Invitation to attend Memorial Meeting of the Society, Dec. 7, 1896.

COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC RECORDS, Boston, Mass.:
Ninth Report on the Custody and Condition of the Public Records of Parishes, Towns and Counties. Pamphlet.

CONGRESS OF ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETIES:
Report of the Parish Register Committee, 1896. Pamphlet.
Index to Archæological Papers Published in 1895. Pamphlet.
Report on the Transactions and Publications of Parish Registers, etc. Pamphlet.

CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Hartford, Ct.:
Annual Report, May 26, 1896.
Collections of the Society, Vol. V. Book.

DARLING, CHAS. W., Utica, N. Y.:
Utica Morning Herald, April 14, 1897. Abstract of a lecture by Prof. J. T. Rothrock before the Oneida Historical Society on the destruction of the forests.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:
The Bookman for March, 1896.

DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Madison, N. Y.:
Year Book, 1896-1897. Pamphlet.

GREENE, GEO. H., Lansing:
Detroit Free Press, June 14, 1896. Death of Ex-Gov. Felch and Bela Hubbard.
Detroit Tribune, June 16, 1896. Ex-Gov. Felch's last letter.
State Republican, July 7, 1896. Death of James M. Turner.
Detroit Tribune, July 11, 1896. Centennial Celebration of the Evacuation of Detroit.
Detroit Free Press, July 12, 1896. Centennial Celebration of the Evacuation of Detroit.

HALL, JOSEPH, Philadelphia, Pa.:
An Appeal to Professing Christians respecting the attitude of the Church in regard to war Leaflet.

KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCETY, Topeka, Kan.:
Kansas Historical Collections, 1891-1896, Vol. V. Book.
Topeka Daily Capital, Jan. 22 and 23, 1896. Proceedings of the Twentieth Annual Meeting of the Society.

LACEY, FANNY, Niles:
A lot of manuscripts from the old papers of Obed P. Lacey, of Niles, and Thomas Fitzgerald, of St. Joseph, being letters, bills, bonds, contracts and militia papers of the Blackhawk War, ranging from 1832 to 1849.

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, St. Paul, Minn.:
Ninth Biennial report to the Legislature.

MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY, St. Louis, Mo.:
Newspapers and Newspaper People of Three Decades, by Wm. Hyde, and Territorial System of Missouri by Frederick C. Hicks. Pamphlet No. 12.

MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Helena, Mont.:
Catalogue of its Library. Pamphlet.
Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana, Vol. II. Book.

NEW YORK SOCIETY OF THE ORDER OF THE FOUNDERS AND PATRIOTS OF AMERICA, New York:
Constitution, By-Laws and Charter Associates. Two copies. Pamphlet.

NEBRASKA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Lincoln, Neb.:
Proceedings and Collections, Vol. I, No. 4, Second Series, 1896. Pamphlet.

ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Utica, N. Y.:
Invitation to attend the dedication of the Society's new home, the Munson-Williams Memorial Building, with program of exercises, Dec. 1, 1896.
Dedication Exercises of the Munson-Williams Memorial. Two copies. Pamphlet.
Proceedings of Annual Meeting, Jan. 12, 1897. Leaflet.
Transactions 1895-1897, Munson-Williams Memorial, No. 7. Pamphlet.

RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Providence, R. I.:
Providence Daily Journal, Jan. 15, 1896. Proceedings of Annual Meeting.

SCHUMACHER, BOWEN W., Chicago, Ill.:
Twenty-two pieces of wild cat bills, 1839-42.
Poem, A Dream, relating to Paul B. Ring.
A Chapter of Chronicles on the Senate of 1850.
Pencil Portrait of Col. Shoemaker at Pioneer Meeting of 1882.
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, Washington, D. C.:
Doomsday of Inclosures, 1517, 1518 and 1549, by Royal Historical Society, Vols. I and II. Books.
Transactions of the Royal Historical Society. New Series. Vol. X. Book.
Thirteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1891-2. Book.
STRONG, CHAS. J., Sebewa:
The Sebewa Item, May, 1897. Sketch of John Friend.
STUART, L. G., Grand Rapids:
Grand Rapids Democrat, June 6, 1896. Unveiling of the Gilbert Statue. Three copies.
TENNEY, MRS. HARRIET A., Lansing:
The Lansing Independent, Nos. 1 to 5. Complete set.
Twenty-one Manuscript Addresses by Jesse E. Tenney.
Proceedings of the Woman's Relief Corps, Department of Michigan, 1884 to 1888 and 1890.
Address before Chas. T. Foster, W. R. C., No. 7, 1890, by Mrs. H. A. Tenney.
Michigan Almanac, 1869 to 1890, except 1870 and 1874.
Photographs of six of the Chicago Anarchists.
Seven Photographic Cartoons on the Legislature of 1877, by Louis Dillman.
Thanksgiving Proclamation by Gov. Luce for Centennial Anniversary of Inauguration of George Washington.
Program of Farewell Reception Tendered by Lansing Lodge, No. 33, F. & A. M., to Norman B. Conger and wife, Aug. 3, 1891.
Program of Mikado Concert at Presbyterian Church, Lansing, Oct. 8, 1886.
Program, Dedication First Baptist Church, Lansing, 1894.
Program, Lansing Normal Kindergarten Training School, June 8, 1892.
Program, Laying Corner Stone Central M. E. Church, Lansing, 1889.
Program, Commencement Tekonsha High School, 1863.
Ritual of the Union League of America, 1863.
Constitution, By-Laws and Rules of Green Mountain Lodge, No. 1, I. O. O. F., 1848.
Salutations for the New Year, 1873, Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Lansing.
In Memoriam—Lida J. Wells.
Vesta A. Allen.
Abigail R. Pratt.
Harriet Row.
Adelaide Roode Archer.
Pocket Map and Shipping Guide of Michigan.
Invitation to attend the Dedication of the Joy Memorial M. E. Church, Grand Rapids.
Calypso, an Oil Painting of John Antrobus. Pamphlet.
Facts and Figures about Michigan and Year Book, 1887. Pamphlet.
Catalogue of Middlebury College, 1891-2.
Souvenir of Lansing, 1888.
Detroit Journal Year Book, 1889.
Detroit as She Is 1889. Pamphlet.
The School Journal, Fredonia, Mich., Feb. 16, 1856, MS.
Marshall Union School Journal, Aug., 1857. Two copies.
Poem, How Cornwallis was Taken, by George Duffield.
Report of the Board of State Building Commissioners for 1872 to 1876 and 1878.
The Sentimental Song Book by Julia A. Moore, the Sweet Singer of Michigan.
A Ryme of the District School, by Norman Carolan Perkins.
Detroit Art Loan Catalogue, 1883.
Supplement to Detroit Art Loan Catalogue, 1883.
Detroit Museum of Art, 1888.
Catalogue of Loan Exhibition, Lansing, 1881.
Program, Lady Minstrels, Lansing, 1895.
The Book Buyer for Feb., 1888.
Atlas of Ingham County, Mich.
Descriptive America-Michigan, Aug., 1884.
Mid-Continent Magazine, Vol. 2, Nos. 1 to 6, Vol. 3, Nos. 6 and 12, and Vol. 4, Nos. 1 and 2.
Portraits of State Officers, 1895-6.
Portrait of Hon. Russell A. Alger.
Portrait of Alonzo Sessions.
Engraving, Detroit Observatory of the University of Michigan.

TENNEY, MRS. HARRIET A., Lansing—*Continued:*
Engraving, University of Michigan.
One of the Brass Candlesticks used for Lighting the Capitol as late as 1859.
Set of Grace Sticks made in Jackson the year the first railroad train entered that place.
A piece of wood said to be a piece of the old Cadillac or Cass House.

TEXAS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Austin, Texas:
Report of its Organization, March 2, 1897. Pamphlet.

THAYER, GEO. W., Grand Rapids:
Grand Rapids Sunday Democrat, Feb. 28, 1897. Article on Ottawa's Old Settlers, by Wm. M. Ferry.

WESTERN RESERVE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Cleveland, O.:
Tract No. 86, Vol. IV, Farm Life in Central Ohio Sixty Years Ago, by Martin Welker. Pamphlet.
Tract No. 87, Vol. IV, The Underground Railroad, by James H. Fairchild, D. D. Pamphlet.
Tract No. 88, Vol. IV, Memorial of Charles Candee Baldwin, by G. Frederick Wright. Pamphlet.

WEST VIRGINIA HISTORICAL AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY, Charleston, W. Va.:
History and Mystery of the Kanawha Valley, by Dr. J. P. Hale. Pamphlet.

WINDSOR PUBLIC LIBRARY, Windsor, Canada:
Its Second Annual Report.

WINSLOW REV. WM. COPLEY, L.L. D., Boston, Mass.:
Gov. Edward Winslow: His Part and Place in Plymouth Colony, by Rev. Wm. C. Winslow, L.L. D. Pamphlet.

WYOMING COMMEMORATIVE ASSOCIATION, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Report of the Proceedings at the 117th Anniversary of the Battle and Massacre of Wyoming, July 3, 1895. Pamphlet.
Report of the Proceedings at the 118th Anniversary of the Battle and Massacre of Wyoming, July 3, 1896. Pamphlet.

WYOMING HISTORICAL AND GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
The Frontier Forts within the North and West Branches of the Susquehanna River, by Capt. John M. Buckalew. Pamphlet.
The Frontier Forts within the Wyoming Valley, by Sheldon Reynolds, M. A. Pamphlet.

COMMITTEE MEETINGS.

The executive committee and committee of historians have held two meetings in joint session since our last annual meeting, as follows:

On September 16, 1896, at which time the material collected and prepared for volume 27 was submitted by the secretary, which was examined and approved, and the secretary directed to proceed with the publication of said volume according to the list of materials submitted. The subject of archæology was discussed and it was decided that it was a subject worthy of greater attention than the Society had given to it in the past and a committee of two, consisting of L. D. Watkins and Theron F. Giddings, was appointed to take the matter especially in charge. Mr. Giddings was appointed a committee on appropriation to see that the bill should be introduced and to look after it in its passage through the two branches of the legislature. This duty he most faithfully performed, securing its passage, after having been somewhat reduced in the senate, but unfortunately for the progress of our work, when it reached the Governor he exercised his veto power and refused to approve it. One of his reasons for not doing so was that in some of the recent volumes published, they are, as he says, "largely given up to obituary notices of those who came to Michigan in an early day." It is true, we have given some

space to biographical sketches of the early settlers; out of a total of 3,600 pages in the last five volumes there are 513 pages devoted to these memorial sketches. In doing this we believed we were discharging a sacred duty, in perpetuating the memory of those who toiled hard and endured so many privations and hardships to build this grand commonwealth of which we are today so justly proud. Who are more deserving of this slight recognition than they?

On June 1, 1897, the second meeting was held, when the arrangements for this meeting, as made by the secretary, were reviewed, the program approved and other business of routine transacted.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

GEO. H. GREENE,
Recording Secretary.

REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Lansing, June 2, 1897.

To the Officers and Members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

I herewith submit my eighteenth report as corresponding secretary. The correspondence of the past year has been of about the usual character and amount as the year before. There have been many inquiries made relative to family history and other historical matters, all of which I have endeavored to reply to with promptness.

Each year we are called upon to record the deaths of a goodly number of our members. This year is no exception. Some of our most influential, active and useful members are among the number to pass to the other side. The full list, so far as I have been able to ascertain, is as follows:

No.	Name.	Residence.	Born.	Died.	Age.	Came to Michigan.
9	W. W. Mitchell	Ionia	Feb. 21, 1831	May 19, 1897	66	1836
89	Alpheus Felch	Ann Arbor	Sept. 28, 1804	June 13, 1896	92	1833
190	Uriah Upjohn	Kalamazoo	Sept. 7, 1812	Nov. 23, 1896	84	1835
276	Bela Hubbard	Detroit	April 24, 1814	June 13, 1896	82	1835
332	James B. Porter	Lansing	Sept. 7, 1824	March 7, 1897	73	1833
346	J. Wilkie Moore	Detroit	May 13, 1814	Oct. 1, 1896	82	1833

No.	Name.	Residence.	Born.	Died.	Age.	Came to Michigan.
445	Josiah W. Begole	Flint	Nov. 20, 1815	June 6, 1896	80	1836
459	James Shearer	Bay City	July 12, 1823	Oct. 14, 1896	73	1838
493	George M. Dewey	Owosso	Feb. 14, 1832	May 27, 1897	65	1852
514	George Taylor	Lansing	June 2, 1810	May 27, 1897	87	1845
590	John F. Temple	Ridgeway	March 9, 1821	March 11, 1897	76	1837
592	Mrs. R. C. Crawford	Grand Rapids	Nov. 7, 1823	Jan. 2, 1897	73	1824
703	Edwin Willitts	Washington, D.C.	April 30, 1830	Oct. 23, 1896	66	1836
720	Thomas Stears	Constantine	Aug. 6, 1816	June 13, 1896	80	1835
734	Sarah Ann Budlong Whitney	Adrian	Feb. 21, 1812	July 17, 1896	84	1834
735	Hiram Draper	Colon	Nov. 16, 1808	June 6, 1896	87	1835
739	Joseph Russell	Leonidas	June 24, 1816	Dec. 24, 1896	80	1835
817	William W. Bliss	Blissfield	March 28, 1817	Jan. 4, 1897	80	1817

Gov. Begole, who died two days after the close of our last meeting, had been a vice-president from Genesee county from 1881 to 1895, and seldom if ever, was absent from our meetings. Hiram Draper, who died on the same day, was a vice-president from St. Joseph county from 1891 to 1895. One week later three were called on the same day, viz.: Gov. Felch, Bela Hubbard and Thomas Stears. Gov. Felch had been our president since 1892 and took a great interest in the Society, as his valuable articles published in our collections will testify. It will be remembered that he was not able to be with us at the last meeting, but sent a letter which was read at the meeting. This proved to be his last letter, a fac-simile of which you will find as a frontispiece to volume 27 of our collections. The death of Gov. Felch, who was so greatly beloved by all our members and by all the people of the State, is a serious loss to the Society. Bela Hubbard was a prominent citizen of Detroit and has contributed several very valuable articles to our collections. J. Wilkie Moore, one of the oldest residents of Detroit, was one of our most valued members. He had been our vice-president from Wayne county since 1888. James B. Porter was Secretary of State for six years from January 1, 1861, covering the whole period of the war, and it is said that he signed every commission issued by the Governor of the State during the war. James Shearer was one of the three commissioners for building the Capitol, through whose honest management the building was completed within the appropriation and money left which was covered back into the State treasury. W. W. Mitchell of Ionia was one of the original twenty-two founders of this Society. Only three of that little band remain, viz.: E. Lakin Brown of Schoolcraft, Warren Hopkins of Jonesville and Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney of

Lansing, our efficient recording secretary from its organization to 1892 and many years State librarian.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

GEO. H. GREENE,
Corresponding Secretary.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER.

Lansing, June 2, 1897.

To the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

I herewith submit my annual report as follows:

Benj. F. Davis, treasurer, in account with the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society from June 3, 1896, to June 2, 1897:

RECEIPTS.

To balance on hand June 3, 1896	$275 32
To amount received on account of membership fees	34 00
To amount received on account of sale of volumes 1 and 2	6 00
Total	$315 32
Amount on hand June 2, 1897	$315 32

APPROPRIATION OF 1895.

Amount on hand June 3, 1896, in the State Treasury of the appropriation made by Act 115 of 1895		$2,663 54
Disbursed as follows:		
Expenses of annual meeting, 1896	$41 50	
Expenses of Committee of Historians	51 67	
Expenses of Executive Committee	12 85	
Expenses of Secretary to Grand Rapids and Ann Arbor for the Society	9 02	
Postage, express, telegraph, etc	25 29	
Etching for Gov. Felch's last letter	4 60	
Proof reading, indexing and other clerical work	600 00	
Printing and binding volume 26	1,024 10	
Printing volume 27 and binding 1,000 copies of same	894 51	
		$2,663 54

All of which is respectfully submitted.

B. F. DAVIS,
Treasurer.

REPORT OF MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

BARRY COUNTY.

BY DANIEL STRIKER.

Names.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Baker, Mrs. Catherine	Hope	May 9, 1897	76	Been a resident of Barry county 40 years.
Barber, Mrs. Mary A.		Nov. 20, 1896	67	
Bowker, Elijah		August, 1896	76	
Briggs, Geo. L.	Assyria	Jan. 29, 1897	89	He had been a resident of county 47 years.
Burch, Solomon	Richland Junction	Sept. 25, 1896	87	He was an old pioneer of section.
Bush, Mrs. Martha L. N.	Delton	July 24, 1897	57	She was a resident of the township 42 years.
Campbell, Columbus C.	Hope	July 13, 1897	64	He came to Michigan in 1843.
Carr, Tracy	Middleville	Aug. 7, 1897	86	Settled in Michigan in 1854.
Chandler, Newell	Hope	Aug. 31, 1897	80	An old pioneer of Hope.
Clifford, Wm.	Woodland	Oct. 4, 1896	91	Resident of county 51 years.
Cook, Joseph H	Prairieville	March 22, 1897	80	Settled in the township in 1855.
Cooper, Mrs. A. D.	Hastings	June 21, 1896		
Dickinson, Lang		Oct. 10, 1896	57	
Dryer, Mrs. Mary E.	Hastings	Mar. 26, 1897	82	
Edmund, Peter	Baltimore	Aug. 29, 1896	78	A resident of county 43 years.
Ellis, Mrs. Cleveland	Assyria	Dec. 18, 1896	88	She settled in Assyria in 1836.
Feighner, Mrs. John	Castleton	Oct. 31, 1896	74	She was one of the first pioneers of Castleton.
Ferris, Aaron	Johnstown	Aug. 23, 1896	76	He was one of the first settlers.
Flowers, Marion, Sr.	Prairieville	Jan. 20, 1897	85	He had been married 56 years and his death was the first to occur in the family. A wife and 7 children survive.
Fuller, Julius Franklin	Nashville	Nov. 15, 1896	80	He and his wife came to Michigan in 1840.
Guile, Mrs. Hannah	Carlton	Feb. 6, 1897	79	She was a resident of Michigan 69 years, having come here when but 10 years old
Hale, Hibbard P.	Woodland	Sept. 9, 1896	73	A resident of the county 51 years.
Kelley, Jackson	Delton	Aug. 17, 1896	59	A resident of the county 46 years.
Lewis, Mrs. Candace	Prairieville			She was one of the pioneers of Prairieville.
Monroe, Mrs. C. C. B.	Barry	July 8, 1897	71	Resident of the county 51 years.
O'Conner, Mrs.	Hastings	Sept. 5, 1896		Resident of the county many years.
Lake, Eber H	Hastings	Dec. 15, 1896		Resident of the county 30 years.
Otis, Mr. Parcel	Hope		83	Resident of the county 34 years.
Pifer, David	Barry	Oct. 11, 1896	71	Resident of the county 43 years.

Name.	Residence.	Date of death.	Age.	Remarks.
Price, Mrs. Clarissa	Nashville	1896	78	Resident of the county 49 years.
Rowley, Jennie	Maple Grove	Feb. 3, 1891	45	Resident of the county 43 years.
Ruckel, Mrs. Catherine	Irving	Jan. 22, 1897	62	Resident of the county 32 years.
Serven, Mrs. Sarah	Assyria	March 24, 1896	81	Resident of the county many years.
Shauntz, Mrs. Mary M.	Hastings	Aug. 3, 1896	43	She was born and always resided in Hastings.
Smith, Corridan		Jan. 9, 1897	67	Resident of the county 30 years.
Strouse, Mrs. Lucy C	Rutland	Feb. 2, 1897	52	She was at one time widow of W. E. Woodruff.
Vergil, Mrs. R	Hastings	Aug. 10, 1896	85	Resident of the county 40 years.
Wheeler, Mrs. Elvira	Woodland	April 13, 1897	71	Resident of the county 45 years.
Wickwire	Milo	June 12, 1896	77	Resident of the county 30 years.
Wolf, Mrs. Elizabeth C	Coats Grove	May 23, 1897	68	Resident of the county 28 years.

BOWEN.—Mrs. Betsy Jane Bowen, one of the oldest inhabitants of this portion of the State, died June 9, 1896. Her maiden name was Betsy Dunham, and she was born in Orleans county, New York, March 9, 1827. She came with her parents to Michigan in 1833 and located in Jackson county. In 1846 she married Mr. Bowen and two years afterwards located in Maple Grove, where she spent more than 40 years of life. She was one of the first teachers of Kalamo township, and many old residents of the county remember her as their first instructor.

BROWN.—Royal H. Brown died at his home in Hastings township December 12, 1896, aged 52 years. Deceased was born in Niagara, N. Y., and came early to this State; he enlisted as private in Co. L, 8th Michigan Cavalry, in February, 1863, and served until May, 1865, being at the time of his discharge but barely 21. Broken in health from which he never recovered, he fought manfully his battle of life, until the end came.

DUNNING.—R. P. Dunning of Hastings died at Charlotte, Michigan, December 8, 1896, aged 55 years. Mr. Dunning was born in Washtenaw county, April 28, 1841, where his father was a boot and shoe dealer. They came to Hastings in 1853 and purchased 80 acres of land now inside the corporation. After leaving school he clerked for Barlow & Goodyear until the war broke out, when he enlisted October 23, 1863, as musician in Co. C, 11th Michigan Cavalry, and served until the close of the war. After the war he clerked in Battle Creek, Saline and Detroit. On his return to Hastings he entered the mercantile business, and was afterward bookkeeper in the Hastings Furniture factory.

HAIGHT.—Jonathan Haight, the oldest pioneer of Barry county and resident of Woodland, died January 5, 1897, aged 86 years.

Mr. Haight was born in Steuben county, New York. Soon after his

majority he came to Livingston county, this State, and purchased a farm. He lived on this farm for two years and moved to Woodland in 1837, accompanied by Samuel Haight, his brother, and Charles Galaway. They made an overland trip with a yoke of oxen, through the forest, two of them going ahead to remove logs, brush, etc., and to blaze the trees along the route. When they arrived at Woodland they found they were the only white settlers in the township. In 1847 he married Matilda Ingerson, who was also an early pioneer of the township. In his younger days he was quite an athlete, being a great wrestler and jumper, and even at the age of seventy years he would jump with any of the young men, and nearly always succeeded in making the longest jump.

He was also in his younger days the "Nimrod" of this section of the country, being an unerring shot and always succeeded in killing more deer and wolves than any other hunter in his locality.

Mr. Haight's early life was full of hardships, living many miles from market and being compelled to bring his provisions and groceries from long distances. At one time he went after a supply of provisions and groceries and building a raft on the Grand River loaded his supplies on it. When near where Portland now is his raft went to pieces, which accident was a severe loss to him.

Mr. Haight was one of the first four Justices of the Peace of the township, and at the time of his death he was not only the oldest pioneer of our township but was the only one of the three who came together that had survived to that time.

Prosser.—William Prosser died at his home in Hastings, January 22, 1897, aged 77 years. Deceased was an old resident of the city, served with honor during the war of '61, and was a member of Fitzgerald Post G. A. R. No. 125.

Smith.—Ed. B. Smith, for forty years a resident of the county, has answered to the last roll call. He was a soldier in the War of the Rebellion and was at one time in tolerable fair circumstances, but the panic of 1875 swept him down and with failing health and age, he was unable to build himself up again. He continued to work at whatever he found to do until he could no longer labor, when he found a home with other comrades at Grand Rapids.

Turner.—Mrs. Eliza Turner died at Hastings in the 81st year of her age. She was born in Weedsport, Cayuga county, N. Y., and was married when 18 years old to Philander Turner, coming to Marshall, Mich. They removed to Hastings about 1839, when there were only two log houses on

the site of the present city. She and her husband experienced all the hardships that fell to the lot of early settlers here. Of a large family of children six daughters survive her. Mrs. Turner's death leaves only two of the original settlers of Hastings living.

BRANCH COUNTY.

BY HARVEY HAYNES.

Bush.—Jacob J. Bush, an old resident of the county, died at his home in Girard in 1897, at 84 years of age. He was born in Minden, New York, and came to Michigan in 1859, locating in Butler township, where he lived until last February, when he moved to Girard Centre. Mr. Bush was never married. He was for a number of years proprietor of the Bush cheese factory in Girard.

Gray.—Darwin L. Gray died at his residence in Algansee, May 1, 1897, aged 75 years. Mr. Gray was among the early pioneers of Branch county, having been a resident of the county for 61 years and of the State about 70 years. He was born in Ashfield, Franklin county, Mass. His ancestors, originally from Scotland, came to America in the early part of the 18th century and settled in Pelham, Mass., the ancestral home of the Gray family in this country.

Lawrence.—James H. Lawrence, one of the earliest pioneers of the county, died April 10, 1897, aged 82 years. Mr. Lawrence was born in Geneseo, Livingston county, N. Y. He came to California township with his brother-in-law, Samuel Beach, in the winter of 1835, and together they built the first house in the township, there being none nearer at that time than Waterhouse Corners, six miles distant. Mr. Lawrence cut the first tree that was ever cut by an actual settler and plowed the first furrow that was turned in the township. The Indians gave him the name of "Big Chip," on account of the big chips which fell beneath the blows of his sturdy arms.

Mann.—Peter I. Mann died at his home in Girard January 8, 1897. In his death the county loses one of its oldest residents, and one of its most substantial, reliable, and honest men. Frugal and careful, his early life was spent in accumulating a competence, and the broad acres of his beautiful farm home attest how the prairies of the west can be made, by careful cultivation, to blossom as the rose.

Mr. Mann was born in Schoharie, N. Y., February 17, 1815. He came

to Branch county with his parents in 1836, and in 1843 built the house that was his home until his death.

MARTIN.—Ira Martin of Batavia township died at his home May 1, 1897, aged 70 years. Mr. Martin was born in the town of Champion, Jefferson county, New York. In the fall of 1843 he gathered together his means and started for Michigan, reaching Coldwater on the 12th day of October, when the now beautiful city was but a small hamlet, surrounded by almost unbroken forests. He at once bought the farm in Batavia township where he resided at the time of his death. Finding that it was not good for man to be alone he returned to Ohio in September, 1845, and married Mary R. Loomis, at Lagrange, Ohio. They came to Coldwater on the 19th day of October of the same year and at once commenced housekeeping on the same spot where they have resided continuously for almost 52 years.

WILLIAMS.—Clark H. Williams died at his home one mile south of Coldwater April 17, 1897.

Mr. Williams was born at New Palz, N. Y., April 23, 1813, and came to Coldwater in March, 1836. On March 22, 1838, he was married to Currance A. Crippen, who survives him, together with two sons, George and Elliott.

Again the old settlers of Coldwater have been reminded by his death that the pioneer settlers of Coldwater (previous to Michigan becoming a state) will soon be gathered to their fathers. Mr. Williams was well known here. He was one of the men who said very little, but what he did was to the point. He was a great reader and possessed a remarkable memory, and the gift to classify and place individuals and public men where they belonged.

During his fifty-nine years of married life his own was the first death in the family.

CALHOUN COUNTY.

BY JOHN F. HINMAN.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Adams, Mrs. John	Pennfield	Jan. 21, 1897	74	
Adams, Mrs. Marcus	Battle Creek	Dec. 21, 1896	69	
Affolter, Ursus	Battle Creek	June 10, 1396	81	
Aldrich, James H	Albion	June 11, 1896	79	
Aldrich, Novata S	Albion	April 26, 1897	48	
Ammerman, Submitta	Marengo	March 29, 1897	75	
Andrews, Merritt	Clarendon	July 6, 1896	48	
Andrus, A. L	Homer	Oct 4, 1896		
Arey, Mrs. Mary	Homer	Nov. 30, 1896	87	
Avery, Edwin W	Battle Creek	Aug. 11, 1896	50	
Baker, Clinton	Albion	July, 1896		
Baker, Harvey C	Albion	July 7, 1896		
Baker, Jacob	Marshall	Sept. 25, 1896		
Baldwin, George W	Albion	Feb. 15, 1897	77	
Barker, Moses W	Emmett	Feb. 1897	72	
Bean, George F	Battle Creek	March 26, 1897	76	
Bean, Stephen R	Battle Creek	May 8, 1897	69	
Beaty, William	Albion	June 29, 1896	88	
Benedict, Mrs. Nathan	Marshall	April 20, 1897	87	
Bickford, Mrs. Julia E	Eckford	Sept. 15, 1896	75	
Billinghurst, Daniel	Sheridan	June 29, 1896	85	
Billman, Catherine		July 27, 1896	52	
Billman, Tobias	Homer	Aug. 16, 1896	91	
Blakeslee, Adoniram J	Marshall	Nov. 18, 1896	76	
Bohanna, John	Newton	Nov. 5, 1896	64	
Born, Mrs. John	Tekonsha	Nov. 16, 1896	43	
Bortles, Wendell	Albion	Oct. 3, 1896	83	
Bossard. John	Marengo	May 9, 1897	49	
Bradley, Albert		July 24, 1896	60	
Bradley, Mrs. Henry	Albion	April 21, 1897	46	
Brady, Mrs. Margaret	Marshall	Jan. 7, 1897		
Bretherton, Thomas	Emmett	Aug., 1896	68	
Briggs, Mrs. Hiram	Marshall	May 7, 1897		
Brigham, Mrs. E	Battle Creek	Jan. 9, 1897	60	
Brininstool, Alonzo	Battle Creek	July 25, 1896	53	
Bronson, Mrs. Augusta C	Marshall	June, 1896	68	
Brooks, Franklin	Battle Creek	March 15, 1897	70	
Brott, Mrs. Harriet	Battle Creek	Dec. 31, 1896	84	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Brown, Chauncy	Clarendon	Jan. 4, 1897	79	
Bryant, Mrs. Shepard	Albion	Jan. 11, 1897	63	
Buckingham, Mrs. W. B.	Marshall	April 1, 1897	67	
Bull, Mrs. J. M.	Convis	June 10, 1896	81	
Burber, Mrs. Caroline M.	Battle Creek	Dec. 29, 1896	68	
Butler, William	Albion	Feb., 1897	73	
Canfield, Charles H.	Battle Creek	April 17, 1897	54	
Carr, Melissa M.	Battle Creek	Aug. 1, 1896	85	
Carver, Elizur	Lee	Feb. 3, 1897	84	
Case, Mrs. George	Battle Creek	March 29, 1897	47	
Chambers, Joseph	Battle Creek	Jan. 11, 1897	75	
Cischo, Hiram	Burlington	May 3, 1897	67	
Clark, Mrs. Esther	Albion	Dec. 27, 1896	80	
Clark, Marcus	Clarendon	July 28, 1896	79	
Clough, Henry	Albion	March 15, 1897	73	
Coats, Justin, Sr.	Convis	April 23, 1897		
Collier, Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald	Battle Creek	May 3, 1897	65	
Cook, James H., Sr.	Homer	March 3, 1897	78	
Coons, Mrs. John	Homer	Dec. 14, 1896	88	
Cornwell, Mrs. Caroline	Battle Creek	April 5, 1897	65	
Corrigan, Mrs. Catherine	Marshall	April 18, 1897		
Cosier, John	Tekonsha	Dec. 25, 1896		
Cottle, Mrs. Mary	Battle Creek	March 24, 1897	90	
Cox, Mrs. Sarah Adams	Battle Creek	Dec. 25, 1896	74	
Coy, Mrs. Lorenda	Emmett	Oct. 30, 1896	71	
Crandall, Wilbur A	Bedford	Aug. 30, 1896	40	
Culver, W. O.	Ceresco	Jan. 15, 1897	58	
Danforth, Mrs. Wm. A.	Battle Creek	Dec. 8, 1896	45	
Darling, Mrs. John	Albion	April 28, 1897	66	
Davis, Mrs. Gilbert	Battle Creek	April, 1897	87	
Delamater, Mrs. Emily M.	Homer	Dec. 22, 1896	74	
DeMott, George W.	Battle Creek	Dec. 11, 1896	75	
Dinnage, Hester	Battle Creek	July 27, 1896	45	
Dolby, Milo A.	Battle Creek	Jan. 10, 1897	56	
Doolittle, Andrew	Albion	March 4, 1897	76	
Doremus, Mrs. Albert	Battle Creek	Dec. 11, 1896	58	
Dorsey, Mrs. Frances	Homer	June 9, 1896	70	
Drumgool, Mrs.	Battle Creek	Sept. 11, 1896	69	
Durand, Mrs. A.	Battle Creek	June 25, 1896		
Earl, Daniel	Eckford	May 2, 1897	57	
Eastman, Henry	Battle Creek	July 6, 1896		

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Elliott, Mrs. Cynthia	Albion	Dec. 21, 1896	80	
Ellis, Mrs. Lucretia C	Battle Creek	Dec. 16, 1896	88	
Elmer, Caroline	Albion	Feb. 23, 1897	57	
Elting, Mrs. Frank	Tekonsha	Feb. 24, 1897		
Erard, Chas. B	Battle Creek	June 3, 1896	66	
Eslow, Mrs. Nathan	Homer	May 21, 1897	81	
Eslow, Z. P	Homer	Dec. 2, 1896	71	
Ethridge, Andrew	Battle Creek	Nov. 28, 1896	67	
Farrant, Mrs. Catherine	Albion	Jan. 9, 1897	78	
Finlay, Mrs. Laura	Albion	May 18, 1897	76	
Finnegan, James	Battle Creek	June 9, 1896		
Fisher, Christopher	Newton	March 7, 1897	82	
Flinn, Wesley	Pennfield	March, 1897	69	
Foller, Willard L	Atkins	May 24, 1897	75	
Foster, J. Leonard	Battle Creek	Dec. 5, 1896	81	
Frazier, Mrs. Harriet C	Marshall	Oct. 3, 1896	86	
French, Mrs. George, Jr	Tekonsha	Sept. 26, 1896		
Gay, Mrs. Bert	Burlington	April 15, 1897		
Gilbert, Mrs. Jennette	Marshall	June 9, 1896	82	
Gillett, Samuel	Homer	Aug. 2, 1896	73	
Gillispie, Calvin	Tekonsha	Oct. 13, 1896	61	
Grant, Mrs. Angus	Marshall	March 24, 1897	60	
Grebb, Mrs. Hannah	Battle Creek	Jan. 3, 1897	87	
Greenwalt, Mrs	Albion	Feb. 18, 1897		
Guyant, Wm	Albion	Sept. 5, 1896	84	
Hagadorn, Christ	Fredonia	Aug. 8, 1896	72	
Hall, Mrs. Chas	Albion	Feb. 26, 1897	70	
Halladay, Wm. T	Battle Creek	June 9, 1896	86	
Hamblin, Alexander C	Battle Creek	May 21, 1897	79	
Hamilton, Wm	Eckford	Jan. 27, 1897	84	
Hannis, Mrs. Mary	Albion	Aug. 20, 1896	70	
Harmon, Almon S	Marshall	Sept. 6, 1896	85	
Harris, Mrs. Phillip	Albion	March 20, 1897	71	
Hartung, Luther G	Homer	July 17, 1896	67	
Haynes, Samuel	Battle Creek	May 9, 1897	47	
Hendricks, A. C	Battle Creek	Nov. 2, 1896	63	
Henson, Henry P	Battle Creek	Dec. 28, 1896	55	
Henton, Mrs. Olive	Battle Creek	March 14, 1897	78	
Hickey, Mrs. Mary S	Battle Creek	Dec. 31, 1896	78	
Hoffman, Mrs. Christina	Eckford	Dec. 17, 1896	71	
Hoffman, Mrs. Henry	Homer	Dec. 17, 1896		

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Hogan, Mrs. Daniel	Marshall	May 3, 1897		
Hopkins, Alvira	Tekonsha	Nov. 26, 1896	87	
Houston, Mrs. John	Marshall	June 9, 1896		
Howe, Mrs. Sarah E	Battle Creek	Dec. 15, 1896	62	
Howland, Mrs. Louise M	Battle Creek	March 3, 1897	91	
Hubbard, Albert	Albion	Feb. 25, 1897		
Hubbard, C. B	Battle Creek	Jan. 31, 1897	88	
Hughes, A. B	Albion	Oct. 6, 1896	82	
Hughes, Mrs. Clarissa	Albion	Jan. 12, 1897	72	
Hughes, Mrs. Susan	Marshall	Oct. 11, 1896	89	
Hulse, Mrs. Mary	Athens	Feb. 27, 1897	45	
Hunt, Mrs. Andrew	Albion	Jan. 27, 1897	69	
Hunt, Mrs. Cora Whitted	Marshall	Jan. 31, 1897		
Huyler, John V	Emmett	Feb. 11, 1897	86	
Jacobs, David Louis	Albion	May 3, 1897	73	
Jacobson, Hans		May 24, 1897	75	
Jinks, Polly Ann Rhodes	Lee	Feb. 17, 1897	80	
Johnson, Mrs. Mary H	Marshall	April 28, 1897	75	
Kelleher, Mrs. Margaret	Marshall	Sept. 12, 1896	65	
Kelley, Mrs. Mina A	Albion	Nov. 12, 1896	55	
Kellum, Mary	Battle Creek	Nov. 30, 1896	77	
Kimmer, Mrs. Elizabeth	Homer	March 7, 1897	63	
Kingsley, Mrs. Alvin	Battle Creek	Aug. 12, 1896	50	
Kingsworth, Thomas	LeRoy	March 16, 1897	84	
Knickerbocker, Myron R	Albion	Sept. 28, 1896	74	
Knowles, Mrs. Cordelia A	Pennfield	March 8, 1897	76	
Knowles, Henry		Aug. 28, 1896	79	
Lamb, Mrs. Susan	Albion	March 13, 1897	90	
Landon, E. A	Battle Creek	Jan. 30, 1897	63	
Latty, H	Albion	Feb. 25, 1897	79	
Lawrence, Mrs. Lucinda	Battle Creek	Jan. 9, 1897	75	
Lawton, Jacob	Pennfield	March 11, 1897	56	
Leach, Elihu H	Homer	Oct. 21, 1896	73	
Lee, Mrs. Patrick	Bedford	Feb. 7, 1897	58	
Leland, Jas. H	Albion	Aug. 14, 1896		
Leonard, Mrs. Harriet	Leonard	May 9, 1897	55	
Lewis, Mrs. Anna Condon	Tekonsha	Sept. 6, 1896	60	
Lewis, Dr. J. B. W	Ceresco	May 19, 1897	75	
Lines, Susan	Marshall	Oct. 23, 1896	71	
Linton, James	Homer	Apr. 14, 1897	65	
Loomis, H. H	Albion	Nov. 16, 1896		

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Maher, Geo. W	Albion	Dec. 22, 1896	73	
Manby, Mrs. Ann S	Bedford	Jan. 9, 1897	68	
Martin, Mrs. Wm	Marshall	April 15, 1897		
Martinson, Wm	Tekonsha	Dec. 6, 1896	72	
Mather, Vernon	Albion	Sept. 29, 1896		
May, James	Convis	Feb. 21, 1897	88	
Mayo, David	Emmett	May 17, 1897	83	
McAllister, Wm. P	Homer	Oct. 31, 1896	74	
McAndrews, Mrs. Elsie	Albion	May 21, 1897		
McCutcheon, Mrs. J. F	Battle Creek	Nov. 13, 1896	66	
McKay, Mrs. Margaret	Marengo	April 2, 1897	77	
McKenzie, Alexander	Pennfield	Feb. 4, 1896	50	
Meachum, Mrs. Caroline	Battle Creek	Jan. 17, 1897		
Mead, Mrs. Lucetta	Battle Creek	Dec. 25, 1896	75	
Merchant, Mrs. Geo. R	Newton	May 20, 1897	77	
Merrill, Mrs. S. O	Battle Creek	April 8, 1897	83	
Moffitt, Joseph	Marshall	March 26, 1897		
Mooney, Mrs	Marshall	Nov. 18, 1896	94	
Mott, Mary E	Ceresco	Sept. 4, 1896	65	
Mudge, Elijah	Tekonsha	Dec. 16, 1896		
Muirhead, Thomas	Battle Creek	Dec. 25, 1896	57	
Newton, Mrs. Clarissa	Pennfield	Jan. 12, 1897	85	
Nielson, Mrs. Susan	Convis	May 1, 1897	79	
Noble, Mrs. Wm. H	Battle Creek	Jan. 15, 1897	60	
Northrup, Henry	Athens	July 25, 1896	70	
O'Keefe, Mrs. Mary	Marshall	May 9, 1897	82	
Oldman, Mrs. Mary A	Albion	Sept. 17, 1896	60	
Ott, Mrs. Albert	Albion	Feb. 17, 1897	71	
Overholt, Simeon	Homer	Dec. 28, 1896	58	
Owens, Mrs. Jane McCormick	Marshall	May 1, 1896	70	
Owens, Simeon	Tekonsha	Jan. 13, 1897	89	
Paddock, Mrs. Emily H	Marshall	May 10, 1897	78	
Parmelee, Mrs. Caroline	Albion	March 3, 1897	70	
Parmeter, Wm. H	Albion	July 23, 1896	62	
Paxton, Mrs. Susan	Convis	May 1, 1896	78	
Pearl, Mrs. Rozella	Battle Creek	Feb. 25, 1897	85	
Peck, Mrs. Charles	Marshall	March 1, 1897		
Perrine, Clara	Albion	Dec. 19, 1896		
Perry, Wm	Penfield	March 13, 1897	86	
Pettitt, Mrs. Mary E	Battle Creek	Feb. 25, 1897	48	
Phelps, Mrs. Corydan	Marshall	May 8, 1897	87	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Pike, Joseph	Marshall	Feb. 18, 1897		
Potter, Harvey H	Homer	April 5, 1897	44	
Potter, James D.	Battle Creek	April 8, 1897	60	
Potter, Mrs. Lee	Albion	Dec. 19, 1896	63	
Powers, Mrs. Stephen	Albion	Dec. 28, 1896	63	
Pretzel, Mrs. August	Albion	Dec. 4, 1896		
Prior, Mrs. Mary	Albion	Aug. 29, 1896		
Ralow, J.	Homer	Aug. 8, 1896		
Randall, Daniel W.	Homer	Dec. 28, 1896	76	
Rash, Mrs. Chas. M.	Battle Creek	Jan. 30, 1897	74	
Reed, Mrs. John	Albion	July 5, 1896	45	
Rhodes, Mary Ann	Marengo	Feb. 16, 1897	85	
Ricketts, Mrs. Eliza	Marshall	May 26, 1897		
Riddle, Mrs. Caroline	Battle Creek	March 28, 1897	75	
Rogers, Eugene	Eckford	May 9, 1897	62	
Rue, James B.	Battle Creek	Dec. 27, 1897	64	
Sanford, Mrs. Joel N	Battle Creek	March 8, 1897	59	
Saunders, Chauncey W.	Tekonsha	Sept. 20, 1896		
Sauter, Jacob	Marshall	March 27, 1897		
Schafer, John, Sr.	Tekonsha	May 19, 1897		
Sebolt, Mrs. James	Partello	Sept. 19, 1896		
Self, Mrs. Mary	Athens	June 17, 1896	73	
Shellings, Thos	Homer	Dec. 31, 1896	73	
Shields, Chas	Albion	April 19, 1897	53	
Smaids, David	Battle Creek	Dec. 20, 1896	67	
Smith, Adelia H.	Albion	April 4, 1897	74	
Smith, Mrs. Sally M.	Albion	Feb. 4, 1897	84	
Snyder, Henry	Battle Creek	Sept. 12, 1896	60	
Southerton, Mrs. Anna M	Battle Creek	May 22, 1897	71	
Starr, Mrs. Amanda A.	Battle Creek	Jan. 24, 1897	67	
Stayman, Abraham	Battle Creek	Nov. 30, 1896	81	
Stewart, Mrs. John	Battle Creek	April 15, 1897	77	
Sturdevant, Levi	Albion	Sept. 2, 1896	66	
Surfus, Mrs. Maria	Battle Creek	Dec. 24, 1896	66	
Sweet, Spencer G.	Marshall	Oct. 5, 1896	53	
Sweet, Tabor	Battle Creek	July 13, 1896	67	
Swift, Will S	Tekonsha	April 2, 1897	45	
Tomlinson, Mrs. Sarah	Battle Creek	Dec. 31, 1896	78	
Traynor, Luke	Pennfield	Jan. 4, 1897	76	
Trumble, Chas. H.	Tekonsha	Feb. 14, 1897	55	
Vail, Charles.	Battle Creek	Nov. 24, 1896	78	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Van Dercook, Mrs. Sally A..	Battle Creek.....	Nov. 28, 1896	79	
Van Horn, Mrs. Mary.....	Battle Creek.....	April 15, 1897	76	
Van Nocker, Hannah.....	Pennfield.....	March 26, 1897	73	
Van Nostrand.....	Battle Creek.....	Dec. 13, 1896	75	
Van Sickle, Mrs. Louisa.....	Pennfield.....	April 8, 1897		
Van Vliet, Mrs. Hannah.....	Albion.....	March 10, 1897	85	
Wagoner, Mrs. Nellie.....	Tekonsha.....	Nov. 27, 1896		
Wait, Nelson.....	Eckford.....	June 17, 1896	87	
Walters, Chas. F.....	Battle Creek.....	Aug. 21, 1896	78	
Warburton, Mrs. Elizabeth..	Battle Creek.....	April 2, 1897	68	
Warner, Darius A.....	Albion,.....	Oct. 18, 1896	73	
Warner, Mrs. Mary Wade....	Albion.....	Dec. 28, 1896	55	
Warriner, Mrs. Margaret A..	Battle Creek.....	March 14, 1897	84	
Warson, Chas. F.....	Homer.....	Sept. 29, 1896	79	
Watkins, Mrs. Rana.....	Tekonska.....	March 19, 1897	49	
Watts, Mrs. R. B.....	Pennfield.....	Dec. 25, 1896	58	
Wheat, George S.....	Battle Creek.....	Nov. 2, 1896	45	
Wheeler, Mrs. Rebecca.....	Battle Creek.....	Jan. 29, 1897	79	
White, George H.....	Marshall	Feb. 5, 1897	63	
Whitmore, Mrs. Susan G.....	Marshall.....	May 17, 1897	92	
Wilbur, Henry.....	Pennfield.....	April 7, 1897	83	
Wilcox, Alexander.....	Marshall.....	Feb. 25, 1897	80	
Woodbury, Mrs. Emily.....	Homer.....	Aug. 11, 1896	76	
Woodworth, Horatio F.....	Battle Creek.....	Aug. 19, 1896	79	
Wright, Geo. A.....	LeRoy..... .. .	Sept. 5, 1896	79	
Yates, Smith.....	Rice Creek.....	Aug. 6, 1896	78	
Young, Geo. A.....	Battle Creek.....	June 3, 1896	45	

BLASHFIELD.—William B. Blashfield died August 22, 1896, aged 68 years. Deceased was born in Clarendon, Michigan, in the early pioneer days of '38. Mr. Blashfield received his early education in the district school near his home in Clarendon, afterwards attending the public schools in Homer, of which Rev. Bela Fancher was then principal. He was one of the first to respond to his country's call for volunteers and enlisted in Company E, 6th Michigan Infantry, August 20, 1861. He met the enemy at Baton Rouge, Port Hudson, and in many other engagements, and was honorably discharged from service August 20, 1864.

BRIGGS.—Mrs. Thomas J. Briggs, nee Emily Platner, was born in Hudson, N. Y., April 29, 1821, and died in the city of Marshall, Mich., May 5, 1897. She came to Michigan with her parents in 1833 and settled in that

city, but afterwards removed to Fredonia. Her father, Solomon Platner, was the first supervisor of the township of Fredonia and was one of the leading men of that township sixty years ago.

The subject of this sketch was married to Thomas J. Briggs December 6, 1841.

CALKINS.—Albert B. Calkins died at his home in Albion April 22, 1897, aged 67 years. He was born in Utica, N. Y., and came to Michigan with his uncle when but five years old. They located in Spring Arbor. In 1864 Mr. Calkins enlisted in the War of the Rebellion, being mustered in at Elmira, N. Y., entering Company E of the Sixth N. Y. Heavy Artillery. He served faithfully, and after receiving a wound which caused him the loss of a thumb, he was transferred to the relief corps and was appointed pass inspector until his discharge, December 2, 1865.

On returning from the war he settled down at Springport, where in turn he was engaged in business as a contractor, farmer, merchant and was also postmaster.

CHASE.—Eli T. Chase of Eckford died January 19, 1897, aged 82 years. Deceased was born in Troy, N. Y. In company with Rev. Elijah Cook and Daniel Dunakin, he made an overland midwinter trip to Michigan, arriving in Eckford February 12, 1835, and from that date he had been a resident of the township. He took a deep interest and an active part in all matters regarding improvements and was the last survivor of those who voted at the first township meeting of Eckford in 1836, after its organization. He was one of the early denouncers of slavery and voted for the Liberty party candidates in 1844 and advocated the principles of that party until slavery was abolished. He was one of the three representatives of Eckford in the historic convention of 1854, "under the oaks at Jackson," and assisted in the organization of the Republican party, and during his active years took a prominent part in its councils and conventions. He was also one of the thirteen charter members and the last survivor of those devoted pioneers who organized the Free Will Baptist church of Cook's Prairie, March 12, 1836. In the educational movement, which was a prominent question fifty years ago, Mr. Chase took advanced position for progress. Long before the mass of communicants realized its importance he was laboring to establish a denominational school in Michigan. He was one of the founders and liberal contributors to Michigan Central college at Spring Arbor and served on its board of trustees. Being one of the first to perceive that the location of the school was unfortunate, he voted for its removal and was on the committee which selected Hillsdale as the new location and which gave Hillsdale college to the denomination and the world.

COOK.—Jas. H. Cook, Sr., one of Homer's pioneers, died at his home in that village on Wednesday, March 3, 1897, aged 77 years. In the early days Mr. Cook drove the stage between Albion and Homer.

CRONIN.—John Cronin of Marshall died July 11, 1896, aged 72 years. He was born in Cheshire, England, and came to this country with his parents when still a small child, landing in New York June 27, 1826. After a few years' residence in New York the family removed to Michigan, September, 1835, finally locating in Marshall the 19th of June the following year, since which date he was a resident of the city.

CULVER.—Allen C. Culver was born in Wayne county, N. Y., August 29, 1823, and died at Tekonsha, Michigan, March 31, 1897.

He came to Michigan in 1849 and located in Quincy. The following year he was united in marriage to Almyra Scripter. In 1874 he became owner of the Quincy Times, which paper he published successfully for a number of years. He also established the Reading Telephone in 1879, was connected at one time with the Coldwater Sentinel, and later established papers at Bear Lake and Sherwood.

DEBROW.—James E. DeBrow died at Marshall July 25, 1896, aged 74 years. He was born in Batavia, New York, and there his boyhood was spent. Reaching manhood he changed his location to Michigan, settling in Homer. There, in 1847, he married Miss Lucinda Burt, and always lived in the village from that date with the exception of a few years spent in Sherwood.

ELDRED.—John H. Eldred died in Clarendon July 14, 1896. He was born in Erie county, New York, May 30, 1835. In 1836 the family removed to Michigan, locating in Branch county. On August 2, 1856, Mr. Eldred was married to Miss Betsey A. Shepard. He responded to the last call for troops; on February 12, 1865, he became a member of Co. B, 9th Michigan Infantry. He remained until the early autumn of the same year, when he was discharged from the hospital and returned home, his health shattered.

FERGUSON.—James R. Ferguson died in Chicago, February 25, 1897. He was born in Rochester, New York, but was a resident of Marshall, this county, since 1863. For many years he was a leading business man, councilman, city recorder, and nine years supervisor from the fourth ward.

FOSTER.—J. L. Foster died December 5, 1896, aged 81 years. He was a native of Oneida county, New York, and came to Michigan in 1868, locating on a farm bordering Goguac lake, which he brought to a high state of cultivation.

JAGER.—David Jager, a pioneer of Calhoun county, and the oldest inhabitant of Fredonia township, died in the city of Marshall October 5, 1896. Mr. Jager was born in Sussex county, N. J., February 12, 1809. He came to Michigan and located his present farm in 1834; in 1835 he built a log house, married, and moved on his farm, which to his death was his home. His wife died in 1893, after a happy married life of fifty-eight years. Mr. Jager held nearly every office of his township, and for thirteen years was its supervisor.

LABERTEAUX.—Joel Laberteaux, an old resident of Albion, died May 8, 1897, aged 70 years. He was born in Ira, New York, where he lived until 1876, when he, with his family, removed to Albion, Michigan. During their residence in New York Mr. Laberteaux was elected supervisor six times. Since a resident in Albion he has been elected by the board of supervisors for the third time a member of the poor commission of this county, which position he held at the time of his death, having recently been elected for another term of three years.

LOUD.—Rienzi Loud died December 18, 1896, at his home in Albion, aged 59 years. He was born in Rockland, Massachusetts. He was a student at Tuft's College, Somerville, during his early manhood, and came to Michigan in 1859 and taught school in Dowagiac until the war broke out, when he enlisted in the 1st Michigan Cavalry regiment, remaining with it one year. He then joined the 5th Massachusetts Cavalry as quartermaster sergeant, and took part in the battles of Warington, Culpepper, Leesburg, Cedar Mountain and the second battle of Bull Run. In the winter of 1862-63 he was detailed on recruiting service in the 14th New York Heavy Artillery. Later he was commissioned Second Lieutenant by Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts, in the 5th Massachusetts Colored Cavalry, and was with this regiment at the first attack on Petersburg. In March, 1865, he was detailed to picket duty in front of Richmond, and was among the first to enter that city after its surrender. After Lee's surrender he went to Texas, and was there mustered out. Mr. Loud came to Albion in 1867, and soon entered the law office of Livermore & Wood in Jackson. He was admitted to the bar in 1869, and has practiced law in Albion since that time. In 1876 he was elected justice and circuit court commissioner, and has been city attorney.

MANCHESTER.—Amy A. Manchester died June 28, 1896, at her home in Battle Creek. She was born June 9, 1816, in the township of Ledyard, New York. On the first day of January, 1835, she was united in marriage to Elias C. Manchester, with whom she lived sixty-one and a half years. They were both born of Quaker parents and were married according to the usages of that sect. In 1836 this young couple set their faces

westward with a view of founding a home. They came to Battle Creek, then a small village of a few log houses, and commenced the task of the pioneer of rearing a home in the wilderness.

MANNING.—Franklin Manning died at his home in Albion March 6, 1897, aged 80 years. Deceased was a native of New York; he came to Michigan when a young man and located in Albion. Before the Michigan Central R. R. was built he was engaged in hauling grain and other produce to Detroit, bringing back loads of groceries and other supplies. He was for twenty years president of Van Buren county fair.

MASON.—Samuel G. Mason died April 5, 1897. He was born in Cambridgeshire, England, December 25, 1831, and when six years of age came with his parents to America, locating on a farm near Battle Creek, where his boyhood days were passed.

In 1865, with his wife and little family, he moved to Vicksburg, in which place he had since resided, seeing the town grow from a straggling little village to its present proportions, serving as its first president, then and always a zealous worker for the improvement and growth of the village.

MCCOLLUM.—Augusta G. McCollum died October 28, 1896, within three days of her 71st birthday. She came with her mother to Marshall in June, 1836. Her education was obtained in the schools of that city, supplemented by a two years course at Mount Holyoke seminary in Massachusetts. She taught for awhile in Marshall, and one year each in Wisconsin and Louisiana. In February, 1858 she married Judge Joel McCollum, of Hillsdale, Michigan, and after his death in May, 1868, returned to Marshall, where she had resided continuously since. She was very active in helping to found the Ladies' Library and was one of the directors of that association as long as her health permitted.

MEAD.—Watson B. Mead, an old resident of Marshall, died June 1, 1896, aged nearly 72 years. Mr. Mead served in the war of the rebellion as bugler in the 25th Michigan Infantry, and had several acquaintances in the vicinity who belonged to the same company.

MOORE.—John H. Moore, for many years a resident of Pennfield, died January 27, 1897, in North Dakota. He enlisted in the 6th Michigan and was afterwards veteraned in the Michigan heavy artillery, serving through the war.

OGDEN.—Arby S. Ogden was born in Virgil, New York, August 5, 1834, and died December 2, 1896. He came to Michigan in 1854 and located in Homer, but was for several years a resident of Marshall. He responded

to his country's call in '62 and became a member of Company A, 25th Michigan Infantry, remaining in the war until the close of the rebellion. He was buried with Grand Army honors by Gregg Post of Homer.

Randall.—Harvey Randall was born in Sweden, Oneida County, New York, June 10, 1819, and died at his home in Tekonsha January 19, 1897. Mr. Randall came to Michigan in 1842 and located in the township which was his home until he died. He was honored by his fellow citizens with various offices of public affairs; for several years as supervisor, and subsequently representing the county in the Legislatures of 1867 and 1869.

Rosecrantz.—Mrs. Richard Rosecrantz died in Tekonsha May 16, 1897, aged 76 years. She was a native of Clarendon, New York. In the year 1836 she removed with her parents to Cook's prairie, Calhoun county, Michigan. A portion of her time she was engaged in teaching with success. When nearly 21 years of age she was married to Richard Rosecrantz. In a short time they settled on a farm in Butler, Branch county, where they resided nearly fifty years.

Shedd.—James O. Shedd died December 9, 1896. He was a native of the county, being born in Tekonsha in May, 1842. In the fall of 1861 he enlisted in Company E, First Michigan Infantry, from which regiment he was discharged on account of sickness. After recovering he went to New York and enlisted in Company D, 11th New York Cavalry. While with his regiment at New Orleans he received a wound for which he was discharged.

Smith.—Mrs. Diana Smith, colored, died at the home of David Goodin, six miles southwest of Homer, Wednesday, July 22, 1896, at the age of 117 years.

"Aunt Diana" was without a doubt the oldest person in the United States, as few live to reach even the century mark. She was born a slave and was owned by the father of Dr. Luther Hart, the latter settling in Marshall in 1830, being the first physician to practice his profession in this county. Records left by Dr. Hart, and which are now in the possession of his descendants, show conclusively that Diana was born near New Haven, Connecticut, in August, 1779. She had cared for the children in three generations of the Hart family, and only two survive her, each of these having nearly, if not quite reached their three score years and ten. They were daughters of Dr. Hart, and are Mrs. Chas. T. Gorham of Marshall and Mrs. Hayes of Kalamazoo, widow of Dr. Andrew L. Hayes, who settled in Marshall in 1830, and who located the lands on Cook's Prairie now owned by Mrs. Theodore Cook.

Diana lived in the Gorham family until about fifteen years ago, when

Mrs. G. arranged for her care and keeping with the Goodins. Nothing which could add to her comfort was left undone, and Diana was in her last days and years amply and kindly provided for by the descendants of those who, as a slave, she had faithfully served one hundred years ago.

Aunt Diana remembered George Washington, and on one occasion waited on the general at the table when the latter was a guest of and dined with her master at their old Connecticut home. Her mental faculties were unimpaired, and she would relate incidents which transpired a hundred years ago as clearly and intelligently as if the events were of modern times.

Diana's husband, who was much younger than she in years, was killed by the caving in of a well in which he was working, on the premises of William Schuyler, in Marshall, in 1859 or '60. They had no children.

Mr. Elias Hewitt of Marshall said that he knew Diana fifty years ago and she was, to all appearances, an old lady then.

Upham.—Edwin Upham, a resident of the county 48 years, died December 23, 1896. He was born in Franklin county, New York, and came to this State in 1848. He served in the war, going out in '61 with the 6th Michigan Volunteer Infantry.

Welton.—Abijah S. Welton was born in Conklin, Boone county, New York, September 13, 1820, and died September 5, 1896. He came to Michigan in 1858 and located in Kalamazoo county, where he owned and operated a sawmill in the early days. In 1861 he enlisted in Company H, 13th Michigan Infantry, and was discharged for disability in 1863.

Willard.—Charles Willard, brother of Hon. George Willard, died January 31, 1897, at the home of his nephew, Geo. B. Willard, of Battle Creek, of diabetes, in the 70th year of his age.

Charles Willard was born in Bolton, Vermont. In 1836, when nine years old, he came to Battle Creek with his father's family, arriving there July 8, having been two weeks coming from Detroit with ox teams, and the journey from Vermont, via the Erie canal, having consumed one month's time.

He located upon the farm at Goguac prairie with his parents, where he has since resided. Here he labored for more than sixty years, winning prosperity by honest industry, good judgment and unwavering perseverance. He has been recognized for years as a capitalist of secured standing and one whose property was obtained by legitimate means, not a dollar having been wrung from the poor. By his will he has left most generous bequests to the people of the City of Battle Creek and to the Baptist denomination. He deeded to the city sixteen acres of oak

woods on the east shore of Goguac lake for a public park. By his will he makes still greater donations to the public. Forty thousand dollars is bequeathed to the Young Men's Christian Association for the purchase of grounds and the erection of a building; $40,000 is given to the school board for the erection of a public school library building, the entire amount to be spent in the construction of the building. He stipulates that one room in this building shall be given for the use of the Ladies' Literary Club if they so desire. This building is to be called the Charles Willard Library Building.

To the Baptist college in Kalamazoo was bequeathed $30,000 for the endowment of the Charles Willard chair in Latin and literature; $10,000 was given to the same college, to be invested and the interest used in the education of poor students; $10,000 was bequeathed to the Baptist State Association, to be used for home missionary work.

CLINTON COUNTY.

BY RALPH WATSON.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Armstrong, Mrs. A.	Bengal.	Sept. 17, 1896	.....	She was an old resident of Bengal.
Austin, John.	Olive.	Feb. 20, 1897	62	Had been a resident of the county 30 years.
Baylis, Mrs. Eunice E.	St. Johns.	April 30, 1897	67	Been a resident of the county since 1861.
Bedell, Edward H.	St. Johns.	Jan. 12, 1897	61	
Beebe, Mrs. C. O.	Greenbush.	Dec. 27, 1896	68	
Bennett, Mrs. Leon	Riley.	Feb. 28, 1897	.....	
Bliss, Mrs. Sidney J.	Riley.	Nov. 27, 1896	48	
Brink, Mrs. A. J.	Victor.	Jan. 21, 1897	58	She had lived in Michigan 50 years.
Brown, Mrs. Isaac.	.....	Feb. 18, 1897	70	
Bryant, J. W.	Union Home.	May 10, 1897	73	
Crandall, Mrs. Edmund	St. Johns.	May 13, 1897	74	A continuous resident of over 35 years in St. Johns.
Case, Calvin P.	St. Johns.	April 11, 1897	73	A resident of Michigan 39 years.
Chase, Daniel B.	Palo	Sept. 9, 1896	84	
Cross, Oliver.	.....	May 3, 1897	67	
Delcommime, Mrs. M. A.	.....	Sept. 25, 1895	79	
Diehl, Mrs. Lewis	County House	Feb. 5, 1897	84	She had been a resident of St. Johns and vicinity for about forty years.
Diehl, Ludwig	St. Johns.	Feb. 21, 1897	91	
Doty, Mrs. Sarah	Bingham.	Sept. 24, 1896	83	
Feagles, David	St. Johns.	Feb. 7, 1897	58	
Foley, Mrs. Thomas	Bengal.	Jan. 3, 1897	78	One of the oldest settlers.
Freelitz, Herbert	Bath	Oct. 19, 1896	73	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Filmore, Mrs.	Sturgis	May 9, 1897	95	She was the wife of President Filmore and died in Sturgis.
Gibbs, Spencer W	St. Johns	April 11, 1897	78	Came to Michigan in 1837. He conducted a hotel in St. Johns.
Gorthey, Robert	St. Johns	April 28, 1897	80	
Gorthey, Mrs. Robert	St. Johns	May 13, 1897	75	
Gumear, J. C. E	Ovid	Nov. 1, 1896	77	He came to Ovid in 1850.
Harper, Russell	Bengal	April 29, 1897	68	
Hause, Simon	St. Johns	April 28, 1897	82	
Henderson, Jno. D	St. Johns	March 20, 1897	81	He lived in Pontiac a number of years.
Hicks, Orrin E	St. Johns	March 21, 1897	81	He lived in St. Johns 25 years. Was a dry goods merchant.
Hodgson, Mrs. Andrew	St. Johns	March 18, 1897	63	She came to Michigan 30 years ago and settled on the farm where she died.
Houston, James	Olive	Feb. 7, 1897	53	
Jennison, Mrs. Martha		Oct. 1, 1896	88	
Jewitt, Mrs. Mary		Jan. 21, 1897		
Kimmel, Mrs. Phoebe	North Star	May 15, 1897	82	Settled in North Star in 1856 Mother of fourteen children.
Knapp, Mrs. Charlotte	Greenbush	April 29, 1897	64	
Kneeland, Benj. F	St. Johns	April 10, 1897	80	In 1841 he settled on 80 acres of wild land in Bengal, Clinton county.
Krepps, Christian	St. Johns	April 26, 1897	89	
Kroll, George	St. Johns	Sept. 20, 1896	64	
Lapham, Mrs	St. Johns	Oct. 8, 1896	86	
Larkins, Robt	St. Johns	May 19, 1897	67	He was one of the oldest and best known settlers.
Lee, Nathaniel	St. Johns	Aug. 12, 1896	74	
Leland, Mrs. H. C	St. Johns	Oct. 18, 1896	44	
Lounsbery, Anson	St. Johns	March 27, 1897	76	
Martin, Mrs Catherine	St. Johns		90	
Mather, Vernon	Matherton	Oct. 8, 1896	80	He built the Dexter grist mill.
Mattoon, Mrs. George	St. Johns	Dec. 7, 1896	55	
Mauren, John	Westphalia	April 1, 1897	90	One of the early settlers of the township.
McAlister, Miss Catherine	Fowler	Dec. 22, 1896	86	
Merchant, Wm	Olive	Feb. 19, 1897	88	
Moore, W. F	De Witt	Feb. 27, 1897		One of the early settlers.
Murphy, Mary	Bengal	Oct. 1, 1896	74	
Nye, David	Greenbush	Feb. 24, 1897	69	
Parks, Mrs. Davis	Fowler	April 26, 1897	97	
Passmore, George	Riley	Feb. 14, 1897	76	
Peltier, Mary M	De Witt	Nov. 18, 1896	66	
Potter, Mrs. Caroline S	Olive	Feb. 11, 1897	75	
Rathburn, Fredk	County line	March 11, 1897	74	Settled in Clinton county in 1867.
Salsbury, Mrs. Thos		March 11, 1897	68	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Snow, Mrs. Rebekah	St. Johns	March 30, 1897	72	They settled in the woods west of where the fair grounds are now located.
Stafford, Mrs. Electa	St. Johns	April 18, 1897	80	
Walsworth, Edmund	St. Johns	Dec. 7, 1896	79	
Washington, John	Eureka	Feb. 19, 1897	61	
Webster, Mrs. Clara	Bath	March 16, 1897	46	
Weil, Mrs. Edward T	Elsie	May 23, 1897	78	She was born in England and was for many years one of the maids of honor to Queen Victoria.
Wheat, Mrs. Eliza H	St. Johns	Jan. 29, 1897	70	
Whitney, Mrs. James	Olive	March 12, 1897	52	Located in the county in 1860.
Wilhelms, Chas	Fowler	April 29, 1897	67	Located in the county in 1853.
Wright, Stephen J	St. Johns	March 12, 1897	72	He built and operated the saw mill on State street.
Williams, Chas	Fowler	April 26, 1897	75	

BROWN.—Jacob Brown, well known to the residents of St. Johns, Clinton, and Gratiot counties in the middle '50s, died at Lithia Springs, Georgia, where he had gone a month before for the improvement of his failing health.

The deceased was born in Germany in 1836. When he came to this country he was 13 years old and could not speak a word of English. He remained in Detroit a short time. He first started out as a pack peddler. Later he peddled from a wagon, and eventually accumulated capital enough to establish a notion store in Fremont. After a two years' successful career in Fremont, he removed to Flushing, and later came to St. Johns, which was in about the year 1856. Here he opened a general store and did a prosperous business. His business was not wholly confined to merchandizing, but he did a large business in buying furs from the Indians and settlers as far north as Isabella county. He also operated an ashery where now stands Richmond Bros'. machine shop. Besides the product of this industry he bought and shipped a large amount of black salts. Mr. Brown, at one time, was prominent among our most successful and influential business men. He had the contract for furnishing the supplies for the soldiers while they were being recruited in this county for the war of the rebellion, and occupied the old Barker carriage shop for a barracks. He made money here very rapidly before, during and after the war. He finally sold out his business to the Heavenrich brothers, and moved to Detroit, which was in the year 1868, where he successfully engaged in the manufacture of cut tobacco, the jobbing notion trade, the manufacture of trousers, shirts and overalls, and later conducted a knitting factory, of which he was president and principal owner at the time of his death.

CRESSMAN.—Isaac F. Cressman, for many years a resident of Bingham, died February 1, 1897, aged 58 years. Deceased was reared on a farm and was also a graduate of a boarding school in Easton, Pennsylvania. In 1861 he came to Michigan and in 1863 located in Bingham upon a farm upon which not a stick of timber had been cut. He had held various township offices, among them being school inspector, member of board of review and drain commissioner.

GORTHY.—The death of Mrs. Robert Gorthy, who passed away May 13, 1897, terminates a contract which her husband made with the poor commissioners but a short time ago, and calls to attention an interesting arrangement. During the latter part of January Mr. Gorthy, who owned a 120 acre farm in Victor which was incumbered for $1,800, went to the poor commissioners and explained that he and his wife would like, for certain reasons of their own, to deed over all their property to the county, if the commissioners would bind themselves to thereafter maintain the two of them. The board took the matter under advisement and concluded that owing to the enfeebled condition of the old pair, it would be best for the county to accept their proposition. Accordingly a contract was drawn up, by the terms of which, Mr. Gorthy deeded over his farm and gave a bill of sale of all his personal property, including wheat, oats, corn, hay, etc. The county agreed to furnish them a home, which it was expressly understood should not be at the poor farm, and were to allow them $3.00 per week for living expenses. About $300 was realized from the sale of the personal property. This contract was made the latter part of January and on April 28th Mr. Gorthy, who was over 80 years of age, died. Fifteen days later his life-long companion followed him to the other shore, and strangely enough Clinton county has become heir to the property, after keeping the old couple but a trifle over three months. They were moved from the farm into St. Johns into a house owned by the county last winter. There they comfortably passed the few remaining days of their lives and made the journey almost side by side into the great unknown.

The farm is probably worth at least $25 per acre and this would figure up $3,000, less an $1,800 mortgage would leave $1,200 net. The old couple did not consume the amount realized from the personal property in the short time which they lived, after the agreement was entered into, so the county becomes the gainer by from $1,000 to $1,500 according to the sale which can be made of the farm.

HODGE.—Hiram C. Hodge, prominent among the early settlers of St. Johns, and a banker, died at his late home in Jackson March 19, 1897, aged 65 years. As a politician he was quite well known throughout the state, and had represented his district in both the House and Senate at Lansing.

McFarlan.—Robert McFarlan, one of the early settlers and business men of St. Johns, died May 10, 1897, in his 77th year.

Mr. McFarlan was born in Lyons, New York, of Scotch parentage. He moved with his people to Northville in 1825. On May 28, 1846, he was married to Sarah S. Morse, and the young couple settled in St. Johns in 1863. He established a hardware store with L. G. N. Randolph and was afterward in business with Chas. Kipp, at which time the firm erected the corner store now occupied by Fowler and Ball. Mr. McFarlan was president of the village in 1866, and justice of the peace in the early days.

Parks.—Sylphia Parks of Fowler died May 6, 1897, aged 82 years. She was born in New York and was married in 1832, and moved to Oakland county, Michigan, in 1833. Here they erected their first home, which was a shanty. The floor and roof were made of split logs. The floor was known among the early settlers as the punchin floor. The husband did not understand the way of arranging the logs for the roof, and when it kept the sun out he felt quite well satisfied. But, Ah! Alas! when the rain came the young wife found the rain outside more endurable than the down-pour inside her new home. It is needless to say the roof was fixed before another storm. In 1842 they removed to Clinton county. Many strange and wild adventures they had with the Indians and wild beasts. Mr. Parks, at one time, was called to De Witt on business and Mrs. Parks was left at home, with everything to look after. A large black bear chose this time to help himself to a sheep. Mrs. Parks attacked him with an axe and with the help of their dog succeeded in driving him away. At another time, Mrs. Parks had just taken her bread from the oven and laid it on the table when five Indians came in, helped themselves to the bread and walked off with it.

Scott.—David Scott was born September 1st, 1809, in the state of New Hampshire, and died April 23, 1897, at his home in St. Johns. He came to Clinton county in 1841 and for fifty-five years had been a resident of Essex. In the fall of 1863 he enlisted in Company G, 1st Regiment, Michigan E. and M. Mr. Scott was a member of Billy Begole Post and the remains were buried under its auspices.

Scriven.—John Scriven died in St. Johns March 25, 1897, aged 76 years. He was born in the County of Cork, Ireland, and came to America in 1858, and settled in Fenton, Oakland county, Michigan, where he remained until the breaking out of the war of the rebellion in '61, when he enlisted in the 21st Michigan Regiment; attached to the corpse of mechanics and engineers, and was with Sherman during his famous raid. He served his adopted country well and faithfully for four long years, and received an honorable discharge. On his return from the service he settled in Eagle township, and soon after turned

his attention to taking contracts for ditching. In 1866 he entered into contract to dig and complete the Swagart ditch in the township of Bengal, which resulted very successfully. In 1878 he was united in marriage with Miss Ellen Byrne.

SWEGLES.—Mrs. Harriet Coryell Swegles died in Detroit September 23, 1896, aged 74 years. She was a native of Steuben county, New York. In 1840 she was united in marriage to John Swegles, Jr., and came to Michigan. They remained but a year and returned to their home in the east. After a stay of a year there they again journeyed westward and took up pioneer life in earnest in Hillsdale, where they remained until Mr. Swegles became Auditor General in 1850, when they removed to the Capital City. This city was her home through two administrations, then they located in St. Johns, which was founded by Mr. Swegles, Porter Kibbe, Commissioner of Land Office; Bernard C. Whittemore, State Treasurer, and others, and by consent, called it St. Johns, in honor of Mr. Swegles. There was at that time no other post-office bearing that name in the United States. That village was her home for more than 41 years.

EATON COUNTY.

BY ESEK PRAY.

BARBER.—Daniel Barber of Vermontville died in April, 1897. Mr. Barber came to the county in 1839 and for 58 years was a resident there. He was born in 1800 and was the oldest person in Eaton County.

BOHANNON.—Mrs. Chauncy Bohannon of Windsor died January 19, 1897, aged 73 years. Her marriage to Mr. Bohannon in 1842 was the first marriage ceremony performed in the county. From that date to her death she continued to reside in Windsor.

BULLOCK.—Dudley F. Bullock was born in Trenton, N. Y., and when twenty-five years of age he came to Michigan and located his farm from the government in 1836 in the township of Vermontville, which he continued to own up to the time of his death, which occurred March 27, 1897, at a ripe old age of 86 years.

CHAPPELL.—John J. Chappell was born in Washington county, N. Y., and died in Hillsdale, November 19, 1896, aged nearly 87 years. Mr. Chappell settled in Walton with his family in 1844, where he continued to reside until the last six years of his life, which were spent with his daughter. He was justice of the peace 24 years.

CUNNINGHAM.—Aaron T. Cunningham of Windsor died May 30, 1897, aged 83 years. He was a resident of the county forty-four years.

HUNSIKER.—Henry A. Hunsiker of Bellevue died February 22, 1897, aged 66 years. Mr. Hunsiker was one of the early settlers of the township, having gone there with his parents, who were among the few original settlers of Bellevue, and during all the years of residence there was prominently identified with the business interests of the village and township. For more than forty years he was engaged in the mercantile business and at the time of his death was postmaster.

IVES.—Andrew J. Ives was born at Wallington, Connecticut, and grew to manhood in New Haven, Ohio, where he married Miss Amanda Sherman in 1852; two years later they located in Charlotte, where they have since resided. He was connected with the First National bank of Charlotte since its existence and held the office of vice-president. He died November 20, 1896, aged 68 years.

LEWIS.—Mrs. Orle A. Lewis of Windsor died July 13, 1896, aged 86 years. She was born in Oneida county, N. Y., and married Joseph P. Lewis December 29, 1831. They became residents of Jackson county in 1835, and in 1845 located in Eaton county, on the homestead which was her home for more than a half century.

PARSONS.—Norman Parsons died at his home in Windsor, April 3, 1897, aged 93 years. He was a resident of the State 44 years, and of the county 33 years.

PRESTON.—Mrs. Samuel Preston of Oneida died April —, 1897, aged 89 years. Mr. and Mrs. Preston settled in their home in the wilderness March 4, 1837, with two children—the second family who settled in the township—and experienced all of the difficulties in reaching the home of cutting roads for seven miles to the location, and building in the cold winter months. Mr. Preston said: "I completed my cabin, excepting floors, doors, windows and chimney, and went into it on the 4th day of March, 1837." Mrs. Preston had been a resident for a little more than 60 years.

SHERMAN.—James H. Sherman of Carmel died July 11, 1896, aged 71 years. Mr. Sherman was born in Cayuga county, N. Y. He married Miss Melosany Galpin June 29, 1845, their married life extending over a period of 51 years. Before the war he moved his family to Fairfax, Virginia. Being loyal to his country and having a knowledge of the country in which he lived he became a guide to McDowell's Division of the army and afterwards entered the secret service under Gen. Baker. He was be-

trayed by a neighbor and captured by Mosby's men, and for 23 months endured the tortures of southern prisons.

SKINNER.—Dr. James S. Skinner, of Windsor, died November 27, 1896, aged nearly 96 years.

WHEATON.—Mrs. Mary A. Wheaton, widow of Robert M. Wheaton, who settled in the township of Chester, October 20, 1836, died June 27, 1896, aged nearly 82 years. Mr. Wheaton was the first sheriff of the county. Together they experienced all the trials of the early pioneers of the county of which for 60 years they were residents.

WRIGHT.—Victor Monroe Wright was born in Whipple City, N. Y. He married Lucinda Barrett October 24, 1837, and died at Eaton Rapids March 22, 1897, aged 84 years. He was a resident of the county 44 years.

GENESEE COUNTY.

BY GOODENOUGH TOWNSEND.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Ashley, Mrs. S. J.	Davison	Oct. 4, 1896	.....	She came alone from Scotland and settled in the county in 1841.
Britton, R. R.	Fenton	May 11, 1897	60	He was hotel keeper at Linden.
Buckingham, Jennette	Flint	.....	55	A resident of Flint 30 years.
Darling, Henry J.	Vienna	May 10, 1897	69	He served in the war of '61 in the 11 Indiana battery.
Diehl, Valentine	Richfield	April 30, 1897	60	
Griffith, Mrs. Anna	Flint	Aug. 23, 1897	83	
Hill, Mrs. Bryant R.	Flint	May 6, 1897	63	
Hyslop, Mrs. Sarah	Flint	April 20, 1897	90	A resident of the county 60 years.
McConnell, Mrs. Lydia	Flint	April 22, 1897	80	A resident of Flint 30 years.
Persons, Mrs. Catherine	Flint	Sept. 1, 1896	60	A resident of township many years.
Patrick, Mrs. Wm.	Midland	May 8, 1897	60	
Phelps, Mrs. J. H.	Flushing	April 30, 1897	60	Wife of Rev. J. H. Phelps.
Remington, Wm	Fenton	April 29, 1897	80	A resident of Fenton over 60 years.
Rowe, Mrs. John	Flushing	May 2, 1897	70	A resident of county 40 years.
Skinner, Mrs. Orville	Richfield	April 29, 1897	45	
Torrey, Clark W.	Flint	May 1, 1897	51	Was a native of the township.
Torrey, Mrs. Orissa W.	Flint	April 7, 1897	87	

BEGOLE.—Ex-Governor Josiah W. Begole died at his home in Flint June 6, 1896, of heart failure, aged 81 years, five months and sixteen days. During his last hours he was surrounded by his devoted wife, members of his family and friends. The end was peaceful, a fitting close to a long, honorable and active life—a life well spent and full of the richest blessings. The grain was ripe unto the harvest.

Gov. Begole had been in feeble health for about two years. About a year and a half before he was injured by a fall from his carriage, from the effects of which he never recovered, the injury resulting in muscular paralysis. He had gradually improved, however, until about two weeks prior to his death, when he began to fail.

Gov. Begole was the oldest male resident of Flint and one of the oldest of the county, coming to the city in 1836. He was a man of broad nature and sterling qualities of both mind and heart. Public spirited, benevolent and kind to all, he was also possessed of irreproachable integrity and honor He was in every sense a self-made man, and his life stands as a bright example for those who come after. He was generous according to his means, far beyond the average, never failing to respond to the calls of charity or the cry of the distressed.

In his home life and relations Gov. Begole was a model husband and father, his domestic world being to him his all, and there was probably no happier home in Genesee county than the one draped in mourning. In his public life and his relations with his fellow men, he was straightforward and honorable, and always genial and friendly, unfaltering in his defense of right and fearless in his denunciations of wrong. He was popular with all and possessed the entire confidence of those with whom he came in contact.

He was always prominent in public affairs, held positions of trust from places of minor importance to that of Congressman and Governor of his State and discharged every duty thrust upon him by his constituents. He was honored by the citizens far above others while living, and no man will be more universally mourned.

The body was taken charge of by the Knights Templar of Genesee Valley Commandery Monday forenoon, June 8th, and taken to the church, where it lay in state, under a special guard of Knights, from 10 o'clock until 2:00 o'clock p. m. The casket was not opened after that hour.

Josiah W. Begole was a son of William and Eleanor (Bowles) Begole. He was born in Groveland, Livingston county, N. Y., January 20, 1815, just twelve days after the memorable battle of New Orleans. The Governor's career exemplifies strongly the power of heredity. He was a descendant of a good old French family, whose members have ever been conspicuous in their loyalty to their homes and country. His father was an officer in the war of 1812, and although like most other men of means

at that time, his grandparents on both sides of the house were slave owners, on the evolution of sentiment in regard to slavery they became strong Abolitionists and brought their slaves with them to New York in order to free them. Thus were the seeds of liberty and independence sown for future generations.

Both of Mr. Begole's parents were professors of the creed as held by the Baptist church.

Mr. Begole was the eldest of ten children born to his parents, and was reared in Mount Morris, Livingston county, N. Y., upon a farm. His first knowledge of the three R's was acquired in a log schoolhouse, where the little ones' legs dangled from slab benches held upright by oaken "pins."

This was the extent of his schooling with the exception of six months at the Temple Hill Academy at Geneseo. He remained at home until 1836, when, having saved from his small earnings $100, he determined to try his fortunes in the new country which was known as Michigan. In coming hither the young man, who was only twenty-one years of age, made the journey to Toledo by a steamer, thence by foot to Jackson and then on to Flint, to which he was attracted because he had read in the papers that it was to be the county seat of Genesee county. He traveled alone, finding a trail which was at times obliterated in the woods and then making his way with the aid of a compass. On arriving here there were only five houses, which is indeed a dignified name for the board shanties, and the place was simply a trading post. The young man purchased eighty acres of land, and with the whole-heartedness that has characterized him throughout life, immediately identified himself with the new but strong and healthy growth of the infant town. He turned his hand to what there was to be done—surveying the first village lot, swinging the hammer and axe in building, and teaching school, in which last work he was employed for several years. He was the clerk of the first election in the place and helped to build the land office, which was on the present site of the Citizens' Commercial & Savings Bank. He continued to buy land until at the end of eighteen years he owned five hundred acres and set himself energetically to work in improving it. It was nearly all soon under the plow and he made it pay him handsomely by devoting himself to general farming, giving special attention to sheep raising, in which he was very successful.

April 22, 1839, the future state senator and governor of Michigan was united in marriage with Miss Harriet A., daughter of Manley and Mary Miles. The sturdy groom was attired in a handsome blue suit, covered with large brass buttons, and the blushing bride in the conventional white. The ceremony was performed in the log cabin of the bride's father, on the Saginaw road, two miles north of the city. In 1889 many honored guests from various portions of the country took delight in con-

gratulating the couple who had passed fifty years of married life so helpfully and happily together. Immediately after the marriage the young couple settled upon their farm of one hundred and sixty acres in the town of Genesee. By energy, perseverance and the aid of his faithful wife, success hovered over the humble, but contented household. Little ones gathered about the hearthstone and filled their allotted space in the family circle. With years came political honors, and as State Senator, Congressman and Chief Executive of the State, Mr. Begole served the people who had honored him by showing their confidence in his ability to fill these positions. In 1871 Mr. Begole was made State Senator, and in the fall of 1872 he was elected to Congress, representing the sixth district, and serving for a term of two years. In 1882 he was nominated for Governor as the candidate of the Democratic and Greenback parties, and carried the State by a vote of thirty-one thousand over and above the ballots cast for Governor Jerome two years before in 1880. Taking his position January 1, 1883, he was Chief Executive of the State for two years, after which he resumed the quiet, unpretentious life in his cozy residence in Flint. Mr. Begole faithfully served his townsmen in the various positions of school inspector, justice of the peace, supervisor, and in 1856 was elected county treasurer. He held that office for eight successive years. At the breaking out of the rebellion, being past the legal age requiring military service, he did not carry a musket to the front, but his many friends will bear witness that he took an active part in recruiting and furnishing supplies for the army and looking after the interests of the soldiers and their families at home. The death of his eldest son near Atlanta, Georgia, by a Confederate bullet, was the greatest sorrow of his life. Mr. Begole being an anti-slavery man, became a member of the Republican party at its very first organization, having left the Whig party at the time of the passage of the fugitive slave law when Millard Fillmore was president. His political preferment here came to him without his seeking. As State Senator he took a liberal and public spirited view of the importance of a new capitol worthy of the State, and was an active member of the committee that drafted the bill for the same. He was a delegate to the national convention at Philadelphia in 1872, and was chosen vice president of the delegation to go to Washington to inform President Grant and Senator Wilson of their nominations. In Congress he was a member of the Committee on Agriculture and Public Expenditures. Being only one of seven farmers in that Congress he took an active part on the Committee on Agriculture, and was appointed by that committee to draft the most important report made by that committee. In every capacity up to that of Chief Executive of the State he served the people faithfully and well, and was always an honored citizen of Flint.

Governor and Mrs. Begole have had five children, namely: Mary, Mrs. C. W. Cummings of Otter Lake, William, who died during the late war in the hospital at Lookout Mountain, the body being brought to Flint, where it was interred with military honors; Frank, who died in Florida in 1877; Charles, who resides on the farm, and one daughter, who died in infancy. He was connected with the most important of Flint's best features and industries, notably the Flint Wagon Works, water works and gas works, and he was also vice-president of the Citizens' Commercial Savings Bank, and had been interested in banking since 1871. For many years he was an extensive lumberman and had given liberally of his time and means for the promotion of worthy enterprises.

Begole.—Philo M. Begole, a prominent resident of Vienna, died August 25, 1897, aged sixty-eight years. The deceased was a resident of Genesee county for many years, and had represented his township on the board of supervisors and held other positions of trust. He was a brother of the late Gov. J. W. Begole of Flint.

Lyon.—M. C. Lyon died in Flint May 4, 1897, aged 80 years. Deceased was an old soldier and served during the war of the Rebellion as a musician in the Second Michigan Cavalry. He was also a member of Gov. Crapo Post drum corps some time ago. Before coming to the city, Mr. Lyon was an inmate at the Soldiers' Home at Grand Rapids.

McCreery.—Col. William B. McCreery died at his home in Flint December 9, 1896. Col. McCreery was one of the best known men in Michigan, having been in public life much of the time since early manhood. He was a son of the late Reuben McCreery, and was born in the year 1836, at Mt. Morris, N. Y. Since he was three years old, however, Flint had been his home.

At the breaking out of the late civil war he enlisted as a private in Company F, Second Michigan Infantry, and came home as colonel of the Twenty-first Michigan Infantry, his promotion being earned through valor shown in the service. He was seriously wounded at Williamsburg, Va., and at Chickamauga, Tenn., and at the latter place was taken prisoner. With several comrades he escaped from Libby prison February 14, 1864, through a tunnel which he and the others had dug under the wall of the prison. The wounds received on the battle field compelled him to resign on September 14, 1864. He was a public spirited citizen and took an active part in public affairs both home, State and National. He was elected mayor of Flint twice. He served as State Treasurer from 1875 to 1879. He was Collector of Internal Revenue under President Grant, and Consul to Valparaiso, Chile under Harrison; at the time of his death he was President of the Twenty-first Michigan Infantry Association.

Col. McCreery was the most prominent man, except Gov. Begole, who had died in Flint in many years, and as marks of respect the flags on the public buildings and many private ones were hung at half-mast.

SCHRAM.—Isaac Schram died at Grand Blanc April 19, 1897, aged 61 years. Deceased had been a resident of the county since early childhood, having gone to Burton with his parents when a young child. In 1843 he married Miss Anna E. Orvis. Mr. Schram held the office of highway commissioner of Grand Blanc township for over thirty years, and was drain commissioner for seven years.

STANLEY.—Henry Stanley, an old resident of Genesee county, died very suddenly on the street in Flint. The deceased was about 68 years old. He formerly resided in Genesee Township, but in 1864 came to Flint and went into the produce business with E. B. Clapp. For years he was a member of this firm, which was one of the best known and most successful in this section.

STONE.—Hon. Oren Stone, one of the most prominent citizens of Flint, died very suddenly of apoplexy.

The deceased was born near Auburn, N. Y., July 24, 1833. He was a son of Darius H. and Hannah Stone, and came to Michigan with his parents in 1844, settling at Stony Run, Oakland county. In 1857 he came to Flint and opened a general store, one of the largest in the city at the time. A few years later he sold out and went to farming, which he followed for three years. In 1866 he built the Flint Woolen Mills and had been actively engaged in operating the mills until death, having had several partners during the period. The other business enterprises in which he was engaged at the time of his death were the Flint Pantaloon Factory and Stone's Opera House. He was a large owner of real estate, having valuable renting residence property. He was Mayor of the city during the year 1888.

HURON COUNTY.

BY E. M. STEVENS.

BRODERICK.—Robert D. Broderick died at Pigeon, September, 1896, aged 77 years.

CONNERS.—Michael Conners died at his home in Caseville, April 5, 1897, aged 67 years. He was born in Ireland, but was a resident of Huron county forty-three years.

DISHRAW.—Frank Dishraw was born in Vicksburg, now Marysville,

St. Clair county, March 25, 1798, and removed to Port Austin in 1860, where he resided until his death, which occurred April 4, 1897, in his 99th year.

FISHER.—Nelson P. Fisher was born in Canada in 1839, and came to this county in 1859. He served in the war of the Rebellion in the First Michigan Infantry; when the call came for men he was one of the first to respond. He was wounded in the service. He died February 15, 1897.

FOGLE.—Mrs. Ellen Fogle died October 10, 1896. She was born in England in 1846, and was a resident of the county twenty-four years.

GOFF.—Mrs. James P. Goff died in Caseville February 11, 1897. She was born in West Meath, Ireland, in 1830. She had been a resident of the county twenty-five years.

KRULL.—Caroline Krull was born in Bay City May 8, 1857, and died October 12, 1896. She came to Huron county with her parents when but four years old, and continued to live there during her life.

MCCORMIC.—Patrick McCormic was killed by a falling tree, February 17, 1897. He was 43 years old and had been a resident of the county since he was seven years old.

MCCAMBRIA.—James McCambria died September 25, 1896, aged 68 years. He was a resident of Huron county 29 years.

PATTERSON.—William Patterson of Lake township suicided September 7, 1896. He was 77 years old, was born in Scotland, but lived in this county 28 years.

PRIESKORN.—Mrs. Prieskorn was born in Germany, October 13, 1830, and died January 31, 1897. She had been a resident of the county since 1873.

SEELEY.—Benjamin Seeley died in Bad Axe April 28, 1897, aged 68 years. He was born in the state of New York and located in Huron county in 1856, and for forty-one years was one of its citizens.

TAHASH.—Joseph Tahash died at Pigeon April 11, 1897, aged 92 years. He was born in New York, but was a resident of this county since 1869.

INGHAM COUNTY.

BY C. B. STEBBINS.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Bliss, Mrs. Helen A	Lansing	Nov. 27, 1896	48	Born in Clinton county.
Brake, Emily Eliza	Lansing	Jan. 28, 1897	39	
Brandenberry, Mrs. M. E	Lansing	Oct. 18, 1896	87	Lived in Michigan over 40 years.
Brasel, Mrs. Harriet M	Lansing	Nov. 23, 1896	55	Was born in Howell.
Cary, John Nicholas	Lansing	Nov. 16, 1896	78	
Davis, Mrs. Perry J	Lansing	Dec. 19, 1896	53	Resident of Michigan all her life.
Dible, George	Okemos	Dec. 9, 1896	91	
Dingman, Mrs. G. D	Lansing	May 11, 1897	66	She was member of 1st Baptist church 42 years.
Everett, Mrs. Phœbe M	Lansing	Oct. 18, 1896	70	Came to Michigan 60 years ago.
Ewing, Mrs. Leah Ann	Stockbridge	Feb. 11, 1897	77	Settled in the locality in 1856.
Finch, Mrs. Adeline	Lansing	Dec. 9, 1896	78	Born in the State and lived in Lansing 20 years.
Gregory, Mrs. Betsy	Lansing	March 26, 1897	45	Resided on a farm two miles north of Lansing for 30 years.
Hewett, Lawrence Eugene	Lansing	Jan. 17, 1897	45	A native of Michigan.
Hilliard, Miss Margaret	Lansing	March 9, 1897	82	Came to Lansing in 1856.
Howe, Ara W	Dansville	March 14, 1897	77	Lived in Dansville 55 years.
Johnson, Mrs. Sally	Okemos	Jan. 17, 1897	90	Wife of Rev. H. Johnson; resident of Michigan since the early days.
Johnson, Mrs. Lucy A	Lansing	Feb. 12, 1897	78	Came to Lansing in 1852.
Judd, Mrs. C. A	Lansing	May 9, 1897	86	Resident of Michigan 30 years.
Kennedy, Mrs. Margaret	Mason	July 23, 1897	77	Resided in the county 44 years.
Knapp, Mrs. Polly	Williamston	Feb. 25, 1897	80	Settled in W. in 1847.
Lester, Harrison Hamilton	Lansing	Oct. 22, 1896	69	Settled in the Saginaw valley 40 years ago.
Lewis, Mrs. Harriet A	Lansing	March 28, 1896	54	One of the early settlers.
Montgomery, Jok C	Lansing	June 15, 1896	49	Born in Eaton Rapids.
Morrison, Mrs. Jane	Lansing	June 27, 1896	87	Resided in the State 40 years.
Niles, Mrs. Hannah M	Lansing	Feb. 19, 1897	82	Resident of Michigan 50 years.
Osgood, Bertrand M	Lansing	March 26, 1897	47	Resident of Michigan 20 years.
Parks, William	Lansing	May 1, 1897	87	Resided in Lansing 31 years.
Pickard, Lyman	Williamston	July 13, 1897	65	Resident 35 years.
Potter, Mrs. L. B	Lansing	Nov. 3, 1896	72	Well known in the earlier days of Lansing.
Rhodes, Miss Ida	Lansing	April 25, 1897	44	Came to Michigan when 4 years old.
Sawyer, Benjamin	Dansville	April 7, 1897	87	
Stockwell, Mrs. Anna M	Lansing	Nov. 11, 1896	53	Resident of Michigan 30 years.
Talmadge, Noah	Lansing	March 22, 1897	81	Lived in Michigan 60 years.
Toll, Mrs. Adeline F	Lansing	Oct. 2, 1896	69	Resident of Lansing many years.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Turner, Mrs. Lizzie J	Lansing	1896	60	Resided in Michigan 50 years.
Walker, Mrs. Maggie	Lansing	April 30, 1897	75	Resident of city many years.
Weigman, Henry	Holt	Aug. 23, 1896	80	Resident of Holt 30 years.
Welch, Nicholas	Lansing	Dec. 30, 1896	70	Known as "old Kalamazoo." Lived in Lansing many years.
Whaley, Horace W	Lansing	Nov. 9, 1896	67	Resident of Michigan since 1855.
Williams, Seth	Lansing	Aug. 21, 1896	79	One of the early settlers.

Death has made an uncommon draft upon the pioneer residents of this county during the past year. The necrology exceeds that of any year since 1885. The number of persons of extreme old age is also more than proportionally increased. Nineteen of the deceased were 80 years and over of these eight died in 1896, and eleven in five months of 1897. Six of the nineteen were in their 88th year, two in their 91st year, and one in his 92d year. If the death rate throughout the State has been as large as in Ingham county, it is safe to estimate the loss among the citizens above eighty years to be from five to six hundred.

Appleyard.—James Appleyard died at St. Joseph's Retreat at Dearborn June 29, 1896, aged 62 years. The deceased had been a highly esteemed resident of the city of Lansing for 24 years and was widely known throughout the United States as a man of remarkable ability. He was essentially a man of action. He was superintendent of the building of the State capitol, city hall and union depot at Detroit, university building at Ann Arbor, postoffice and custom house at Baltimore, Md., Hoyt's library in Saginaw, and many other large buildings in the United States. Mr. Appleyard was a man of strong physique and had it not been for the complete collapse of the nervous system, brought on by overwork, this useful and active life would not have ended at the beginning of its 63d year.

James Appleyard was born at Yorkshire, England, February 24, 1834. In 1851 he came to this country, locating at Rochester, N. Y. He was married to Johanna Lysaight of Canandaigua, N. Y., in 1856. While living in Rochester he built the postoffice at Milwaukee, also the one at Chicago that was burned during the big fire. In 1868 he removed to Detroit to take charge of the building of the city hall. He was engaged as superintendent of construction of the State capitol and moved to Lansing in the summer of 1872. Shortly after his arrival in this city death took his wife from him, leaving him with two sons, William P. Appleyard, now of New Haven, Conn., and George Appleyard, superintendent of the Union Trust Company's building in Detroit. In September of 1874 he was married to Augusta Sanborn, then a teacher in the schools of the

city. He is survived by his wife, a daughter, Josephine Appleyard, and three sons, William P., George and Louis Appleyard. In January 1891, he began the work of building the union depot at Detroit and this was the last work of any account he ever did.

Bailey.—Mrs. Ann Bailey, one of the oldest and most highly respected women of Lansing, died at her home 505 Washington Ave. north, September 1, 1896, at the ripe old age of 80 years. Mrs. Bailey, whose maiden name was Ann Perry, was born in Erie county, Pennsylvania, and removed with her parents to Michigan in 1834, settling at Jackson. Two years later she was married to Joseph C. Bailey of that city. In 1847, she moved to Lansing with her husband, who at that time held a position as a clerk in the State treasurer's office, since which time she was a continuous resident of the Capital city.

Beale.—George Beale of Lansing died October 19, 1896, aged 72 years. He was one of Lansing's oldest pioneers, having come to the city thirty-five years ago. He was born in New York state. Soon after his arrival in the city he established a brick yard at the corner of Larch and Sheridan streets, which he operated for many years.

Branch.—Nathan C. Branch was killed by a train at Okemos January 11, 1897. Mr. Branch was 76 years of age and was one of the pioneer farmers of this county. He was well known and highly respected throughout the county. For many years he was a director of the Central Michigan Fair Association and took an active part in its affairs. He was a director in the Ingham County Mutual Fire Insurance Co., and was one of the founders of the Congregational church at Williamston.

Bradford.—John L. Bradford died at his home east of the Agricultural College April 25, 1897, aged 76 years. He was one of the pioneers of Ingham county, having located here about the time it was decided that the capital should be moved to Lansing. He was born in Scotland, and came to America with his parents in 1840, and settled in Oakland county on a farm. This life was not agreeable to his ambitious nature, and when the capital of the State was located at Lansing, he went there, was appointed to a clerkship in the office of the Auditor General, which position he held for six years. He was married in 1850 to Miss Ann Brennan.

Coleman.—Mrs. L. M. Coleman, mother of G. W. and M. I. Coleman of Lansing, died at Riverside, California, July 29, 1896. The remains were taken to Battle Creek, her former home, for interment. Mrs. Coleman had resided in Lansing since 1871 and removed to California with the family of M. L. Coleman November, 1896. She was born January 27, 1820, at Half Moon, New York, and came to Michigan in an early day.

She was married in 1837 to William H. Coleman, at Battle Creek, where she resided until his death in 1871, when she came to Lansing.

COOLEY.—Mrs. Rebecca Cooley, wife of Lansing Cooley, died September 26, 1896, aged 62. Mrs. Cooley, whose maiden name was Rebecca Wall, was one of the pioneers of Lansing township. She was born in Leavenport, England, and had lived in Lansing city 44 years. In 1857 when J. M. Shearer, Dr. H. B. Baker's step-father, was steward of the Agricultural college Mrs. Cooley held the position of stewardess of the college.

CORNWELL.—Mrs. Eunice Cornwell died at her home in Delhi December 23, 1896. She was 85 years old, and had lived on the farm where she died since 1853, having settled there immediately after coming to this State from Holly, New York. Mrs. Cornwell was the mother of ten children, eight of whom survive her.

DRYER.—Miss Margaret Perry Dryer, a pioneer and one of the most widely known women of the city of Lansing, died January 9, 1897. She was a truly remarkable woman and in many ways was connected with the early growth and improvement of the city of Lansing. She numbered her friends by the score, to whom she was always known as "Aunt Margaret."

Miss Dryer was born at Casnovia, N. Y., August 1, 1810, and at the age of 7 years was stricken with a disease never understood by the medical profession, which crippled her so terribly that she was obliged to use crutches during the remainder of her life. Unable to attend school or enjoy active sports, she devoted her entire time to reading and through her own exertions became very well versed upon all subjects. In her feeble condition she taught school for several years and also worked as a missionary among the Indians at Tonawanda, N. Y. In 1847 she came to Lansing to reside with her brother, the late W. A. Dryer, and taught a private school at Podunk and in this city for several years.

In 1851, after earnest and patient work, she succeeded in founding the First Baptist church and for several years was the only surviving charter member of the church, where she always held the position of deaconess, and was a valued member of the pastor's cabinet. Through her influence the first pastor of the church, Rev. P. C. Dafoot, was secured in 1853. The legislature had given sites to the various churches and the property received by the Baptists was on Townsend street. This did not please "Aunt Margaret" and she went before this body and secured the present site. She had a wonderful influence over the Christian community, and during the revivals in the olden times would be carried to each meeting, not only at her own church, but every other one, believing that her influence was greater than any evangelist who could be procured.

When the new Baptist church was erected N. D. Ward procured a field stone which was placed in the building and dedicated to "Aunt Margaret Dryer." Because of her feeble condition, she had been in the new church only twice, dedication Sunday and another day when she was carried by a relative and shown every room in the church.

GIBBS.—Henry Gibbs, one of the oldest and most highly respected pioneers of Lansing, died at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Winans March 15, 1897, at the age of 82 years. He was a remarkably interesting and bright old man, having retained his mental faculties until the end. He came to Lansing in 1847, when the capital was removed from Detroit, and his memory never failed him in relating the early history and growth of the city.

Mr. Gibbs was elected a member of the school board from the fifth ward in 1874, which office he held until 1885. In this office he made many warm friends, among the children of the fifth ward especially, to whom he was always known as "Uncle Gibbs." Henry Gibbs was born in Stabbans, Vermont, April 18, 1816, and when 15 years old moved with his parents to Monroe county, New York, where he worked with his father as a carpenter. After living in that state seven years he moved to Eagle, Michigan, and settled upon 160 acres of wild land. The following year, 1839, he built the first frame schoolhouse in Clinton county. He came to Lansing in 1847 and began work upon the old capitol building in August, under Henry Jipson. In 1854 he moved to Watertown, where he held offices as justice of the peace and supervisor and returned to Lansing in 1873. He was a contractor most of his life and was connected with building the Downey House, State office block, Plymouth Congregational, St. Paul's Episcopal and Park Street Baptist churches, the middle building of the school for the blind, and the old postoffice building. He also superintended the building of Central school building and in 1888 the Larch street school. During the last year he spent much of his time writing, and among the manuscripts which were found was an account of his life and a history of the city of Lansing, which he desired to be published May 13, 1897, the 50th anniversary of the staking out of the capital.

HINCHEY.—Mrs. Mary C. Hinchey died November 12, 1896. Mrs. Hinchey was born in Hartford, Conn., August 10, 1812, and moved to Rochester, N. Y., when 18 years of age. Four years later she was married to Alanson Hinchey of that place, and they soon afterward moved to Ypsilanti. After a short residence in that city and Eaton Rapids, she came with her husband to Lansing. At that time they owned the property on Seymour street, upon which the Hinchey residence now stands, and which then was nothing but forest. In 1848 they moved to Pinckney, for several

weeks occupying the same residence with Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Haze. She returned to Lansing soon after her husband's death in 1875 and had made it her permanent residence for the past fourteen years.

LEADLEY.—Gottlieb Leadley died in Lansing January 14, 1897, aged 60 years. Mr. Leadley was a man of sterling common sense and intensely practical in everything he did. By economy, energy and ability he built up a good property, and was justly proud of his record as a business man. At times people imagined that Mr. Leadley was venturing into schemes that were visionary in the extreme, but his business judgment has been justified in every instance. His establishment of Leadley's park and the building of the dam near the fair grounds are instances in point.

Mr. Leadley was born in Wurtemburg, Germany, January 22, 1837, and came to this country with his parents when he was four years old, settling at Silver lake, near Freedom. He moved to DeWitt when he was 16 years old and was a successful farmer of that township until he removed to this city, 17 years ago. In 1828 he was married to Miss Mary Stabler of DeWitt.

LEDERER.—Mrs. Frances Lederer died April 5, 1897, aged 68 years, at her home in Lansing. Mrs. Lederer had resided in Lansing forty-six years, had hosts of friends and was one of the most highly esteemed members of the Jewish population. She was born in Baden-Baden, Germany, April 10, 1829, and came to this country in 1849, settling in New York state. One year later she removed to Ann Arbor, where she was married to Henry Lederer, who died in 1885. Mrs. Lederer come to Lansing with her husband in 1851 from Adrian.

LONGSTREET.—William Longstreet died at his home in Lansing December 4, 1896, aged 64 years. In the death of Mr. Longstreet Lansing loses one of the men who contributed largely to the city's growth and prosperity. He came to the city in 1858, soon after his marriage to Miss Caroline Crawford, in Macomb county, in this State. He was born in the township of Ledyard, Cayuga county, N. Y., and left there after having learned his trade, that of a carpenter. He worked for a time in Cleveland before coming to Michigan, about 1855. After coming to Lansing he continued to work at his trade and in 1862 he enlisted in the 8th Michigan Infantry. On August 15, 1862, he took the E. A. degree in Masonry and by special dispensation he was given the Fellowcraft and Master Masons degrees the next morning and left that afternoon to begin his career as a soldier. The next three years were spent in the service, first as a soldier in the 8th Michigan and afterward in a brigade of U. S. engineers. By the terms of his enlistment he was obliged to remain in the service a

short time after the war ended. He received an honorable discharge and his conduct in the service was officially declared to be excellent.

In 1871 he formed a partnership with Horace Lapham, known as the firm of Lapham & Longstreet, and started the planing mill. This business prospered, and the partnership lasted for over seventeen years. In the early part of their partnership Lapham & Longstreet were builders as well as mill men.

POND.—Mrs. Minnie Russell Pond died at her home in Lansing, October 3, 1896, aged 62 years. Mrs. Pond was born in York township, New York. In 1838 she came to Michigan, settling in Branch county in 1842, where, with the exception of brief intervals, she had since resided. She was married to Col. C. V. R. Pond, of Hartford, Conn., in 1858. Col. Pond entered the army in 1861, and Mrs. Pond, with two children, returned to Michigan, where her husband joined her in 1864. Col. and Mrs. Pond moved to Lansing in 1894.

PORTER.—James B. Porter, one of Lansing's influential business men and old-time residents, died March 7, 1897, aged 73 years. Mr. Porter was born at Marcellus, New York. In 1832 he came to Michigan with his parents and settled at Gull Prairie, Kalamazoo county. During his boyhood he attended the district schools of that county and later worked in a dry goods store at Kalamazoo. In 1840 he went to Allegan for the purpose of entering an academy conducted by Elisha Bassett, attending it for three years and paying for his schooling and board by acting as clerk in a dry goods store mornings and evenings and during vacations. After his school days were ended he accepted a position in a dry goods store and in 1845 formed a partnership with Rolin C. Denison, at Otsego, Allegan county, and the firm conducted a general dry goods business. Shortly after this partnership was formed he was united in marriage to Miss Eunice J. House. In the fifties Mr. Porter was elected county clerk and register of deeds for Allegan county, serving in both offices until January 1, 1861, when he resigned to assume the duties of Secretary of State, to which office he was three times elected. When his term as secretary expired he formed a partnership with Geo. H. House and Nelson B. Jones of Lansing to engage in the real estate and insurance business. Mr. House retired from the firm after a few months and the business was continued under the firm name of Jones & Porter for many years.

TAYLOR.—Rev. George Taylor died in Lansing May 27, 1897, aged 87 years. He had been a prominent man in State affairs for many years. He was a man of devout Christian character, having been a minister of the Gospel from his 20th birthday until his failing health prevented him from taking an active part in affairs. He was born in Mereworth, Eng-

land, and at the age of 20 he was granted a license to preach by the Wesleyan Methodist church. Two years later he came to this country, landing in New York in 1832. He went from there to Rochester, where he began his preaching in the United States at $35 a year with horse and carriage furnished him. In 1844 he came to this State to fill a vacancy at Monroe and in 1857 was transferred to Saline. He has been the pastor of churches at Ypsilanti, Detroit, Pontiac, Romeo, Flint, Howell, Owosso, Dixboro and Milford. He was chaplain of the 8th Michigan Infantry during the Rebellion, but after a year's service was honorably discharged on account of failing health.

Shortly after the close of the war efforts were made to raise funds for the erection of a soldiers' monument at Detroit, but met with little success. Rev. Taylor accepted an offer from the monument association to lecture and collect money throughout the State for the enterprise. He secured leave of absence from his conference, although he did not sever his membership with that body or give up the ministry. For years he devoted his entire time to the raising of funds for the erection of the monument which now adorns Cadillac square, in Detroit. The Free Press of May 28 tells the following story of him:

"Rev. George S. Taylor, who died in Lansing yesterday morning, was one of the oldest Methodist ministers in Michigan. He was an intimate acquaintance of Controller F. A. Blades, who knew him well in the earlier days. Said the controller of him yesterday:

"Mr. Taylor was pastor of either the Lafayette street or Congress street church here—I forget which—and was the pastor of Gen. Grant when he was stationed in this city. At one time Mr. Taylor chanced to be in Washington and called upon President Grant. The welcome he received showed the warm heart that Gen. Grant possessed. When he saw Taylor coming he cried out:

" 'How are you, Brother Taylor? Come right in,' and the minister was ushered into the executive office, where old Detroit matters were discussed and some things about Senator Zach. Chandler.

" 'Where are you stopping?' asked the President.

"He was told, whereupon he said:

" 'I'll send right down for your things and you must come up here and stay with us. Nellie (his wife) wants to see you.'

" 'Oh, no,' said Taylor, 'I can't do that. Here I am in my ordinary clothes and it wouldn't do.'

" 'Those clothes are all right for the White House,' said Grant. 'I've sent for your baggage.'

"That settled it and Elder Taylor remained with them a week at the White House. He said he had the best time of his life.

"Elder Taylor was also the man who took up the subscription that built the Soldiers' monument in front of the city hall. He worked throughout

the State and raised funds when Detroit failed to get together enough. Detroit owes the monument to his energy."

TAYLOR.—Thomas Taylor died at his residence in Lansing March 7, 1897, aged 55 years.

Deceased was born in Chipping, Sudbury, England, and came to this country when he was 10 years old. He settled in Calhoun county, residing there until 18 years ago, when he removed to Lansing. He was a veteran of the War of '61, having served in the Twentieth Michigan Infantry, and was a member of Charles T. Foster Post G. A. R.

IONIA COUNTY.

BY ALBERT F. MOREHOUSE.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Bailey, Mrs. Rachel Klink	Ionia	Aug. 25, 1896	73	She came to Michigan in 1852 and settled in Ionia.
Conner, James B.	Easton	June 6, 1896	84	
Goodenough, Asa	Orange	Sept. 23, 1896	75	Had been a resident of township many years.
King, Elizabeth	Otisco	Oct. 4, 1896	87	
Mosher, Lorand J.	Roland	Feb. 5, 1897	73	He was a resident of Michigan since 1848.
Peake, Theodocia	Danby	Sept. 14, 1896	72	
Taggart, Henry	Ionia	Feb. 6, 1897	75	He settled in Ionia county in 1855.

BENNETT.—Loren Bennett died September 23, 1896, at his home in Berlin, aged 85 years. Deceased traced his family history back to the settlement of Salem, Mass., and is of English origin. He was born at Attica, N. Y., and remained in his father's home until he had attained his majority, and in 1834 set his face towards Michigan, coming via the Erie canal to Buffalo, where he took passage to Detroit. The vessel was wrecked off Erie, Pa., on the night of November 22, 1834, stranding on a sandbar. The remainder of the trip to Detroit was made by Mr. Bennett in a stage. He proceeded to Rochester, Oakland county, and resided near that place two years. February 15, 1838, he proceeded to Flat river with a load of pork and crossed on a skiff to the cabin of Ambrose Spencer, spent a day in looking at land and purchased at Cook's Corners, in the township of Otisco, county of Ionia, one hundred and sixty acres. In 1846 he disposed of his place and removed to his present farm, lying in Berlin and Orange townships, Ionia county.

BENNETT.—Mrs. Mary E. Bennett died at Lyons January 29, 1897, aged

81 years. Mrs. Bennett with her husband came from New York state to Michigan 44 years ago, and settled in Lyons township. They came west not only to build themselves a home but to assist in building and supporting churches, and took a lively interest in everything pertaining to prosperity and good citizenship. They were among the 24 citizens of Lyons and Muir who united in organizing the First Presbyterian church in the latter place, in February, 1862, under the leadership of the late Rev. Louis Mills of Ionia. A few of their first neighbors of venerable age were present at the funeral, notably Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Searing, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lewis and Mrs. A. L. Roof, of Lyons.

Libhart.—Mrs. Angeline Libhart of Lyons died May 28, 1897. Deceased was born in Naples, Ontario county, N. Y., July 1, 1811, which village was her home until December 31, 1828, when she became the wife of Henry V Libhart, and with him resided in York, Livingston county, until 1832; they then came to Michigan, making a short stop at both Detroit and Ann Arbor. In 1833 they left for the Grand river valley, reaching Lyons July 4, since which date Ionia county has been her home. She experienced all the hardships of pioneer life. The trip to Ann Arbor was a nine day one, the last day being on horseback, and fatiguing, she carrying a babe part of the time. Settling in Lyons, that "White Papoose" was the wonder of the Indians. In pioneer days "the latch string" of the Libhart house was always "out."

Mitchell.—William W. Mitchell was born February 20, 1831, in Madison county, New York. At the age of five years he came with his parents to Dexter, in this State, where they resided about one year and then removed to a farm near Howell in Livingston county. Here he made his home and worked upon his father's farm until he came to Ionia. He gained his education in the common schools and at the State Normal school at Ypsilanti. He studied law in the office and under the auspices of Hon. J. C. Blanchard and was admitted to the bar on October 1, 1859. He entered at once upon the practice of his profession and speedily gained a lucrative practice and an enviable reputation as an attorney.

He was elected justice of the peace of the township of Ionia at the spring election in the year 1861. In 1862 he was elected prosecuting attorney of Ionia county and was re-elected in 1864, holding that office for two consecutive terms.

Taylor.—Sylvester Taylor died in Ionia February 7, 1897, at the ripe old age of 83 years. Deceased was born in Berkshire county, Mass., and removed with his parents to New York city when only two years old. As a boy, his life was spent in that city and the neighboring suburbs. At the age of 15 he came with his parents to the then frontier settlement

known as the Western Reserve in Ohio, where the years of his youth and early manhood were spent amid the privations of pioneer life.

He was married October 18, 1838, to Catherine A. Colton. In the fall of 1854 he came to Ionia. He was elected justice of the peace two or three times, having an office at one time in the old "Higham house." For several years he was supervisor of First and Second wards. During the war, he was assistant provost marshal, and was engaged in the work of raising troops, arresting deserters, attending to drafting soldiers, etc. After the war he was assistant assessor of internal revenue for five years, and filled other official positions.

JACKSON COUNTY.

BY JOSIAH B. FROST.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Anderson, Theo. T.	Sandstone	Aug. 17, 1896	86	
Bedell, Horace O	Jackson	July 30, 1896	60	Resided in Jackson over 30 years.
Bedell, Mary Benjamin	Jackson	Aug. 29, 1896	57	President of the Tuesday club. Lived in J. 30 years.
Blake, Frances Ann	Bunker Hill	1896	60	A resident of Michigan 30 years.
Cady, Mrs. Sarah Cornelia	Jackson	Sept. 13, 1896	75	A resident of Jackson 37 years.
Carpenter, Mary	Jackson	Sept. 29, 1896	68	Many years a resident of Jackson.
Cass, Mrs. D. D.	Jackson	July 31, 1896	83	
Cogswell, Mrs. Sarah Ann	Spring Arbor	June 15, 1896	.....	Had lived at Spring Arbor since 1834.
Covert, Mrs. J. C.	Brooklyn	Oct. 20, 1896	.....	
Crofoot, Mrs. Besty A	Liberty	Nov. 14, 1896	78	Resident of Michigan since 1845.
Croman, Mrs. Salvena	Jackson	Sept. 20, 1896	84	
Davis, Mrs. D. W	Jackson	June 20, 1896	87	One of the pioneers of Jackson.
Davis, Elisha P.	Jackson	Sept. 14, 1896	74	Resident of Jackson 40 years.
Dearing, Mrs. Aba L.	Sandstone	April 11, 1896	74	Came to Michigan in 1833.
DuBois, Mrs. Tunis	Lakeview	Sept. 7, 1896	84	
Edwards, Mrs. Harriet	Jackson	Nov. 2, 1896	.....	
Emerson, Rufus H.	Jackson	Dec. 8, 1896	64	Was one of the active business men of Jackson.
Evans, George	Jackson	Sept. 27, 1896	52	Resident of Jackson many years.
Folks, James	Hanover	June 7, 1896	66	Been a resident of Hanover over 43 years.
Ford, Mrs. Resteann	Jackson	Dec. 25, 1896	88	Resided in Jackson county 60 years.
Goss, George	Blackman	Oct. 18, 1896	78	Came to Michigan in 1849.
Gotham, Edward E	Summit	Aug. 25, 1896	77	Resident of Jackson county 40 years.
Griswold, Mrs. Minerva D.	Jackson	Dec. 23, 1896	.....	One of the early residents of Jackson.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Halifax, Mrs. Mary Ann	Henrietta	Nov. 26, 1896	82	Resident of Henrietta since 1854.
Hough, Mrs. Mary A	Jackson	Feb. 21, 1897	86	
James, John	Jackson	Aug. 18, 1896	78	Resident of Jackson since 1869.
Johnson, Ambrose S	Rives	Sept. 22, 1896	77	He was father of 17 children, 14 living.
King, B. F	Jackson	Nov. 17, 1896	64	Lived in city 30 years.
Landon, Mrs. David	Parma	June 28, 1896	71	One of the early settlers of the county.
Palmer, John	Jackson	June 30, 1896	86	A resident of Michigan since 1835.
Rhodes, Charles	Liberty	April 7, 1896	70	Lived in Liberty 61 years.
Shaw, Isaac	Spring Arbor	Jan. 29, 1897	83	
Sherwood, Geo. M	Tacoma, Wash	April 3, 1896	57	Lived in Jackson many years.
Silsbee, Mrs. Addie	Munith	Aug. 29, 1896	63	
Stetler, C. C	Jackson	Nov. 12, 1896	63	Resident of Michigan since 1853.
Townsend, Dr. J. B	Jackson	Sept. 21, 1896	60	
Wade, Mrs. Willis S	Tompkins	Nov. 18, 1896	85	
Wilcox, Mrs. Clark	Sandstone	July 22, 1896	55	Lived in Sandstone 35 y'rs.

CHAMBERLAIN.—Roswell W. Chamberlain died at his home in Jackson October 9, 1896, aged 83 years.

Mr. Chamberlain was one of the early settlers of Jackson county. He was born at Livonia, N. Y., and there he lived until he reached man's estate. After the death of his father he remained with his mother until 1836, when with five companions he started for the territory of Michigan.

The journey from New York was made via Canada and with one team upon which the six comrades took turns in riding, and on April 1st, one month after leaving their homes, they arrived in Jackson. The country to which they had come was then sparsely settled, and but 26 houses were standing where the now flourishing city of Jackson lifts her towers, spires and manifold roofs towards the blue sky. Game was abundant and included some of the more ferocious wild animals, making life not only dreary to those far away from neighbors, but endangering the domestic animals and even the lives of men in their lonely journeys to and from their base of supplies.

In 1852 Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain went to California via New York and the Isthmus, landing at San Francisco, whence they went to Auburn, Placer county, where Mr. Chamberlain engaged in mining. Afterwards they became interested in a hotel and Mr. Chamberlain conducted a livery business, remaining in California six years. They then returned to Michigan, and having purchased a hotel in Blackman township known as the Centre house, Mr. Chamberlain managed it and carried on his farm for some years.

Comstock.—Eben W. Comstock of Springport died August 19, 1896, of old age, aged 89 years. Mr. Comstock was born in Connecticut in 1807; he removed to Michigan in 1837, locating a farm in Springport, where he had resided up to the time of his death. Mr. Comstock represented his township on the board of supervisors several terms, and held other town offices. He was one of the pioneers of Jackson county, residing there for 59 years, and helped develop the county.

Dodge.—William Rogers Dodge, a resident of the county, died January 2, 1897, aged 81 years. He was a native of New York and came to this State in 1836, settled upon and cleared up a wild 80 acres in the township of Blackman, where he resided many years.

In 1843 he married Caroline Emma Hoyt. In 1852 he went to California and returned in 1854. In 1860 he went to Pike's Peak and returned the same year.

Evans.—Thomas L. Evans died at Colorado Springs October 9, 1896. Prof. Evans held the position of superintendent of schools in district No. 1 for several years. He resigned his position at the close of school last June, owing to ill health, and went to Colorado Springs in the hope of regaining his strength. He was a graduate of Olivet College and the Michigan University, and for a time was the superintendent of schools at Eaton Rapids. During his stay in Jackson he made numerous friends. Under his management the schools of district No. 1 prospered. He was also much interested in the work of the Y. M. C. A., being one of the charter members.

Fisk.—Hiram Fisk, aged 92, died at his home, four miles east of Grass Lake, December 17, 1896. He had been a landmark in that locality, having located near the village in 1842. At 21 years of age he had the misfortune to lose his right leg, after which he learned shoemaking and made a moderate fortune at that business. He made many improvements in the village where he lived.

Holden.—Delos J. Holden, a man identified with the first business interests of Jackson, died at his home in that city December 20, 1896, aged 78 years. Mr. Holden was one of the pioneers of Jackson county. He was born in Batavia, Genesee county, N. Y., June 28, 1818. In 1833 he came to Michigan with his parents, settling at Ypsilanti. Mr. Holden attended school in New York state and later pursued his studies at Ypsilanti, where he learned the hatter's trade. In June 1839, he located in Jackson and established the first hat manufactory and store in the place. After a few years he passed from a manufacturer to a merchant, engaging in the sale of ready-made hats exclusively up to 1885. In the meantime he had become quite prominent in local affairs, and at one period was

keeper of the Jackson prison; he was also deputy warden for two years and subsequently had entire charge of the building department, with which he was connected five years, at the expiration of this time, returning to his old business. Mr. Holden continued the business until retiring in 1885, after which he devoted his attention to looking after his farming interests in Grass Lake until he disposed of the property a few years ago. In 1841 Mr. Holden was married to Miss Jane E. Garlick of Auburn, N. Y.

KERNER.—Frederick W. Kerner, pension attorney and notary, died at his home in Jackson November 30, 1896. He was born in Karlsruh, Germany, in 1829, and was 67 years of age. After coming to this country he joined Gen. Scott's forces and went to the front during the Mexican war. He was present in the engagements at Vera Cruz and the capture of the City of Mexico. He afterwards served under Gen. Belknap. After peace had been declared he joined the regular army, where he served for several years on the frontier. At the breaking out of the Civil war he enlisted and took part in many important engagements. He was in the battles at Spottsylvania, Bull Run, Gettysburg, South Mountain, Antietam, Wapping Heights, Brandy Station, Mine Run, and the Wilderness. He was badly wounded at the battle of Spottsylvania May 12, 1864. He received his final discharge as major of the cavalry, August 18, 1864. As a soldier he was always found at his post of duty, and for his many acts of bravery he was awarded several medals. His health was ruined during his long service for his country. He was a member of U. V. U. and was a gallant friend of the soldiers.

RATHBUN.—William Rathbun died at the residence of C. F. Howell March 26, 1897. Mr. Rathbun was born in New York state, and at an early age went with his parents to Ohio. In 1836 he came to Jackson, where he remained a short time, returning to Ohio. After a time he returned to Jackson and opened the Old True tavern, eight miles north of the city. He remained at this stand a few years, when he came to Jackson and opened the Rathbun house, and was also proprietor of the Hibbard and Empire house, where the Allen Bennett block now stands. A fire destroying the Empire Hotel, Mr. Rathbun went to Rives and purchased a farm, where he lived 30 years. After the death of his wife, which occurred about a year and a half ago, he gave up housekeeping and resided with his friends and relatives. Mr. Rathbun was well known by the early residents of the city and county and was a genial friend and companion.

REED.—William Reed died at his home in Henrietta November 11, 1896, in the 96th year of his age. Mr. Reed was born in Ontario county,

N. Y., February 4, 1801. In 1842 he removed to Jackson county and purchased a farm in Henrietta of 340 acres and resided there ever since. He lived to see the township grow from a wilderness, with only here and there a log house, to one of the most progressive agricultural townships in Michigan.

SMITH.—Nehemiah H. Smith died at his residence in Jackson August 18, 1896, aged nearly 84 years. He was born at Niagara, Canada, and resided there until 1871, when he moved with his family to the States. His father was a slave in Pennsylvania, but was released under the law passed by the State, and he and his wife went to Canada. In 1837 Mr. Smith was commissary sergeant of the colored corps when the McKenzie rebellion took place. In this capacity he served three years. He was also steward on a British man-of-war for two years. He was a man who had the advantages of education. He was especially fond of natural history, and was well versed in the study. He was able to converse in several Indian tongues and could also speak German and French. He was a great friend of the fugitive slaves who made their way across the border.

VAN ETTEN.—Cyrus Van Etten died April 14, 1896, at his home in Jackson. Deceased was 50 years old. Mr. Van Etten was well known in theatrical circles, having been musical director for Sol Smith Russell for 12 years. For the past three years he resided in Jackson.

WOOD.—Mr. Benj. Wood of Jackson died suddenly December 10, while on his way home. Mr. Wood was born at Elyria, Ohio, in 1844, and came to Michigan when 10 years of age, walking the entire distance. He learned his trade as a mason with Ira Topping, the prominent Detroit contractor. About 14 years ago he formed a partnership with Charles C. Emerson in the contracting and building line, but for the past 10 years he has worked for himself, and many of the finest blocks in Jackson remain as monuments of his skill.

In 1865 he was united in marriage with Miss Anna Tatro.

KALAMAZOO COUNTY.

BY HENRY BISHOP.

CAMERON.—Mrs. Alexander Cameron passed away May 12, 1897, at her home in Kalamazoo. She was essentially a pioneer, and during her younger days was very active in church and literary work, and was one of the organizers and founders of the Ladies' Literary club. She was the first teacher in Barry county, and also the first woman to be married in

that county. Mrs. Cameron had resided in Kalamazoo since March, 1838. When young she was a leader in Kalamazoo society. She was willing to work for any good cause.

She was a woman of beautiful character, her strong and delightful personality impressing itself upon all who had the pleasure of being her friends.

DUNBAR.—Mrs. L. M. Dunbar died at her home in Kalamazoo May 12, 1897. Deceased was born at Burlington, N. Y., August 30, 1818, and would have been 79 years of age in August. She was married October 16, 1839, and lived in New York state until 1847. At that time she moved to Huron, O., where she resided until 1858, when she removed to Decatur and remained seven years, settling in Kalamazoo in the fall of 1865. Her home had since been at the present family residence.

Mrs. Dunbar's husband and four sons and a stepson were at the front during the Civil war, and she and her two daughters were at home working with the sanitary commission for the relief of the soldiers. Her life was filled with good deeds.

HODGMAN.—Frances H. Hodgman died at her home in Climax December 18, 1896, at the ripe old age of 93 years.

Frances H. Bellows was born at the garrison house at Fort Bellows, N. H., August 24, 1803. She received as good an education as the times afforded, and early in life became a teacher. In 1829 she married Moses Hodgman. In 1836 they came to Michigan, settling in Climax, where settlers were few and the oldest of them could date his residence only five years back.

Moses Hodgman was a shoemaker and his wife found a good deal of employment binding shoes, something which few people now-a-days know anything about. The occupation of the country shoemaker is gone and shoes are not bound as they used to be. She taught a private school in 1837, which was the first school taught in what is now District No. 3 in Climax. For the first eight years of her life in Michigan there were not less than six changes of residence, most of them being only short moves, from house to house. At last a permanent settlement was effected in the village of Climax, where for nearly fifty years she continued to reside in the same house. Her husband was appointed postmaster in 1848, and he and his son, S. C. Hodgman, held the office for ten years and again from 1862 to 1866. During much of this time the active duties of the office were performed by Mrs. Hodgman. During the earlier portion of the time the mail made a weekly trip from Schoolcraft to Marshall and return. Later the eastern terminus was changed to Battle Creek. A single pouch easily held all the mail for the route and the Climax portion was distributed in a case having about 24 boxes lettered from A to Z.

When the rebellion broke out, her oldest son was one of the first to enlist for its suppression. She was one of the foremost in organizing a Ladies' Soldiers' Aid in Climax, and all through the war they held meetings, picked lint, made bandages, collected clothing and hospital supplies and sent them forward through the medium of the Sanitary Commission. During all the time she was the secretary of the society, kept the records and carried on its correspondence. She was extremely fond of flowers and she continued to cultivate and take the entire care of her flower garden until the snows of ninety winters had passed over her head and failing strength compelled her to abandon it.

Turner.—Jesse Turner died July 9, 1896. He was born in Chesterfield, Hampshire county, Mass., December 13, 1799. He lived near there until 1813. His father died in September, 1811, and the family separated. After the war of 1812 he went west near Batavia, N. Y. After building many mills in New York he came to Kalamazoo, then Bronson, August 25, 1832. In the winter of 1833 he built a saw mill for William Earl, south of Galesburg, and the same year he built a mill on Battle Creek, at Bellevue. He had considerable trouble there with the Indians. This county had been his residence ever since, except one year that he built mills on the Mississippi river in Wisconsin. He had built grist mills and saw mills in nearly every part of this county and also mills in every adjoining county. He built the bridge over the Kalamazoo river in Kalamazoo county at Galesburg in 1834, doing nearly all the work with his own hands. He ran a mill at Alamo one year, furnishing the lumber for the old court house, General Burdick's residence, Dr. Starkweather's house, as well as several other buildings. He bought and operated the grist mill and saw mill at Wakeshma for twelve years.

He bossed the building of the railroad bridge across the Kalamazoo river for the State in 1847.

Upjohn.—Dr. Upjohn was a pioneer, and his great work was done as a pioneer physician in the '30s and '40s. When he came to Michigan in 1836, the tide of emigration was just flowing in from the east and the settlers were beginning to clear and occupy their new lands and homes. The first thought of the pioneers was to reclaim the country for farming purposes, and beyond the grist mill, the blacksmith shop, and the local country store they thought little of trade or commerce.

But the clearing up of the country, the turning of the first furrows, the draining of the marshes and swales, soon opened the stagnant pools and the deadly vapors. The ancient home of the demon, malaria, had been disturbed, and he sent out upon them and their wives and children his pestilential breath. Then commenced the sickly seasons, then came the fevers, the agues, the bilious disorders, and frequently the more

dreaded and deadly diseases, like the hot and wasting typhoid fever, lung fever and the "black tongue," as it was called—a terrible plague which swept away scores of children in a single township. Indeed, it was the children who perhaps suffered most in those days, and this at the time was a very distressing feature of the situation. We are apt to forget that the first settlers were almost entirely young or middle-aged men and women, with growing families of children. There were very few, scarcely any, old men here in those days. These settlers, too, were generally poor, having little money left over from the payments for their lands and none to employ help, in doors or out, even if help could have been obtained for money, which was not the case.

So when sickness came and attacked one after another of the settler's little flock, often including himself or his wife, or both, there was presented a sad spectacle of helplessness and suffering. A man's neighbors could not be depended upon at such a time, for they were none too near then, and they were likely to be in his own condition. There were times during that period of the '30s and '40s when whole sections of the population were prostrated—shaking with ague, burning with fever, sinking under the deadly typhoid, or dying horribly with the terrible plague of the black tongue. And they could get next to no human help, for nearly all were involved in the common calamity.

It was into such a region and such a condition of things that Dr. Upjohn came, a young man less than 30, fresh from his studies and graduation in the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and his two years' experience in the New York hospital. He had no rivals or competitors to speak of. What few doctors there were then in the region had perhaps practiced a little somewhere in the east, but they were farmers as well as doctors, and much better adapted to the former occupation. The calls began to come from every quarter for Dr. Upjohn. In a year his hands were full and his time entirely occupied. His circuit was a large one. Draw a line in a radius of thirty miles around his home in Richland, and you have the scene of his labors. This territory, as will be seen, besides Kalamazoo county, reached Allegan county on the west, Barry on the north, Calhoun on the east, and even to St. Joseph county on the south. Dr. Upjohn had cases in every one of these counties and was sometimes called beyond their borders. It is a wonder how this man could have had the strength, the mere physical endurance, to do what he did. It was the first test of that constitution of iron which bore him on until nearly his 90 years. In those days it was a common thing for him to find on his return from an all day ride in one direction a pressing summons to an all night ride in another, and stopping only for his supper and a change of horses, away he would go in the darkness to minister to the suffering and afflicted family who were putting all their hopes upon his coming.

He was more in those days than a practicing doctor for hire; he was a missionary of that great religion of humanity whose ancient exemplar was the Good Samaritan. A man of the kindest heart, he thought not so much of pay, but only of relieving human suffering, and though naturally a man of few words, he encouraged the sick with hopes of recovery and gave consolation to the dying. It was these things, as well as their great confidence in his skill, which endeared him to the people. In these later days, and while he continued in active practice, Dr. Upjohn was a man of mark and influence in the community, and his reputation was not confined to his own county. He was one of the earliest of the political opponents of slavery. He greatly interested himself to procure the adoption of the homestead exemption provision in our State constitution of 1850, still in force. His early experiences had taken him very near to the families who were to be protected by this exemption, and his sympathetic nature told him how unjust it would be to have the poor settler's homestead taken for the debts he was forced to contract in those dark days of sickness and trial. He passed away with the leaves of autumn at the ripe old age of 90 years.

WOODBURY.—Mrs. J. P. Woodbury passed away September 7, 1896, at Charlevoix, Mich. Mrs. Woodbury was born November 27, 1813, in South Lansing, Tompkins county, N. Y., and would therefore have been 83 years of age had she lived until the approaching November. She had lived in Kalamazoo almost fifty years and was closely identified with the charitable and social interests of the city. A sketch of the life of her husband may be found in volume 14 of Michigan Pioneer and Historical collections.

KENT COUNTY.

BY WM. N. COOK.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Blood, G. Merrick		Dec. 18, 1896	77	
Coldron, Jacob		Dec. 10, 1896		
Covell, Leonard		March 24, 1897	81	
Crawford, Mrs. R. C		Jan. 2, 1897	73	
Crosby, Danforth M		Dec. 19, 1896	68	
Denison, Morris W	Cascade	Jan. 22, 1897	71	Many years resident of township.
Denison, W. C	Grand Rapids	Nov. 3, 1896	60	
Eastman, George		June 6, 1896	61	
Fallass, Jno. W	Fallassburg	Nov. 6, 1896	84	Located in Fallassburg in 1837.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Fitch, Mrs. M. G.	Grand Rapids	Aug. 5, 1896	76	Came to Grand Rapids in 1850.
Folger, John B.		Aug. 4, 1896	72	
Frittz, Geo. L.			65	
Fuller, Samuel L.	Grand Rapids	April 27, 1897	79	Came to Grand Rapids in 1836.
Gallup, Nathan.		May 9, 1897	79	
Gill, Alfred J.		March 21, 1897	67	
Hodges, Amos.		June 23, 1896	90	
Huntley, George M.		Feb. 20, 1897	78	
Hurd, Mrs. Charles W.		April 27, 1897	69	
Matteson, Franklin.		Sept. 14, 1896	70	
McConnell, Mrs. Mary E.		Nov. 11, 1896	70	Lived in Grand Rapids 54 years.
Moore, Herman H.	Grand Rapids	Nov. 6, 1897	55	
Neal, Carlton.		July 16, 1896	75	
Powell, John.		March 21, 1897	66	
Schroeder, Mrs. Geo.		June 13, 1896	65	
Shepard, Mrs. Charles.		Nov. 26, 1896	57	
Smith, Mrs. J. Aldrich.		Aug. 29, 1896	.....	
Swane, Mrs. Catherine.		Sept. 25, 1896	71	
Teeple, Hibbard.	Ada	Jan. 21, 1897	79	He had been a resident of Michigan 59 years.
Thornton, Mrs. Susan.		Dec. 15, 1896	81	

CLARK.—Mrs. Catherine P. Clark died at the home of her daughter in Grand Rapids March 7, 1897, aged 97 years. She was a native of New York city, her maiden name being Catherine Powley. She was the daughter of Joseph Francis Powley, her father coming to this country from France with Gen. Lafayette, and fighting by his side through the war of the American Revolution. In 1821 she married James Clark of New Jersey. She and her husband came to Michigan in 1831, settling in Superior, Washtenaw county, where they remained until January, 1835, when they came to Grand Rapids. Soon after they bought a farm in Plainfield, where she lived more than 45 years.

DANIELS.—Mrs. T. I. Daniels, who passed away in Grand Rapids on December 17, 1896, at the age of 74 years, had many experiencs which she loved to relate of the early days in Michigan. She was Miss Ursula Francisco, and was born in Java, Erie county, N. Y. She came with her parents to Michigan in 1834 and to Kent county in 1836, where the family lived for eight months without seeing the face of a white woman outside their own family. They knew the trials and privations of pioneer life. Her father's family was the first white family between Ionia and Grand Rapids. She lived in Kent county 60 years, and saw it grow from an

unbroken wilderness to its present state. In 1842 she was married to the late T. I. Daniels. Their home was in Vergennes until 1858, when Mr. Daniels was elected treasurer of Kent county and they moved to Grand Rapids, where they lived until 1866, when they returned to their farm.

DURFEE.—Allen Durfee, the veteran undertaker of Grand Rapids, died at his residence May, 1897, aged 68 years. Mr. Durfee was born at Palmyra, New York, and lived until the fall of 1853 on the farm where he was born. October 5, 1853, he married Phebe B. Thayer, a native of that county, and they came to Grand Rapids, he having purchased a part of the Bemis farm, near the river, four miles below the city. There he lived until September, 1868. In 1856 he was elected justice of the peace; in 1862-63 held the office of treasurer of Walker township; in 1866 was again chosen justice of the peace. In September, 1868, he sold his farm and purchased a home in the city, where he has since resided. In June, 1869, he engaged for J. H. Farwell in the manufacture of funeral goods. October 15, 1871, he established his present business—that of undertaker—and became one of the leading men of that industry in the State.

HOWARD.—Jane Ellen Birchard, widow of the late Wm. A. Howard, died in Grand Rapids April 1, 1897, aged 80 years. Mrs. Howard was one of the pioneer characters of Michigan. She was born in Vermont in 1818 and in 1839 moved to Detroit, where she met and married William A. Howard, the nuptials being celebrated in 1841. In 1869 she with her family moved to Grand Rapids, and in 1880 Mr. Howard died while in Washington.

The Howards figured prominently in early history of the State. In 1861 Mr. Howard was appointed postmaster of Detroit, which office he held for five and a half years until removed by President Andrew Johnson. In 1869 he was appointed minister to China, but declined. The same year he accepted the position of land commissioner for the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad, and filled the position ably until 1877, when he was appointed governor of Dakota. He held numerous other offices, appointive and otherwise, and was considered one of the ablest Michigan representatives that the State ever had in the National house.

LEITELT.—Adolph Leitelt, president of the Adolph Leitelt iron works on Erie street, and for 43 years an influential business man of Grand Rapids, died March 17, 1897, at the age of 64 years.

Deceased was born at Kratzau, Bohemia, January 13, 1833. According to the law of Austria, Mr. Leitelt and seven brothers attended the national schools at Kratzau from the age of six to 14 years. He then became an apprentice to his father in the locksmith business, in which he continued until 21 years of age, when he left Bohemia for the United States. He

arrived at New York September 28, 1853, and remained there about a year, working at his trade. In 1854 he came to Grand Rapids and was employed as a machinist until 1860, and then went to Grand Haven and accepted the position of foreman for William M. Ferry. He remained there two years and then returned to Grand Rapids and engaged in business for himself. He was honored by a number of official positions in connection with the city government. He served four years as alderman from the fourth ward. The first office held was that of collector of the second ward, in 1860. He also served on the board of police and fire commissioners, and was honored by his State by receiving from Governor Bagley a commission to visit the Vienna exposition in behalf of Michigan in 1873.

Madison.—L. K. Madison, an old pioneer of the township of Grattan, died at his home November 14, 1896. Mr. Madison was one of the three survivors who voted at the first general election held in Grattan township, and during his early days was quite prominent in politics. He held in his time all the various township offices.

Pantlind.—A. Vorhis Pantlind was born December 21, 1821, in LeRoy, N. Y., making him nearly 75 years of age at the time of his death, which occurred November 13, 1896. He came to Michigan in 1843, settling in Paw Paw, where for several years he worked at the tinners' trade, and was engaged in the hardware business. In April, 1859, he embarked for the first time in the hotel business as proprietor of the Exchange hotel at Paw Paw. He has followed the same vocation continuously and with marked success since. The Paw Paw establishment was finally destroyed by fire, and in 1862 Mr. Pantlind assumed the management of the Bond house at Niles.

He remained at this point for about three years and in 1865, at the invitation of the officials of the Michigan Central railroad, became proprietor of the Forbes house at Marshall, which was also used as a Michigan Central dining hall. Shortly afterward he took charge of the railroad dining halls at Niles and Jackson, continuing in that line of catering until 1867, when he secured possession of the Bancroft house in Saginaw, then the finest hotel in the State. Of the Hibbard house in Jackson he became landlord in 1870, and this venture was followed by the acquisition of the Vaughn house, a resort hotel in Eaton Rapids. At various times Mr. Pantlind looked after the management of two or three hotels at the same time, and while all his ventures were not successful, as a whole his career was a financial and professional triumph. The Morton house was his last attempt. He assumed control of that hostelry in 1874, and the national fame of that hotel is an enduring testimonial to his splendid executive abilities.

SMITH.—Mrs. Jane Ann Smith died in Grand Rapids April 8, 1897. She had for years been one of the oldest women pioneers of the county and was known from one end of the city to the other by the friendly name of "Aunt" Jane Smith. "Aunt" Jane had lived in Grand Rapids fully sixty years. She came here with a party of immigrants, including the family of William Withey, from Ohio in the early thirties and she was one of the very first women to find a home in this part of the State. She married Henry C. Smith, who with Elisha M. Aldrich and Daniel Evans of Rhode Island, erected and owned the first store established on the banks of the Grand.

At the settlers' picnic two years ago it was "Aunt" Jane who led in the first couple of one of the quadrilles. She was 78 years old January 9.

LENAWEE COUNTY.

BY BENJAMIN L. BAXTER.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Cowley, Mrs. Cynthia	Tecumseh	Feb. 1, 1897	86	She came to Michigan in 1855.
Murray, Mrs. Esther	Tecumseh	1897	80	
Thurber, Josiah W	Madison			He was an old resident.
Van Tyne, Mrs. Marilla	Tecumseh		78	She died in the same house into which she moved 72 years ago, and in which she has lived almost continuously during that time.
Warring, Mrs. Mary Ann	Tecumseh	Jan. 11, 1897	86	

BLISS.—Wm. W. Bliss, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Blissfield, died January 4, 1897, aged nearly 80 years.

He was born in Raisinville, Monroe county, Michigan, and was the oldest son of Henry Bliss, one of the first settlers of Lenawee county, and for whom the village of Blissfield was named.

Deceased had been a resident of the village since he was seven years old, with the exception of four years spent in Hillsdale county. At the time of the location of the Bliss family on the now old homestead, their nearest neighbor was three miles distant.

Mr. Bliss held many township offices and was also postmaster, following his father in that office. In 1840 he married Miss Elizabeth Knight, who survives him. In 1890 they celebrated their golden wedding.

BURRIDGE.—Charles Burridge was born in London, England, January 5, 1837. When he was 15 years old he came with his parents to this country, settling in Ohio. Shortly after they came to Michigan and

settled on a farm in Tecumseh. He taught school for three years and then entered the State university, taking a two-year course. Two years after graduating he entered the law office of the late E. B. Wood, later becoming his partner. He served 24 years as justice of the peace, and as village recorder for nine years in succession. To him had been entrusted for many years the handling and settling up of many estates and the investment of moneys by widows and old men not able to attend to their business affairs. He was to them a true counselor and adviser, and his kindly interest will be missed by them very much indeed. In July, 1867, he was united in marriage to Miss Harriet Blinn.

Mr. Burridge was a member of the Lenawee county bar association, and that body met at the opening of the circuit court and passed most flattering resolutions upon the life and character of their late associate.

Clark.—Dewitt C. Clark died in Adrian October 15, 1896. Mr. Clark was born in Adrian November 22, 1837, and would have been 58 years old had he lived until his next birthday. He had imbibed the mining fever when a young man, and when the war came on was in California engaged in gold mining and speculative enterprises. He was patriotic in disposition and enlisted in Co. H, First Regiment California Cavalry, and served through the dark days of the Rebellion, being mustered out at Fort Worth, Texas. At the close of the Rebellion he returned to Adrian and engaged in the grocery business, later buying a farm, to which he devoted his attention until the winter of 1880, at which time he sold out and removed to Mandan, Dakota, where he engaged in mercantile business. The death of his father, Hon. E. L. Clark, occurred in the April following, and he went back to Dakota and closed up the business there, and returned to Adrian until 1882. He then went to Saginaw and engaged with Ald. E. J. Shepherd in the wholesale drug business, and continued in business there for two or three years. In 1885 he sold out the Saginaw business and returned to the home of his birth, where he resided until he died. After disposing of his Saginaw business, Mr. Clark became interested somewhat largely in copper mining in the northern part of Michigan, and in gold mines in Montana, which interests he retained at the time of his death. Mr. Clark was one of the wealthy men of the city. A conservative estimate would value his property at $100,000, while it was oftener estimated at twice that sum.

Hayden.—William Hayden died in February, 1897, at his home in Tecumseh. He was born in Otsego county, New York, and was engaged in various business enterprises in the east until 1849, when, in company with a small party from Buffalo, including his brother Levi, he took the perilous overland route to the gold fields of California. One hundred days were taken to make the journey. During this time the brother, Levi, died.

After two years in the gold state Mr. Hayden returned to New York by way of the isthmus, again meeting with accidents and shipwreck, whereby his earnings in the gold fields were entirely lost. From New York he came to Jackson in the fall of 1851, where he purchased the Vandercook mills, three miles south of that city. He afterward entered into the partnership of Hayden, Reynolds & Hayden, which bought and operated the "Kennedy Mills" with great success. On August 16, 1858, he purchased the Globe mill, of Tecumseh, which has been operated by him since that time. The Globe mill has for many years sustained a State reputation for capacity and equipment and has constituted one of the principal industries of Tecumseh.

William Hayden married Miss Sara M. Hosmer in 1856, and both were identified with the life of Tecumseh for over 40 years.

Kelley.—Benjamin Kelley, an old resident of Raisin, died in 1896. He was born in Sidney, Me., September, 1823. He came to Michigan with the late Libni Kelley, his father, about the year 1836, and settled on section 23 in Raisin. He was married to Miss Jane M. Hoxie, who came with her parents and settled in Palmyra in the year 1834. For many years he was the principal stock buyer and shipper in this vicinity, and by his honorable dealing became a favorite buyer of stock among the farmers of this county. He was a public spirited citizen, doing well his part in building up schools, churches, and other public improvements, and with a kind heart and almost too liberal hands assisting the needy and suffering.

Moore.—Hon. Thos. F. Moore, aged 77, one of the pioneers of Madison township, dropped dead from heart disease at his home about eight o'clock Sunday evening, November 8, 1896. He came to Michigan in 1839, and has been prominently identified with the affairs of his township and county, being a member of the Legislature, representing his county in the house in 1861, and of the Senate in 1863-4.

Temple.—John F. Temple was born in Cliburn, England, on the 9th of March, 1821. He came to America with his parents in 1833, and attended school some three or four years in Auburn, N. Y. He removed to Michigan and settled in the township of Raisin in 1837, taught school several terms in the townships of Raisin and Ridgeway, and marrying Mary Jane Hoagland at Ridgeway, November 23, 1852, settled down in that village where he resided until his decease, March 11, 1897.

Waldron.—Aaron K. Waldron, one of the best known farmers of the county, departed this life at the advanced age of 73 years, his death having been caused by bronchial pneumonia. Mr. Waldron had been a resident of Tecumseh township since 1845, purchasing the farm one mile west of town in 1846. Here he has lived ever since. In September, 1846,

Mr. Waldron married Miss Sarah Gunderman of Seneca county, New York, and his death caused the first break in the family circle.

WHITNEY.—Miss Sarah Ann Budlong was born in Utica, N. Y., February 21, 1812. In 1834 she came with her brother to Adrian, Michigan, where he, Alfred Wells Budlong, opened the first dry goods store in that place. She was her brother's housekeeper for two years, when she married Abel Whitney, October 27, 1836, and she died in the same house where sixty years before she stood a happy bride, Mr. Whitney having purchased the property in 1842.

LIVINGSTON COUNTY.

BY A. TOOLEY.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Bachelor, Jeremiah		May 22, 1897		
Bachelor, Mrs. Samuel	Osceola	March 13, 1897	84	
Baker, Geo. D	Howell	Nov. 30, 1897	73	
Benjamin, N. S		Aug. 9, 1896		
Bignall, Phoebe	Handy	Dec. 13, 1896	59	
Bird, Abend		May 1, 1897		
Blackman, H. B	Howell	May 17, 1896	64	
Bowers, D. H		Sept. 10, 1996		
Burknall, Lewis		Jan. 16, 1896		
Campbell, Mrs, Susanna		May 11, 1897		
Conrad, Jacob	Geneva	Aug. 26, 1896	75	
Dewey, Richard		April 4, 1897		
Dickerson, Elizabeth		March 19, 1896		
Elliott, Mary Ann		Dec. 23, 1896		
Euler, Mrs. Jacob		April 19, 1896		
Fillmore, Walter		Sept. 8, 1896		
Jessup, Mrs. Eliza		April 25, 1896		
Jewell, W. B		Jan. 4, 1897		
Jones, Orwell H		July 10, 1896		
Phelps, David		May 12, 1897		
Platt, Mrs. A	Brighton	Dec. 19, 1896	89	
Rice, Mrs. Betsey	Brighton	Dec. 25, 1896	86	
Ruburts, Mark J	Howell	March 12, 1897	44	
Seim, Mrs. Eliza		March 3, 1896		
Seymour, George		March 1, 1396		
Smith, Mrs. Franklin	Brighton	March 2, 1896	57	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Smith, H. H	Howell	May 27, 1896	89	
Sweet, Ambrose		June 29, 1896		
Townsend, M. D. L	Brighton	Sept. 27, 1896	72	
Thayer, Mrs. Joseph		July 4, 1896		
Thomas, Henry		Nov. 4, 1896		
Warren, Mrs. Lavina	Howell	Feb. 29, 1896	66	
West, Louana		Jan. 28, 1896		
West, Mary S. S		Dec. 15, 1896	54	

MACOMB COUNTY.

BY GEO. H. CANNON.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Beachum, Mrs. M	Romeo	May 7, 1897	68	She came to Michigan in 1832.
Gould, Almon	Romeo	April 30, 1897	80	He was a pioneer of Bruce township.
Mallory, Mrs. Chas	Romeo	May 8, 1897	87	Had lived in Romeo 54 years.
Reed, Mrs. Ann Bottomly	Ray	March 12, 1897	91	She came to Michigan in an early day.
Vaughn, Mrs. Calista Andrus	Washington	July 18, 1896	77	She was a resident of the county 75 years.
Wood, ——		April 17, 1897	91	For years he was the shoemaker.

CANNON.—Rev. John Cannon died July 24, 1896, aged nearly 88 years. Deceased was born in New Salem, Mass., Sept. 21, 1808. He spent most of his life, before coming to Michigan, in the state of New York. At the age of sixteen he was converted and became active in Christian work. He was married in 1830 to Sally Cook, by whom he had seven children, all of whom survive him and all of whom were present at the funeral. Mr. Cannon and his young wife came to Michigan in 1831 and settled in Lodi, Washtenaw county. He was ordained in 1834. In 1836 he came to Macomb county and in 1837 moved his family hither and made his permanent home in Shelby. Here they underwent the trials and privations of pioneer life. He traveled through the counties of Macomb, Oakland, Lapeer, Shiawassee, Wayne and Washtenaw preaching the Gospel and converting souls to God. His declining years were spent at his home under the special care of his two youngest daughters. His wife died in 1887, they having celebrated their golden wedding seven years before. From the records is gleaned the facts that Elder Cannon

solemnized 245 marriages and attended 500 funerals. It is also believed that he baptized more than 1,000 souls. This is the story, briefly told, of this noble man of God, whose work on earth is ended, but whose faith looked up to a better world. He was the embodiment of all those virtues which go to make up a truly Christian character.

FREEMAN.—Arad Freeman died April 16, 1897, at his home in Ray township, aged 91 years. Mr. Freeman was born in Onondaga county, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1815. He came to Michigan with his parents in 1825. In 1838 Mr. Freeman married Catharine Jewell and began life as a pioneer in the wilderness, fifteen miles from Grand Rapids. A year later he moved to Macomb county and bought a farm on section 16, Ray township, where he resided until his death. His father built the first house and barn in Ray, and he built the first house and barn in his section.

LYONS.—Elias W. Lyons was born in Hunter, Greene county, New York, October 18, 1814, and died July 13, 1896. He was united in marriage to Harriet Gass, May 1, 1837, and in the fall of the same year came to Michigan and settled on section 28, Ray township, and built a log house in the woods where he and his young wife commenced housekeeping, and battled with all the hardships of the early pioneer. They never have moved save from the old house into the new. They both lived to a good old age (his wife having died only six weeks ago), and have for many years enjoyed the comforts of a pleasant home.

SYKES.—A. J. Sykes died November 22, 1896, aged 67 years. Mr. Sykes was born at Granville, Washington county, New York. His parents were both natives of the same county. In 1852 he started for California in search of gold, and sailed from the city of New York April 1. The passage consumed 135 days, and he reached San Francisco in August, 1852. He remained in the Golden State until May, 1857, engaged in mining. At the date named he took steamer for New York. A few weeks later he came to Romeo, where a brother resided, and concluded to remain and invest his money. He arrived there August 1, 1857, and has remained ever since. He was married November 23, 1858, to Sarah C., daughter of the late Jonas Crisman, who survives him. They resided on the farm on which he died 36 years.

MARQUETTE COUNTY.

BY PETER WHITE.

MAAS.—John B. Maas died at his home in Negaunee May 4, 1897. Deceased was a native of Germany, and was born July 6, 1826. After reaching manhood he emigrated to America, in 1846, and went to Lake Superior. He was one of the pioneer residents of Marquette county. In fact he was there in the days when the first log shanties of Marquette, Ishpeming and Negaunee were being built. He located in the copper region at Eagle River in 1851, where he engaged in lumbering and stock-raising for a number of years. In 1858 he located at Marquette, and for six years worked in the shops of the M. H. & O. R. R. Co. In 1864 he engaged in the hardware business in this city, which he carried on for six years. In 1871 he, in company with J. P. Mitchell and N. Lonstorf, leased the Saginaw Mine, and sold it out in 1872, realizing handsomely on their investment. In 1876 they, with Edward Breitung, leased the Humboldt Mine, which property they worked successfully for a number of years. In 1872 Messrs. Maas, Lonstorf and Mitchell organized the First National Bank in that city. In August, 1851, he married Miss Angeline Zeien, a native of Germany.

MONROE COUNTY.

BY JOHN DAVIS.

BISBIE.—Mrs. Mary A. Bisbie died November 20, 1896, aged 76 years. She was born in the county, at Monroetown, in 1820, and was a daughter of Samuel H. Gale, an early pioneer.

WILLITS.—Edwin Willits died Friday, October 23, 1896, very suddenly, at his home in Washington, D. C., where he was living while filling the office of Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, and for a time after his term expired. Mr. Willits was well-known as an ex-Congressman from the old second district and a prominent educator. He formerly lived in Monroe, but for about eight years he made his home in Washington. For several weeks he had been in poor health and his death was not unexpected by his relatives and friends. Edwin Willits was born in Otto, Cattaraugus county, New York, April 24, 1830. He removed to Michigan with his parents when six years old. He was educated in the public schools and at the University of Michigan, from which he was graduated in 1855. For ten years after graduation he was editor of the Monroe Commercial. In the spring of 1856, and for a year and a half after, he studied law in the office of Isaac P. Christiancy, Monroe,

the distinguished jurist and afterward United States Senator from Michigan. He was duly admitted to the bar and soon attracted a large clientage. In 1860 he was elected prosecuting attorney of Monroe county. At the close of his term of office in 1862 he was elected a member of the State Board of Education, an office he held for twelve years. President Lincoln appointed him postmaster in Monroe in January, 1863, but he was removed by Andrew Johnson in October, 1866. He was a member of the constitutional commission of 1873, and in 1876 he was elected to the forty-fifth congress, and two years later was re-elected to the forty-sixth congress. When his term as Congressman expired in 1880, Mr. Willits returned to Michigan, and shortly afterward he was chosen principal of the State Normal School at Ypsilanti. A few years later he was made president of the Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing. Mr. Willits' career as president of the college was most creditable. He went to that institution in May, 1885, and remained until February, 1889, when he resigned to accept the Assistant Secretaryship of Agriculture. It was he who induced the Legislature to establish the mechanical department, which was inaugurated during his administration, and which has proved to be the most popular course taught. Under his administration, too, the experiment station was established, he being its first director. When the head of the agricultural department at Washington was made a member of the President's cabinet, during President Harrison's administration, Mr. Willits became the first Assistant Secretary of Agriculture under Hon. Jerry Rusk, and he continued in the office for two years under J. Sterling Morton, also a former resident of Monroe.

MUSKEGON COUNTY.

BY H. H. HOLT.

CLEMONS.—Riley Clemons, a valuable citizen of Laketon township, died at his home February 4, 1897. He came to this State in 1853 and settled at his home in 1868, residing there until his death. For six years he was treasurer of the Muskegon Horticultural Society. His age was about seventy-six years.

DOBSON.—Dr. Mrs. Jennie M. Dobson was born at Aylmer, near Ottawa, Canada, in 1840, and her education was received at the Rideau Street Convent in Ottawa.

In 1857 she left Canada to make her home in Muskegon, Michigan, where she opened a millinery store with her sister. She continued in

business until her marriage to Capt. Henry Dobson, about one year after the close of the war.

On the death of her husband in 1876, she determined to gratify a long cherished desire to study medicine. She accordingly entered Ann Arbor University and later the Woman's College in Chicago, where she finished a three years' course.

The following year was spent as house physician in the Women and Children's Hospital and attending clinics at the various colleges in Chicago.

She then made a trip to Europe to gain what knowledge she could from the clinics in Germany. Her return to Muskegon marked the commencement of her very successful career as a physician, and she continued in practice there until her death, November 29, 1896. In 1887 she made a second trip to Europe in the interest of medical science and pleasure.

KNOWLES.—Roswell Knowles was born in Springwater, N. Y., November 14, 1833, where he passed the first years of his life. On December 25th, 1857, he married Miss Bessie Cook, and shortly after came to Michigan, where they settled near the village of Sullivan. Here they lived until about two years since, when they removed to the city of Muskegon, where he died July 8, 1896. He had always been known as an active business man and a valued citizen.

OAKLAND COUNTY.

BY JOHN M. NORTON.

STOUT.—Byron G. Stout was born in Richmond, New York, in 1829, and came with his parents, Jesse Lee and Olivia P. Stout, in 1831 to Troy, Oakland county, Michigan. He attended the county district school and later Albion Seminary, and graduated from Michigan University at Ann Arbor in the class of 1851. He was principal of the Pontiac Union School from 1852 to 1854 and was elected to the Legislature in the latter year. He was re-elected and became Speaker of the House during the session of 1856-7. He engaged in banking business in Pontiac in 1859, and the following year was elected to the State Senate. Subsequently he was the Democratic candidate for Governor and also for the United States Senate. He was a member of the 52d Congress, being elected from the 6th district of Michigan in 1890. His family all passed away before him, and he died June 19, 1896, at his home in Pontiac. By will he

provided for the erection of a building for the Ladies' Library Association of Pontiac.

The following brief historical sketches of three of Michigan's earliest settlers appear in this volume for the first time. They have found a place in the records of the Pioneer and Historical Society. They are valuable because they throw light upon the early history of certain sections of Oakland county.

AKFORD.—John Akford, pioneer of 1831, was born in Oxford, New York, in 1787 and died in Oakland county, Michigan, in 1865. His grandfather, John Hart, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He came to Michigan and settled in Oakland county in 1831 on a farm upon which he lived until he died. He walked the entire distance from New Jersey to the new territory. He took up claims for 300 acres from the government, being guided to his possessions by blazed trees. Their neighbors were friendly Indians of the Tuckatres tribe, who taught him to hunt the deer and bear.

BABCOCK.—Hon. Henry S. Babcock was born in Orwell, Vermont, 1798. In 1829 he, with others, came to Michigan, landing at Detroit in June. They purchased a yoke of oxen and a lumber wagon, and loading thereon their household goods started for Oakland county via "Piety Hill," now Birmingham. After several days they reached the home of William Ives on section 21, and located 400 acres of land, built a log house, two frame barns and began clearing the land. He was commissioned justice of the peace by territorial Governor George B. Porter. On July 12, 1830, town 1 north, 10 east, was, by an act of the legislative council, organized into a separate township and called Ossewa; seventeen days thereafter the name was changed to Southfield. At the first town meeting held in the new township, April 4, 1831, he was elected supervisor and continued to hold for five years. He was a delegate to the second convention convened at Ann Arbor December 14, 1836, to give assent to the conditions imposed by Congress on the territory preliminary to its admission into the Union as a state. After the territory became a state he was elected justice of the peace and held the office several terms. In 1841 he represented his district in the State Legislature, and was killed by a kick of a horse October 26, 1842. His widow died in 1872.

STOUT.—Jesse Lee Stout was born in New Jersey in 1805, and married Olivia P. Abbey in 1828. In 1831 they came to Michigan and settled in Troy, Oakland county, on the farm which is still kept in the family, and where he died in April, 1874. His widow still lives and is 91 years of age.

SAGINAW COUNTY.

BY C. W. GRANT.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Bailey, Mrs. Anna H.	Saginaw	March 31, 1897	59	Lived in Saginaw since 1862.
Beach, Mrs. Sabina V.	Saginaw	Feb. 27, 1896	73	Lived in Saginaw 44 years.
Benjamin, Mrs. Belinda.	Saginaw	Jan. 20, 1897	90	Lived in Saginaw 40 years.
Cheney, Frank B.	Saginaw	Nov. 25, 1896	40	Lived in Saginaw all his life.
Crosby, Edwin L.	Cass Bridge	Dec. 12, 1896	65	Settled there in 1850.
Ehrlinger, Mrs. John	Buena Vista	April 7, 1897	74	Lived there 43 years.
Elmer, Catherine Elizabeth	Saginaw	July 20, 1896	86	Lived there over 50 years.
Erwin, Mrs. W. H.	Saginaw	June 22, 1896	70	Lived there over 30 years.
Grant, Wm.	Saginaw	Sept. 22, 1896	56	Lived there over 31 years.
Gross, Mrs. John.	Saginaw	Jan. 28, 1897	.....	Lived there over 35 years.
Kay, Mrs. Sarah	Saginaw	Nov. 13, 1896	76	Lived there over 26 years.
Leitow, Henry	Deerfield road	Sept. 16, 1896	64	Lived there over 31 years.
McNally, Thomas	Taymouth	July 30, 1896	.....	Lived there over 41 years.
Moross, C. V.	Saginaw	Oct. 9, 1896	69	Lived there over 30 years.
Plessner, Mrs. Amelia	Saginaw	April 7, 1897	75	Lived there over 48 years.
Randall, Dempster	Saginaw	Dec. 25, 1896	63	Lived there over 28 years.
Rantzenberger, Mrs. G. A.	Frankenmuth	Feb. 26, 1897	80	Lived there over 50 years.
Smith, Harvey	Plank road	Sept. 14, 1896	71	Lived there over 51 years.
Ulrich, Michael	Saginaw	Nov. 26, 1896	80	Lived there over 49 years.
Wacher, Michael	Zilwaukee	Nov. 9, 1896	83	Lived there over 45 years.
Webber, Mrs. Delia M.	Saginaw	Nov. 22, 1896	87	Lived there over 43 years.
Westendorf, John	Zilwaukee	Jan. 17, 1897	58	Lived there over 30 years.

BAUMGARTEN.—Phillip Baumgarten died November 25, 1896, at his home in Saginaw. Mr. Baumgarten's parents came to this country when he was but a child of five years. They settled on a farm in Williamsville, N. Y., an agricultural district near Buffalo. November 28, 1848, he was married to Magdalene Schickler, of Buffalo. In 1862 Mr. Baumgarten moved to Saginaw and opened a flour and feed store opposite the present site of the American House. He started a general store there in an unpretentious frame structure, which was at that time the only place of like character between Jefferson avenue and the Wenks estate, and he continued in business until 1881, when he retired, leaving the business, which was a large and prosperous one, in the charge of his son.

DIEBEL.—John Diebel, Sr., died at his home in Saginaw August 8, 1896. Mr. Diebel was born in Wiesseck, Germany, April 24, 1829, and was, therefore, 67 years of age last April. He came to this country in 1854,

and was married in Buffalo on September 3 of that year. The next year he came with his wife to Saginaw, where he has since lived. For about 30 years he was employed in the Thompson and Sample & Camp mills, being superintendent most of the time. He served his ward two years as alderman and was a member of the board of supervisors for five years. He was one of the organizers of St. Paul's Lutheran church 41 years ago.

EDWARDS.—Wm. H. Edwards died February 7, 1897, while calling at the home of a friend, where, but a few minutes before, he had entered in apparently good health. Mr. Edwards had passed the ripe old age of four score years, having been born at Huntington, Conn., September 25, 1816. He removed to Lockport, N. Y., in 1837, engaging in woolen manufacturing and lumbering. He was united in marriage in 1857 with Miss Harriet Beardsley of Bridgeport, Conn. He removed with his family to Saginaw in 1866 and lumbered extensively. In 1872 he acquired a controlling interest in the Saginaw Daily Courier, which he retained until 1884. In his more vigorous days Mr. Edwards took an active interest in the affairs and welfare of the city, and served his ward in the common council.

ELLIS.—Charles W. Ellis, Sr., for thirty years a resident of Saginaw, died January 28, 1897, at the age of 67 years. Mr. Ellis was a skilled caterer and was known as such throughout the city. He established and for some years conducted the Vatoldi restaurant on North Franklin street, and a short time before his death started another on Potter street, which gave promise of success. Deceased was a native of Canada.

JEROME.—Mrs. Lucy Jerome, widow of the late Governor Jerome, died at the home of her son in Detroit March 31, 1897. After the death of her honored husband last year, Mrs. Jerome went to Detroit, to reside with her son. Deceased was 63 years old. She was a daughter of Edward W. Peck of Pontiac, and was married to Governor Jerome in 1859, and Saginaw was her home during all her married life. She was the mother of three children, two of whom died in infancy, the only living one being Thomas Spencer Jerome, one of the prominent business men of Detroit.

Mrs. Jerome was prominent in Saginaw social and religious circles during all her long and useful career. She was a devout member of St. John's Episcopal church, and founder of the Saginaw Reading Club, an organization composed of the leading ladies of Saginaw. She was a generous patron of every worthy cause, dispensed charity with an unostentatious but lavish hand, and in all the relations of life was an exemplary woman.

KOEHLER.—Frederick A. Koehler, one of Saginaw's oldest and highly respected citizens, died August 8, 1896.

Deceased was born in Mecklenberg, Germany, October 13, 1817. He came to America in 1846, settling in Princeton, N. J., where he married Miss Fredrika Myers in 1851. He came to Saginaw in 1852, and in May of that year he commenced operations as a blacksmith at the corner of Washington avenue and Tuscola street. He was the second to commence business in that trade, J. E. Goodley being the first. Mr. Koehler met and endured all the trials of the pioneer, but overcame them all and prospered. In 1856 he built a large shop on Tuscola street, which about two years afterwards was destroyed by fire, but, nothing daunted, he rebuilt on a larger scale than before and carried on business in a successful manner. In 1878 he was succeeded in business by his sons. Mr. Koehler was identified with all the early movements in aid of Saginaw, and was recognized as a public spirited citizen. He was a member of the first fire department of the city, and retained his membership many years, and his interest in the fire laddies has always been hearty and earnest. He was a member of the school board of the old city of East Saginaw.

KOEPPLINGER.—John Koepplinger, a pioneer of Saginaw, passed away January 17, 1897, aged 60 years. Mr. Koepplinger was born in Bavaria, January 27, 1837. He came to Saginaw in 1853, and was one of the sturdy band of pioneers who witnessed the growth of Saginaw from its primitive days. He engaged in the grocery business at the corner of Baum street and Genesee avenue, where the Luster building now stands, his store standing on "stilts," and being one of the first on the avenue. In 1868 he purchased the property corner of Genesee avenue and Hoyt street, where he has done business for many years. He was director of the American Commercial and Savings Bank.

KUHL.—Christopher Kuhl, one of the wealthiest and most estimable farmers of Frankentrost, Saginaw county, died at his home in that place February 26, 1897. Mr. Kuhl had been a resident of Saginaw for 43 years, the first 17 of which were passed in the city on the West Side, where he conducted a baker shop and became well known. Afterwards, some 25 years ago, he removed to a farm in Frankentrost, which he has converted into one of the best in that section of the county. He was 70 years of age, and leaves a wife and eight children.

KULL.—Conrad Kull, one of the oldest residents of Saginaw, died at his home, October 1, 1896. Mr. Kull was born in Wurtemburg in 1819. He came to America in 1840, locating first at Monroe. He went from there to Sebewaing and in 1843 he went to Saginaw, where he has resided since. Soon after locating there he was married to Christina Strauss,

who died in 1880. He was married a second time in 1884. Mr. Kull was a shoemaker by trade and followed that business for years. Soon after the discovery of salt, about 1861 or 1862, he formed a co-partnership with Messrs. Mack & Schmidt, of Ann Arbor, under the firm name of Mack, Schmidt & Co., and the firm erected the second salt block on the West Side.

Leach.—James Leach, ex-supervisor of Taymouth, died October 14, 1896. Deceased had been a resident of Taymouth for 40 years and held the position of supervisor two years and township clerk and highway commissioner for a number of years. He was a prosperous farmer, owning one of the best farms in that section.

Loeffler.—Louis Loeffler, a resident of the town of Kochville for 47 years, and a man well known in all parts of Saginaw county, died at his home August 18, 1896, of old age. Mr. Loeffler was a man of remarkable ability and fine education. He was a surveyor by profession, and years ago served the county in that capacity. He was one of the best mathematicians in the county, and in all things he was correct, exact, energetic. He located on the farm where he died in '49. In '56 he participated in the organization of the town of Kochville. In '57 he was elected supervisor and re-elected year after year until '79, when he declined to serve longer. "My town of Kochville," was his favorite way of speaking of home, and no one who knew him had the least disposition to question his right to claim something of proprietorship in the community. Until within the last year or so he had always made out the assessment roll for his town, and had done a like service for many of the supervisors of several adjoining townships. Mr. Loeffler was born in Hesse-Darmstadt, Frankfort on the Rhine, February 22, 1811, and was therefore 85 years of age. He was married in Germany and his wife died there. In '49 he emigrated to America with his two children and settled on the farm where he lived until his death.

Palmer.—Smith Palmer died November 7, 1896. Among the quiet men of worth whose unpretentious devotion to duty is the bedrock of society, no one in the community has proved more faithful than Smith Palmer, whose name for 43 years has been a synonym for good citizenship. The story of his life is told, and few who read it will fail to recall the manner of man he was, nor to wish that their records when closed might be as free from blemish.

Smith Palmer was born near Albany, N. Y., July 30, 1821. He was the son of the late Thomas Palmer, who died in 1885 at the advanced age of 88. Mr. Palmer acquired a good education, and when a young man familiarized himself with business methods. In 1849 he went to

California with the late V. W. Paine. In 1853 he came to Saginaw, which has since been his home. He was for many years with the late V. A. Paine, and then was bookkeeper for Miller, Paine & Wright, and later teller, then cashier of the First National Bank.

PENOYER.—Lewis Penoyer died February 1, 1897, aged 69 years. Mr. Penoyer belonged to those sturdy pioneers, those men of sterling worth and indomitable will, those men of business sagacity and foresight, who in the last half century have made Saginaw what it is. He was born in Manlius, N. Y., and was the son of the late David Penoyer. In 1834 or '35 the family removed to Michigan and settled on a farm near Flushing. When the subject of this sketch was 16 years of age, his father died and he struck out for himself. He came to Saginaw before he was 20 and worked on the river and in the Curtiss-Emerson mill. Some 35 years ago he became associated in the lumber business with the late Hon. N. B. Bradley, and located at St. Charles. From that point they conducted extensive operations for many years. Some 12 or 15 years ago Mr. Penoyer, with others, invested heavily in Louisiana timber, and laid the foundation for what is now the Bradley-Ramsey Company. He married in 1857 Miss Emeline Wisner, and spent the last seventeen years of life as a resident of Saginaw.

RING.—Eleazer J. Ring died July 12, 1896, aged 72 years. Deceased was born in Springfield, Mass., and was sprung from one of the oldest families. He acquired a liberal education at Wilbraham seminary. He then taught for a time, and in 1850 went to Ontario, where he engaged in the lumber business. In 1862 he came to Saginaw and was for years among Saginaw's best known lumbermen. He was also interested in vessel property and in Lake Superior fisheries, and to some extent in farming.

Of late years he has led a rather less active life. He was one of the three members of the Saginaw Furniture Company at the time of his death. Some years ago he served the old city of Saginaw as alderman, and was also a member of the board of education.

In 1851 he was married to Anna E. Clarke, of Hamilton, Ontario.

RIPLEY.—Thomas C. Ripley was born in Fulton county, New York, January 2, 1807, and died February 12, 1897, at 90 years of age. He was educated at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy and at the time of his death he was one of the oldest alumni of that institution. He then studied law in the office of the late Judge Cady, father of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and was admitted to the bar when quite a young man. He practiced at Troy and vicinity and was very successful. He entered politics as an earnest Whig, by which party he was elected to Congress in

1846 to fill a vacancy. In Congress he was a fellow member with Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and other brilliant men of that day. In 1856 he removed to Saginaw and located on a farm on the banks of the Tittabawassee, where he continued to live until 1890. In 1873 he was elected to the State House of Representatives and served one term. He was honored by several of the town offices during his long residence in Saginaw.

In politics he was a staunch Republican, and was firmly attached to his party organization, always proving loyal to it. In 1837 he was united in marriage with Ruth Richards, daughter of Dr. William Richards of White Creek, Washington county, N. Y.

SLOAN.—Horace K. Sloan was born in the town of Penfield, Monroe county, N. Y., January 26, 1822. In 1836 his parents, with many of their neighbors, moved to Wayne county, Michigan, near the village of Northville.

At about the age of 20 he came to Saginaw county with a hunting party, where game was unlimited. He came first to Chesaning, where he remained about a year with the late George Chapman, and was present at Chesaning's first town meeting, when there were but five families in the township, and the following autumn drove through from his father's farm in Wayne county with a barrel of peaches for Mr. Chapman, probably the first ever brought into Saginaw county.

He was also something of an athlete, and although a man of medium size, he here met and threw the giant chief, Tipsecoe, the famous Indian wrestler. In the year '55 he married Julia, the eldest daughter of John Malone, of Taymouth, and soon afterwards settled in what afterwards became the township of Albee, which has ever since been his home. He served his township many times as supervisor, and was a public spirited and generous citizen. His business for many years was chiefly as an estimator of pine lands, and he will be remembered by Saginaw's older lumbermen for his painstaking and reliable work. His work ended he "entered into rest" October 23, 1896, at the age of 74 years.

SMITH.—John Smith died at Taymouth June 15, 1896. Mr. Smith was a native of Scotland, having been born in Aberdeen, and came to Bay county 30 years ago. He associated himself with Mr. Stearns in the marble business. After two years he removed to Bay City, where he carried on the business until 1876, when he settled on the farm which he occupied until his death. His widow, with whom he spent 58 years of life, survives him.

STICKNEY.—Mrs. Lavina Stickney, of Saginaw, died November 4, 1896. She enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest person in Saginaw county.

Mrs. Stickney, whose maiden name was Lavina Wright, was born in St. Lawrence county, New York, June 24, 1798, and was therefore 98 years 4 months and 12 days of age. She was married in 1815 to the late Timothy Stickney, and came to Saginaw in 1853, and was a continuous resident since that date.

TENNANT.—William Selden Tennant died February 12, 1897, aged 55 years. In 1866 there came to Saginaw from Flint a young man of pleasing address, liberal general education and careful training in the law. He was William Selden Tennant, and though he was then but 24 years old, his marked ability won speedy recognition.

For a brief time he was connected with the East Side schools, but soon he established himself in his chosen profession, the law, and rose rapidly to unusual eminence. In 1874, when the Hon. John Moore retired from the bench of the circuit court, William S. Tennant was appointed to succeed him. At the end of the official term Judge Tennant was elected to the office he had filled so acceptably, and continued to discharge the duties until 1880, when he retired to return to private practice.

William S. Tennant was born at Camden, Ohio, February 7, 1842. A common school education was supplemented by a course at Oberlin college, where he graduated at the age of 17. Then he took up the study of law, reading in the office of the late Gov. Fenton at Flint. These studies were supplemented by a course in the law department of the Michigan University. Between the years 1862 and 1866 he devoted some time to teaching. On August 15, 1865, he was united in marriage with Miss Josephine Sutton at Flint. The next year they went to Saginaw, which has since been their home.

TISDALE.—Lucian Wilcox Tisdale, a resident of the county over 34 years, died February 27, 1897, aged 72 years. Deceased was born at Darien, N. Y., August 14, 1825, and was educated at Batavia. In 1852 he went to California and returned after two years to New York city. He afterwards engaged in business at Cincinnati, moving later to Detroit, where for five years he was custom house officer, having charge of the bonded warehouse. He was also one of the inspectors of the port of Detroit. He was married February 9, 1852, to Miss Lucy Webber, of Jackson. In 1862 he settled in Saginaw, being appointed manager of the American Express Company's office at that point and also of the Merchants' dispatch. He retired in '95 and was pensioned after the many years of faithful service he had rendered.

WARREN.—P. H. Warren died at his home in Saginaw February 21, 1897, aged 74 years. Mr. Warren was born in Ontario county, New York, August 28, 1822. In 1845 he was married to Miss Juliet M. Norris,

and in 1856 moved to Birch Run, Saginaw county, Michigan. Here he purchased a piece of wild land and cleared a farm, where he lived for 10 years. In 1857 he was elected township treasurer, and re-elected in 1858 to the same office. He was also elected justice of the peace in the year 1858, which office he held for several years. In 1869 he was elected supervisor of that township. In August, 1862, he enlisted in the Twenty-third Michigan Infantry, which camped and organized in the Washington street grove, between Saginaw and Salina. After two years' service he was honorably discharged for disability, brought on from rheumatism contracted in the service, and from which he never recovered, and was the prime cause of his death. In 1866 he moved to Saginaw, where he resided from that time to date of his death.

WHITING.—Dr. Lorin C. Whiting died in Saginaw April 5, 1897. Deceased was 78 years of age, having been born at Winsted, Conn. His boyhood days were passed upon a farm. He studied medicine and afterwards took up dentistry, beginning the practice at Detroit several years before he came to Saginaw. He settled in that city in 1860, and engaged in lumbering for a time and erected what was known as the Garrison or Blue mill. Afterwards he resumed the practice of his profession and was for years the leading dentist of this city, and one of the best known in this part of the State. He was married June 30, 1857, to Miss Celeste Lewis, at Detroit.

ZIMMER.—Joachim Zimmer died November 13, 1896, at his home in Saginaw. Deceased was born at Schordorf, Germany, August 30, 1830, and came to Saginaw at the age of 27. Since that time he has lived there and has witnessed the growth and development of the city in all stages. He was a member of the Rescue Hook and Ladder Company, the first fire company ever organized in Saginaw, and did active service in protecting the lives and property of citizens for many years. At that time the city was already a great lumber center, and all the buildings were of wood, so that fires were much more frequent and harder to conquer.

Mr. Zimmer used to tell of having built the first fence that surrounded the present Germania grounds. For more than 20 years he had driven his dray upon the streets of the city, not abandoning his occupation until compelled to by his last sickness.

SHIAWASSEE COUNTY.

BY A. H. OWENS.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Barker, Seth J	Vernon	Sept. 13, 1866	77	Resident of Michigan 60 years.
Buyea, Lewis	Antrim	Jan. 8, 1897	68	Resident of Michigan 32 years.
Cole, Wm. N	Vernon	Nov. 23, 1896	85	Resident of Michigan 27 years.
Craig, Calvin M	Venice	Dec. 2, 1896	59	Resident of Michigan 31 years.
Lane, Palmer G	Vernon	Jan. 21, 1897	69	Resident of Michigan 48 years.
Miner, Benjamin C	Vernon	May 11, 1897	73	Resided on his farm 20 years.
Monroe, James	Ovid	Jan. 22, 1897	84	Resided in Michigan since 1847.
Olrich, Joseph	Burns	July 11, 1896	73	Resident of Michigan 37 years.
Redmond, Henry S	Byron	Jan. 1, 1897	69	Resided in Michigan since 1851.
Rogers, Phillip	Burton	Aug. 1, 1896	75	Resided in Michigan since 1868.
Smith, Mrs. Hiram	Corunna	July 12, 1896	91	One of the oldest inhabitants.
Stevens, A. G	Bancroft	April 28, 1897	77	Came to Michigan 1867.

CHAPIN.—James A. Chapin, whose death occurred on the 3rd of August, 1896, was a prominent figure in the township of Bennington, where he had resided most of the time since coming to Shiawassee county in 1863.

He had been honored with township clerk, treasurer, justice of the peace and for quite a number of years held the office of county superintendent of the poor

HOLMAN.—Charles Holman was born in Lyons, Wayne county, N. Y., April 11, 1830, and died May 7, 1897, aged 67 years. In 1833 he moved to this State and settled in Lenawee county. His home was a log cabin with a shop in the same yard. His father was one of the first to settle in that locality. He attended the district school and later spent a year at the Romeo academy. In the fall of 1866 he was elected register of deeds and was re-elected six times, holding the position for fourteen years. During his term of office he made a set of abstracts of titles for Shiawassee county, selling to the county at the close of his term of office. In the spring of 1881 he was elected a justice of the peace for the city of Corunna, holding the position eight years.

MASON.—Ezra Mason died May 6, 1897, in Owosso township, aged 58 years. He was born November 9, 1839, being the first white child born in the township. His early years were spent on the farm, afterwards studying civil engineering. In township affairs he was recognized as a leader to be implicitly trusted, having repeatedly filled various positions

of trust. The people of the county repeatedly honored him with an election as county surveyor, which office he held at the time of his death. He served as county treasurer from 1887 to 1891. While residing in Owosso he served a term as alderman in the common council.

MEAD.—Caleb Mead died November 28, 1896, at his home in Caledonia. Mr. Mead was sixty years of age, and came to this county in the early fifties, and had by honest toil procured and cleared a farm, making for himself and family a pleasant home. When the call came for troops he enlisted in 1862 in the 23d Michigan Volunteer Infantry and served three years.

MUNGER.—Benjamin Munger, an old pioneer, died at his home in Caledonia August 28, 1896, aged 81 years. Deceased was born in New York, and was married to Emily Wolcott in 1834. They came to Michigan in 1853. Mr. Munger had for many years led the Munger Martial Band, which was well known in the vicinity and had gained quite a reputation throughout the State. He was a veteran of the war of the sixties.

NEWELL.—I. H. Newell, of Caledonia, died June 9, 1896, aged eighty-nine years. He was one of the earliest settlers of the county, having come to Caledonia in 1847. He was a carpenter and contractor, having built the court house, the Catholic church, and many other buildings in and about the city.

SPRAGUE.—In the passing away of Hon. Paul C. Sprague, it is but fitting that something more than a mere notice should be paid as tribute to the memory of such a man—born in the opening years of the 19th century and passing out with the closing ones. It carries away back beyond the limit of memory those of us who count ourselves no longer young. Mr. Sprague was born in Newmarlboro, Mass., in 1804, and was married to Lydia Sprague in 1830. They moved to Michigan in 1854, settling on a farm two and one-half miles south of Laingsburg. Those were "early days" on the "Old Grand River Trail," when the whispering trees took counsel together, when the Indian brushed the heavy dew from the leaves which encroached upon his trail and the swift rush of the frightened deer broke in upon the appalling stillness—times when the axe first broke the echoes with its quick, incisive stroke and the death knell of the dreamy forest with its poetry and music was sounded by the army of civilization "going west." From stern New England's rugged hills came the adventurous and hardy pioneer to glean from this fertile land a more generous harvest, to fill his home with plenty, and his heart with peace. He died August 25, 1896, aged 92 years.

ST. CLAIR COUNTY.

BY MRS. HELEN W. FARRAND.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Armitage, Mrs. J. W.	Clyde	Jan. 20, 1897	71	
Bean Mrs. Richard	Clyde	March 17, 1897	81	
Blaine, Herman Elliott		July 18, 1896	60	
Bottomley, Thomas H.	Capac	Jan. 19, 1897	59	
Bowers, Alfred	Port Huron	Oct. 3, 1896	65	
Brownlee, Mrs. Elizabeth	Port Huron	Nov. 11, 1896	65	
Buchanan, Alexander		Nov. 19, 1896	85	
Church, Duncan	Marine City	March 17, 1897	78	
Dale, Mrs. Perry	Port Huron	April 8, 1897	77	
Dinks, Andrew		April 8, 1897	67	
Donovan, John	Port Huron	Jan., 1897	73	
Duff, Lieut. George	Port Huron	Sept. 22, 1896	60	
Ernst, Aaron	Zion	Feb. 16, 1897	69	
Ferguson, Charles	Port Huron	Jan. 20, 1897	72	
Gardner, Mrs. Barbara	Clyde	March 6, 1897	82	
Gowan, Dr. Wm. H		June 30, 1896		
Guam, Theodore	Port Huron	Oct. 17, 1896	73	
Houghton, John	Lynn	Sept. 7, 1896	77	
Howard, Mrs. Elizabeth		Feb. 22, 1897	63	
Inslee, Mrs. Lodemia		Feb. 14, 1897	58	
Ivers, Mrs. Edward	Port Huron	March 20, 1897	80	
Jaynes, Charles	Kenockee	Nov. 26, 1896	106	
Jenkinson, Wm	Port Huron	Nov., 1896	60	
Kimball, Chester	Algonac	March 17, 1897	96	
Lennox, James	Port Huron	Feb. 13, 1897	89	
McCormick, Samuel	Port Huron	Nov. 22, 1896		
McDonald, Robert		Nov. 22, 1896	72	
McMichael, Mrs. John	Marine City	March 17, 1897		
Neubauer, Carl	Port Huron	Nov., 1896	90	
Nichols, Henry B		Feb. 1, 1897	86	
Oag, Capt. James	Port Huron	Sept. 23, 1896	66	
Parks, Andrew	Wales	March 17, 1897		
Plant, Michael	Clyde	Nov. 11, 1896	78	
Smith, Simon P.	Cottrellville	March 17, 1897	71	
Scout, Mrs. John	Port Huron	Oct. 28, 1896	63	
Star, Robert	Port Huron	Jan. 16, 1897	66	
Stewart, R. P	Algonac	Feb. 8, 1897	93	
Sweetser, Elias		April, 1897	81	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Walsh, John	Port Huron	March 4, 1897	64	
Wells, Abram	Memphis	Nov. 27, 1897	81	
Wells, Richard	St. Clair	Oct., 1896		
Willard, Wheating, Dr.		Feb. 3, 1897	58	
Youngs, Ira	Riley	Nov. 29, 1896	96	

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY.

BY C. H. STARR.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Barnes, Silas	County		92	Came to Michigan in 1836.
Beard, Andrew	Colon		100	Came to Michigan in 1830.
Berry, Catherine			85	
Bird, Crawford (col.)	Constantine		84	Came to Michigan in 1838.
Bogart, Henry	Mottville	Nov. 24, 1896	88	
Bronson, O. P	Constantine		78	
Carpenter, Sidney	Burr Oak		87	Came to Michigan in 1836.
Cornwallis, V			89	
Craig, Nancy	Lockport		93	Came to Michigan in 1834.
Cross, Elihue	Centreville	Aug. 28, 1896	93	Came to Michigan in 1846
Dudley, Henry E	Colon		82	Came to Michigan in 1836.
Dudley, Mrs. Henry E	Colon		72	Came to Michigan in 1836.
Farrand, Phineas	Colon	Dec. 21, 1896	77	Came to Michigan in 1836.
Flanders, Jonathan	Sturgis	Aug. 9, 1896	74	
Frase, Charles			75	
Greer, Mrs. S	Constantine	Oct. 22, 1896	76	
Hibbard, A	Sturgis		91	Came to Michigan in 1832.
Hibbard, O	Sturgis		90	Came to Michigan in 1832.
Harrison, Elizabeth	Sturgis	Aug. 19, 1896	78	
Morrison, Peter	Centreville		89	Came to Michigan in 1835.
Morrison, Mrs. Peter	Centreville		80	Came to Michigan in 1835.
Palmer, Cyrus	Nottawa		82	Came to Michigan in 1836.
Russell, Joseph	Leonidas	Dec 24, 1896	81	Came to Michigan in 1836.
Royse, Mrs. N	Florence		82	Came to Michigan in 1834.
Sanebreg, Mrs.			80	Came to Michigan in 1845.
Shafer, David	Mendon		78	
Spangenburg, H			77	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Stears, Thomas	Constantine	June 13, 1896	81	Came to Michigan in 1835.
Stroud, Thomas			92	
Wait, Anson.				
Wait, Horace	Sturgis		83	Came to Michigan in 1836.
West, Seth			79	
White, C. A			82	
Whitman, Eliza			80	
Wood, Frederic			91	

The ages of the thirty-five people given in this memorial are greater than from any other county, the youngest given being 72 years and the oldest 100 years—a remarkable record.

WASHTENAW COUNTY.

FOOTE.—Ezra M. Foote died July 23, 1896. Prof. Foote was born in the town of Stoneham, Vermont, in the year 1820. When three years of age his father, who was an extensive breeder of fine wooled sheep, moved to Cornwall in the same state. At the age of 16, after becoming familiar with farm life, he started out to carve a fortune for himself, and settled down in Lockport, N. Y., where he studied medicine for two years, and during his residence there for ten years he decided to turn his attention more particularly to music. At the age of 25 he married Sarah S., daughter of Judge Lothrop Cooke, of Lewiston, N. Y.

He came to Ypsilanti in 1858, and for the succeeding eight years was professor of music and elocution in the State Normal School. As a teacher of vocal music his time was fully taken up as choirmaster in the leading churches in Chicago, and in holding conventions through the west and south for a number of years.

WAYNE COUNTY.

MOORE.—J. Wilkie Moore, one of the oldest and best known residents of Detroit and president of the Wayne County Pioneers' Society, died October 2, 1896, at the ripe old age of 82 years. During the earlier period of his life he took a most active part in the development of Detroit, and his interest in the growth and progress of the city only ceased with his

death. For many years the familiar face and form of J. Wilkie Moore were daily seen upon the streets. He was born in Geneva, N. Y., in 1814, and in 1832, with his parents, removed to Michigan. After five days' sail on the steamer William Penn, they reached Detroit November 1, 1833. Mr. Moore found employment in Monroe and invested the first 50 dollars he earned in real estate, buying forty acres of government land, which he soon sold for $100 and thus began his land speculations, since which time he made buying and selling of land the principal business of his life.

He was engaged one year as contractor on the Wabash & Erie canal, being associated with a Mr. Sherman. Differences having arisen between the states of Ohio and Michigan in regard to the boundary line of each, the militia of the respective states were called out to settle it, and Mr. Moore was called to the front in defense of the rights claimed by Michigan, and became an active party to the exchange of the tract of land ten miles wide of lowland for what is now known as the upper peninsula of Michigan, and which today possesses more intrinsic value than the entire half of the state of Ohio.

During what is known as the Patriot war, Mr. Moore was employed in a confidential and secret capacity by the general government, for which he received a soldier's bounty of 160 acres of land. In 1843 he engaged in the trade of dry goods, boots and shoes, and hardware at 171 Jefferson avenue, Detroit. He also carried on a general real estate business; afterward was deputy collector and inspector of customs at the port of Detroit. In 1859 he was appointed United States consul to Windsor, Ontario, and was the first officer to raise the consular flag of the United States on the western borders of what is now known as Ontario. This was at the commencement of the late civil war. The town of Windsor was at that time full of refugees from the south, who were determined to tear down the American flag. Notwithstanding, Mr. Moore kept his flag waving, and the Canadian authorities saw the wisdom of protecting it from insult. He was a member of the Detroit board of education for many years and was once elected its secretary; was a deputy collector under the late Chas. G. Hammond and also under N. G. Isbell, and was special agent in the customs department under Gen. Henry A. Morrow. He was president of the Wayne County Pioneer Society, also vice president of the State Pioneer and Historical Society. He married Miss Margaret Berthelet in 1843.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ALPHEUS FELCH.

BY HON. CLAUDIUS B. GRANT.

I first saw Governor Felch on the streets of the city of Ann Arbor in 1857, when I was a student in the University of Michigan. He had just closed his labors as one of the commissioners appointed by the United States government to settle the Mexican and Spanish land claims in California. Although his hair was white as snow he was in the prime of his physical and mental manhood, being 53 years of age. His figure was one which arrested the attention of all and led every stranger who saw him to inquire who he was. I became personally acquainted with him early in 1859, and from that time to his death knew him intimately. I studied law in his office, was his law partner for eight years, lived in his house for eight months, and was a frequent visitor at his home and he at mine. I knew him as well as it is possible for one man to know another.

Dates are of little moment in the lives of individuals or of nations. Their accomplishments, character and influence are the things in which contemporaries and future generations have an interest. Mr. Felch's public career is a matter of record and history. It is found in the Legislative Journals of this, his adopted State, in the records of its circuit and supreme courts, in the executive department of the State, in his reports as Auditor General and Bank Examiner, in the Congressional Record, and in the decisions of the commission to settle the disputed land claims in California. His quasi-public career is found in his briefs as a lawyer, in his lectures as a professor of law in the university, in his addresses and papers as a member of this society, and in his daily walk and life as a citizen.

My principal purpose shall be to write of him as a man, and to delineate his character as one worthy of emulation by all citizens, whether they be found in private or public stations, and to make a permanent record of some things which may not be known to the public.

He was born in Limerick, Maine, on the 28th day of September, 1804. He was so delicate a child that his relatives doubted whether he would

live to grow up. His grandfather, Abijah Felch, a revolutionary soldier, was a man of prominence and influence in Limerick. He was clerk of the plantation before the town was organized. In 1786 he was appointed one of a committee of three to make application to the general court of Massachusetts for the incorporation of the town, and the act of incorporation was passed the following year. He held the various offices of selectman, town clerk, assessor and treasurer, and representative to the general court in 1813.

Captain Daniel Felch, the father of Alpheus, died in October, 1806, when 35 years of age. He was a country merchant, keeping a store at Felch's Corners, about a mile south of the village, and was the first merchant doing business "between the two Ossipees," meaning the great and little Ossipee rivers. The wife of Captain Daniel was Sally Piper, whose father moved from Stratham, N. H., and settled in Parsonsfield, adjoining Limerick, in the latter part of the 18th century. A few years ago I visited the old Piper house, which is still owned and occupied by his descendants, and was shown the room which, during the first winter after the house was erected, was used as a barn, while the family lived in the other part. She died in February, 1808. Alpheus afterward lived with his grandfather, Abijah, until his death in 1814. After that he lived at times with his grandfather Piper and at times with an aunt. Although he was deprived of the care and nurture of christian parents at the age of three years, yet he fell under the care of those who did all for him that human love and kindness, other than parental, could do. His education, mental, moral and religious, was not neglected.

He attended school at Limerick Academy, and at 17 entered Philips' Academy at Exeter, N. H., where he prepared for college. He entered Bowdoin College in 1823, graduating in 1827. Among his contemporaries in college during these four years were Hawthorne, Longfellow, John P. Hale, Cilley, John S. C. Abbott, and J. W. Bradbury, now 95 years of age, living in Augusta, Maine, and the sole survivor of the Senate of 1850. Upon his graduation he at once entered upon the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar at Bangor, Maine, in 1830.

He commenced practice in Houlton, Maine, where one of his sisters lived. He was not of rugged health and his lungs were too weak to endure the rigors of that climate. In 1833 his physician advised him that he probably would not survive another winter there. He therefore closed up his business at Houlton, and in June started for the west and south. He went via Bangor, Boston, Providence, New York city, Albany, Buffalo and Detroit. The journey was accomplished by stage, steam-boat and canal-boat. Among his books was found a diary of this journey, which is very interesting reading. He had determined to take a western and southern trip and to visit Mississippi, at the solicitation

of his friend, Sargent S. Prentiss, who graduated from Bowdoin College in 1826. He had with him letters of introduction to certain gentlemen of Monroe, Michigan, among whom was Mr. Wolcott Lawrence. He stopped in Monroe a few days and presented these letters, and then resumed his southern journey. While it is evident that he intended to locate in the south, the diary shows that propositions for his location in Monroe were made to him by Mr. Lawrence, which he took under consideration. At that time Monroe assumed to be the rival of Detroit, and became the home of many prominent men who had faith in its future.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, he was attacked with cholera. He recovered from the attack, but the disease was so prevalent and the danger so great that he returned to Monroe to await the approach of cooler weather. He never resumed the journey but, fortunately for Michigan, settled in Monroe and entered upon the practice of his profession.

He became acquainted with Lucretia W. Lawrence, the daughter of Wolcott Lawrence, to whom he was married September 14, 1837.

His ability, learning and integrity soon attracted attention, and in 1834 he was elected village attorney. He did not seek political preferment or official position. To some of them he was nominated, as I know from his own lips, without his knowledge and with no intimation that the nomination was intended. From the office of village attorney he was elected, in 1835, a member of the Legislature, after which he was appointed State Bank Commissioner, Auditor General, judge of the circuit court, by virtue of which office he also became one of the justices of the Supreme Court, was elected Governor of the State, and, in 1847, United States Senator for a full term. At the expiration of his term as Senator, and without any solicitation upon his part, President Pierce nominated him one of the commission to adjust and settle the Spanish and Mexican land claims under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. He was made president of the commission. In all these public positions, extending over a period of 22 years, he received the respect and esteem of all, regardless of political affiliations.

The first great service he rendered the State, as well as the country, was in the office of State Bank Commissioner. The State banks of that period were, as a rule, corrupt and rotten. I have always understood that he was opposed to the banking act, which was passed when he was a member of the Legislature, but I am unable to verify it by reference to the Legislative Journal. My impression is gained from my recollection of conversations with him.

It is quite probable that his quiet, modest and unsuspecting disposition led the bank managers to believe that he could be easily imposed upon and that it would be possible for them to transfer from bank to bank their bags of specie, to be presented for inspection, without detec-

tion. They reckoned without their host. His suspicions were early aroused and a brief time sufficed to disclose the fraud. His story of these banks and his connection with them is one of the most interesting to which I have ever listened. Did time permit I would like to dwell upon it.

The present capital was located at Lansing by act of the Legislature when he was Governor. The land speculators were on the alert for lands and were after the school lands, the site of the present capitol. He was aware that such would probably be the case, and immediately upon the passage of the bill by the House caused a letter to be written in much haste to the Land Commissioner at Marshall, withdrawing the land from market. On the same train conveying his letter went also the land speculators to locate this land. An accident ocurred and neither passengers nor mail arrived until after the close of the land office for the day. The mail was, however, delivered that night, and when the speculators, on the following morning, applied for the purchase of the land, they were informed that the Governor had withdrawn it from the market.

[See address by Hon. O. M. Barnes, Proceedings First Reunion Michigan Legislative Association for 1886, p. 46.]

Thus this vaulable land was saved to the State. This incident illustrates the honor, foresight and carefulness of the man, as well as his promptness in looking after the public interests committed to his charge. In all his public career not a breath of suspicion attached to a single act. His performance of public duty was marked with one single purpose, namely, that of honest administration for the public welfare. He exemplified the maxim: "He serves his party best who serves his country best."

In the United States Senate his career was not a brilliant one, measured by scenic or oratorical display. He did not make many speeches, but his reports on the subjects committed to his investigation show thorough and exhaustive research and mature judgment. He was chairman of the important committee on public lands, and such was the confidence placed in him that Robert C. Winthrop, one of the Senators from Massachusetts, one day told him that he was not familiar with this subject but he would vote for any measure which Mr. Felch advocated and assured him was proper.

He foresaw the commercial future of the State of his adoption and appreciated the necessity of a canal at the falls in the Sault Ste. Marie river, to connect Lake Superior with the other great lakes. Prior to that time Senator Cass had made several attempts to secure an appropriation of money for its construction, but the feeling of Congress at that time was against the appropriation of money for internal improvements. Senator Felch conceived the idea of a grant to the State of public lands for

that purpose. He several times gave the writer the unwritten history of that appropriation. He first disclosed his plan to the senior Senator, Cass, who informed him that he would do all he could to accomplish the passage of such a bill, but that he had little confidence in its success. Senator Felch introduced the bill, it was referred to his committee, and June 15, 1848, it was reported out, providing for the appropriation of 500,000 acres. He then had private interviews with the Senators, freely and fully discussing the merits of the bill. One of the leading opponents to internal improvements by the government, after listening to the presentation of the case by Mr. Felch, at once informed him that he would support his bill, and when asked if it would not interfere with his views on internal improvements, he replied in substance: "No, the land is worthless, the country is occupied only by Indians, is uninhabitable, the climate inhospitable, and if anybody will take it and construct a canal they are welcome to it." When the bill was introduced Senator Atchison of Missouri said to Mr. Felch that no one would attempt the construction of that canal for 500,000 acres of land, and that if he really intended to have the canal constructed he would better put in 250,000 more; to which Mr. Felch replied that if he thought so he would have no objection to his making the amendment, which was done. I find this statement verified by reference to the Congressional Record, Vol. 25, p. 955.

The first bill failed to pass, and I find that on December 9, 1851, he introduced another bill for the same purpose. This bill was reported out of the committee January 20, 1852, and after a long and vigorous debate passed the Senate. I have not had time to follow its history in the House, but it is sufficient to say that it passed that body and was approved by the Executive. It was due to Mr. Felch's untiring efforts that this bill became a law, thus affording the means for the construction of the first canal, through which now passes more tonnage and merchandise than through any other canal in the world. It would not be truthful to say that the canal would never have been built without his efforts, for its construction at some time was as inevitable as the logic of events. It is truthful, however, and his due, to say that he foresaw the logic of events and secured the result before it would otherwise have been obtained. For this alone the people of the State, as well as of the nation, owe him a debt of gratitude.

I have snatched time from my judicial work to hastily look over the Congressional Records during his term of service as United States Senator. I find there the key-note to his success. The thoroughness of his work and the sincerity of the man are apparent in every speech he made. He never spoke without preparation and without a thorough examination of the subject before the Senate. His argument against the French spoilation claims covers ten pages of the Congressional Record, and

shows an intimate knowledge of the subject, which he could have obtained only by very laborious research.

Vol. 25, Con. Rec., 957.

His last act as Senator was the presentation of the credentials of his successor, Hon. Chas. E. Stuart, March 3, 1853.

At the close of his Senatorial career he was appointed by President Pierce as one of the commissioners to settle the claims in California, as above mentioned. He had not even a hint of the intention of President Pierce, until the President sent for him and notified him of his intention to appoint him. He accepted the appointment, which was promptly confirmed by the Senate, and performed its judicial duties in a manner entirely satisfactory to all except those who were ready to corrupt judges and commissioners to satisfy their own selfish greed. I do not know that any such attempt was ever made upon Mr. Felch, as such commissioner. A former resident of Ann Arbor, Miss Jane Brigham, then lived in San Francisco and was acquainted with many of the prominent men and lawyers, some of whom were interested in these claims. She told me that without exception they said that it was of no use to try to influence Commissioner Felch, except by fact and argument. No taint of suspicion ever attached to the decisions of the commission.

At the close of his labors on this commission in California he returned to Michigan. A very flattering offer was made to him to remain in California by Gen. W. T. Sherman, who was then a banker in San Francisco, but he rejected it, mainly for the reason that the facilities in that state for the education of his children were not such as were offered in Michigan and such as he desired to give them. His official career was closed. The Democratic party, to which he belonged and to which he was ardently attached and in whose principles he so thoroughly believed, had lost control in Michigan. He had not even a murmur of complaint at the change or at his retirement from official life. I am not sure that he did not hail the change, so far as he personally was concerned, with delight. As already shown, he was not a seeker after official place.

His appointment to the office of circuit judge by Gov. Barry was without solicitation. Gov. Barry selected him and appointed him only a few days before the term of court was to open at Adrian, whither he had to hurry by private conveyance in order to be in season for the work of the term. He opened a law office in Ann Arbor shortly after his return from California and continued in the practice of his profession until his retirement therefrom in the year 1874. In 1879 he was appointed Tappan professor of law in the University of Michigan, which he held for five years. He then resigned, finding the labors too arduous for his age and strength. While there he impressed his character upon hundreds of young men who are now engaged in the practice of law in every state in the Union. He

endeared himself to them by his learning and ability and by his urbanity and kindness of disposition. It was known to the students that he was a contemporary of Daniel Webster and listened to his great speech upon the compromise measures of 1850. They invited him to deliver an address upon his recollections of the great statesman. He assented and delivered it one evening in the lecture hall of the law department. His eyesight had become so poor that he no longer ventured upon the street at night. They sent a carriage to convey him to the lecture hall, and when the address was over, 500 students unhitched the horses from the carriage and drew him to his house, a proceeding of which he was not aware until afterward.

He could not be idle but was always at work. He was a great reader and student, especially of the history of his own State. In 1875 he became a member of this society and was one of its most enthusiastic and valuable members. He was elected its president in 1892 and was annually elected thereafter until his death. He prepared valuable papers for it, one of the most valuable of which is the one on the Indians of Michigan and the cession of their land to the United States by Indian treaties. This was adopted by the State department and printed in the census of 1894. He worked upon this for several years, desiring to make it of value to the State and historically truthful. He was interested in writing the history of the Alamo, and among his papers is a manuscript relating thereto. He intended to re-write it. A few weeks before his death he had sent to Mrs. Butterfield of Grand Rapids for a letter which he had heard was in her possession in regard to a Michigan man, Major Evans, who was there killed. The letter was received a few days before his death and when he had become unconscious.

He was *ex officio* at one time a member of the board of regents of the University and was greatly interested in the success of that institution. He bequeathed his library, consisting of nearly 4,000 volumes and many pamphlets, to the University. He never destroyed any pamphlet but carefully filed away, and I am informed by Mr. Davis, the librarian, that it contains many which are rare and valuable.

The summons, which closed his life, came June 13, 1896. His departure from earth was as peaceful as his life had been while in it. The candle simply burned out, and at the age of nearly 92 he passed into life eternal. He retained his faculties and his youthful feeling to the last.

HIS INTEGRITY.

His private life was as unsullied as was his public. He was always truthful, honest and mindful of the rights and feelings of others. I will relate one incident which will illustrate the principle which governed him throughout his career. He was too ready to lend a helping hand

and did not always discriminate as to those who asked his aid. Although he was possessed of no means his name as endorser was as good as money. Consequently his endorsement of the notes of others was received by the banks and money lenders without hesitation. He had endorsed quite heavily prior to 1837. When the financial crash of that year came the makers of these notes were unable to pay. Many of them never did pay but took the benefit of the bankrupt act. He considered it a reproach to go through bankruptcy and informed his creditors, who consisted solely of those who held notes which he had endorsed for others, that if they chose to grant time he would pay them in full. This was readily done, and he paid the last of those endorsements out of his salary as United States Senator.

I never knew him to utter a profane, vulgar or uncouth expression, or to tell an uncouth story. I never saw him in anger or heard him utter one single unkind word, even in the heat of the trial of causes.

HIS CHARACTER AS A LAWYER AND JUDGE.

As a lawyer he had few superiors. He had not the eloquence to appeal to and move a jury, but his careful and honest presentation of the facts of the case was worth more to his client than finished oratory. He was a hard student and burned the midnight candle instead of the midnight oil. I have known him on many occasions, at his house and in his office, to work past midnight by the light of the candle. He did not seek success in the lawsuit so much as he sought the truth and the establishment of the correct rule of law governing the case. He would not bring a suit or undertake a defense which he did not believe was meritorious. Like all lawyers he was sometimes mistaken and misled. His rule of life in this respect is better told by an incident, of which I have personal knowledge. A man who had been for some years his client consulted him in regard to a trouble with one of his neighbors. The client was rather fond of law suits and was not very particular as to whether he was in the right or wrong. He stated his case, and Mr. Felch informed him that he had no grounds for a law suit and would be defeated. The client still insisted upon bringing the suit, but Mr. Felch peremptorily declined. The client at that became excited and said to him: "Is not my money worth as much to you as that of anybody else?" To this Mr. Felch replied: "Yes, but my reputation as a lawyer is worth more. I can not afford to bring a suit for any man when I know that he will be defeated." The client went away, secured another lawyer to bring suit, was defeated and put to an expense of several hundred dollars, and one day returned to Mr. Felch's office, informed him of the result, regretted that he had not followed his advice, and employed him as his advisor from that time on.

No phase of a suit escaped his vigilance. His investigation never

ceased until the final determination of the case. His opponents never caught him unaware or unprepared. His briefs were models. After his death his executors, who were his children, asked me to examine his legal papers to ascertain what should be preserved. The papers in each case were carefully tied with red tape and laid away. In every case I found a brief in his own handwriting. Among them was a brief upon a very important constitutional question in a suit which was pending in one of the circuit courts of this State. The same question was at that time, August last, pending in the Supreme Court, and in its investigation I had just been engaged. Knowing the ability, learning and patience which he brought to his investigation of constitutional questions I was delighted and eagerly perused it. It covered 44 pages. Its reasoning was conclusive and covered points which the very learned counsel in their briefs in the suit before us had not touched upon. The case had been assigned to me and I had then written it. After reading that brief I re-wrote the opinion and incorporated in it his unanswerable reasoning. I was afterward informed by one of the attorneys employed on the opposite side of the case in which Gov. Felch prepared that brief, that he had no occasion to present it to the court because the court decided the case in favor of the clients of Mr. Felch upon a statement of the case made by him.

As a judge upon the circuit bench he was complete master of the situation and controlled the course of litigation with a firm, kind and even hand. He presided with dignity, and all who entered the court room, as either listeners or participants, recognized at once that, so far as the presiding judge was concerned, the cause of justice was in safe hands, and that the attainment of a correct and just result was his sole purpose. I quote from another who saw him upon the bench and whose name stands in the first rank of the lawyers and jurists of this State and country, Hon. Thomas M. Cooley. At the banquet given to Gov. Felch upon his 90th birthday, Judge Cooley said: "Alpheus Felch was the first judge I ever saw upon the bench, and he fairly captivated my imagination. I remember today as vividly as the night of my first seeing him how charmed I was with his presence, with his ease of deportment, with his mastery of the English language, never excessively ornate, but always clear, always to the point, always expressing what the occasion called for, and doing it in such a way as to the young practitioner could not fail to be charming. Those charges of his to juries seemed to me perfect. There was not a word too many or too few, or that was begotten of mere display; not a word that the simplest man on the jury could not perfectly comprehend, and not a statement of a legal principle that did not bear on its face full justification for its utterance and a complete presentation of the view intended to be imparted. This completeness was always manifest, whether what was said concerned the law or the facts. There was to me some-

thing of an education in this. Its effect never passed from my mind, and when I contrasted it with what I soon had occasion to hear from others occupying a position equally high, and who seemed to delight in the use of great words, strong phrases, dogmatic utterances that were uncalled for and seemed to be thrown off by way of fixing the attention of an unlearned crowd upon the court, I could not fail to say to myself that I owed to our own judge lessons of propriety, of dignity in language and manner, that were of the highest importance, and that would attend me during my subsequent professional career, to the very end."

Upon the bench he was especially kind to the young attorneys who were just commencing the trial of causes. One day in 1867 a gentleman came into our law office and inquired of me if Gov. Felch was in. I showed him into the room occupied by the Governor and listened to the conversation. The gentleman was a lawyer from one of the western states, was going east upon business, and stopped at Ann Arbor over one train for the sole purpose of seeing Mr. Felch and thanking him for the kindness extended to him when a young man by Judge Felch in the first case he tried.

No poor man or woman, who had a meritorious cause, was turned away from his office without advice or assistance in court. He did not stop to consider whether he would receive compensation or not. To all his labors, whether public or private, he brought superior ability, a well trained and educated mind, an upright purpose and a sole desire to reach the truth. While it might be extravagant to say of him, "Take him all in all we ne'er shall see his like again," yet it can truthfully be said, we ne'er shall see his superior in those things which form a noble character. Every age and nation has such men. They are what make the establishment of good government possible and its continuance probable. Such a life overshadows and counteracts the evil effects of hundreds of dishonest men. He had faith in the people and faith in his country. The people never lose faith in such a man.

Before I went into the army in 1862 I talked with him about the Civil war, then raging, and the probable result. He deprecated the contest, but recognized the fact that there was no alternative but to fight it out. While he was a strong Democrat and had no sympathy with the Abolitionists, still he was an unqualified patriot. He had doubts as to the final outcome, but no patriot rejoiced more heartily than he at the final triumph of the Union cause.

It was impossible to come in contact with him and not be influenced by him. The reason why everybody loved him was because he loved everybody, and the keynote of his character in this regard is found in his diary, written on the night before he left Houlton, June 15, 1833. He had been out to bid farewell to his friends. The closing sentence of the entry is as follows: "Indeed I should envy no man his heart, who could

without some sensation of regret bid adieu to a cat or a dog whose presence had grown familiar to him—much less those friends who had bestowed upon him many of the thousand nameless pleasures of this life." In this spirit of kindness he lived, and it is not therefore surprising that at the age of 90 he could make the reply he did to Mr. S. S. Babcock of Detroit. I give the interview in Mr. Babcock's own language. He writes me: "During the last conversation I had with Gov. Felch, I said to him, 'Governor, you have rounded out a very busy life. Are you willing to say how it seems to you now that the purpling lights of the eastern skies are hid from your view by the hilltops of the years?' Without a moment's hesitation he replied: 'It looks very warm and pleasant toward the sunset.'"

His name is not found written upon the membership of any church on earth. He was a constant attendant upon the Presbyterian church, of which his wife was a member, until his hearing became impaired. As regularly as Sunday came he, with his entire family, was found in his accustomed pew. If a pure life, love of mankind, assistance of the poor, and strict observance of the highest type of citizenship count for anything, his name is written in eternal letters upon the record of the universal church of God. He believed in deeds, not professions. He was one of the Abou Ben Adhems of this world, whose lives are the surest passports to the Elysian fields of the blest. So aptly do the words of the poet fit the subject of this sketch that I conclude by quoting them:

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)!
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?'—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd: 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said: 'I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF CAPT. JOSEPH MARSAC.

BY HIS SON, O. A. MARSAC.

Capt. Joseph F. Marsac, one of the original pioneers of Michigan and the Saginaw Valley, died at the old homestead in Bay City, June 18, 1880, aged about 90 years. No man was better known in the Saginaw Valley or more universally respected by all classes for his amiable qualities as a gentleman of the old school.

Capt. Marsac was born five miles above Detroit, in the township of Hamtramck. His exact age cannot be ascertained, as the records have been lost.

At the battle of the Thames, in 1812, he commanded a company, and must have been at least 21 years old. In converstion with Mr. King, an old gentleman of West Bay City, in regard to Capt. Marsac's age, he said: "I was born in Detroit in 1800, and consequently I was a boy of 12 years when the army left Detroit to pursue Proctor, and I distinctly recollect seeing young Marsac at the head of his company, as at that time I knew him well."

These facts make it certain that at the time of his death Capt. Marsac was 90 or more years of age. He told me a short time before his death that he thought he was 92 years old.

His ancestors came from France. The original name was De Le Marsac, and his was originally one of the noble families of France. The army was pursuing Proctor up the Thames before the battle was fought; the commanding general wanted to send some dispatches to the garrison at Detroit. He called James Grosebeck, a man well acquainted with the Indian character, to be the bearer of the dispatches. The Indians being all around him, Grosebeck declined to go unless young Marsac would go with him. Finally Grosebeck and Marsac were dispatched. They had to skulk around and travel nights to avoid straggling parties of Indians. They finally reached Detroit and delivered their dispatches and started to return, when they met couriers bringing the news that the battle had been fought and won. "Then," said the captain, "I was mad, for I had lost a good fight." Although, no doubt, he had done a greater service for his country.

Soon after this, Capt. Marsac and his company were sent to Fort Gratiot to work upon the fort, and from there to Fort Malden, where he remained until the time of his enlistment expired, when he returned home to assist his father on the farm.

In 1816 he was employed by Kinzie Prichard and others to go to Chicago as interpreter and sell goods to the Indians. Chicago then consisted of five houses, including the trading post. He started on horseback on an Indian pony and took the Indian trail for Chicago. At the Indian village on the St. Joseph river, near where Niles now stands, he traded his pony with the Indians for corn, which he loaded in canoes, with which he proceeded down the St. Joseph river to its mouth, and then around the south shore of Lake Michigan to Chicago, where he remained in the employ of the fur company some time. After his time had expired he returned to Detroit on foot.

In 1819 he was called by Gen. Cass to go with him to Saginaw to make a treaty with the Chippewa Indians of Northern Michigan. He accompanied Gen. Cass to Saginaw on horseback, while a small schooner had been dispatched around the lakes with a company of soldiers to protect them at the treaty, for some of the Indians still preferred war to selling their lands. After the treaty Capt. Marsac returned to Detroit in the vessel that had brought out the troops.

Gen. Cass and Capt. Marsac were always the greatest of friends and to this the latter was indebted for the many offices of trust he held for many years under the government, which he always filled with the strictest integrity. During many years he was engaged in the custom house in Detroit and other public offices.

At the breaking out of the Black Hawk war he received a captain's commission from Gov. Porter, and raised a company of Indian fighters and started for the seat of war with his company on foot, as there was no other conveyance in those days. When they had nearly reached Chicago news came that Black Hawk had been captured, and a courier was dispatched by Gov. Porter, ordering Capt. Marsac with his company to return.

In 1836 or 1837 he was employed by the government as Indian interpreter, to assist in making a treaty with the Indians of the Saginaw river and its tributaries for the sale of their reservations to the United States government, which took place where the city of Flint now is.

In 1838 he emigrated to Lower Saginaw, now Bay City, where he was appointed by the government Indian farmer for the Saginaw river and its tributaries, which position he held for many years, until he was superseded by the late James Fraser.

No man in the Saginaw Valley was so well known as the late Capt. Marsac for his unbounded hospitality and fund of anecdote, and no man is so missed from the community in which he lived. He has left a record that his children may feel proud of: "An honest and noble man, respected by all who knew him."

EARLY SCHOOLS AND PIONEER LIFE.

BY J. M. NORTON.

Standing here in the capitol today my thoughts turn backward to the time of my childhood.

Here I received my first impressions of life, its duties and responsibilities. In the old log school house shadowed by the native forests, seated upon the rough bench and at the rustic desk, I studied my first lessons and received my preliminary common school education, which, I am sorry to say, was cut in advantage by the necessities of the times. I am to talk to you today about the past, its incidents and associations. This only requires the relating of my experiences and the drawing of lessons profitable for reflection. Our surroundings here are object lessons, showing what you, the builders, have accomplished, and in what the fathers did; they gave more than they received. They had tasted of a limited education and knew it was good, an available advantage to young men and women in meeting life's duties. They laid the foundation for a more liberal education for their children than they had themselves enjoyed. As founders of our own present educational system they did their work well, and laid firm the superstructure upon which has been erected a school system which is the admiration of the intelligent world. Standing in the presence of this audience I am reminded of declining years, of the setting of life's sun. Looking upon this scene by the effulgence of the past, we see reflected a day of meridian sunshine when the fathers and mothers before me bore the burdens and heat of the day. Looking back over the past, with its joys, privations, hardships, and sacrifices, our friendship deepens, our love expands, the bond of union and of faith grows stronger, and we are drawn closer to each other by the memories of the trials of pioneer days. It is pleasant to dwell upon Webster's definition of pioneer as "one who goes before." The old gray headed veterans are reminders of a struggle to subdue the forest and the preparation of the soil for the seeds of civilization. To have lived to the years of maturity is to be the custodian of the rich treasures of experience. I have outlived the allotted time of man—three score years and ten—and when I attempt a review of the changes wrought, and the improvements made in the last seventy years, I am almost bewildered, and feel a degree of incredulity. It has truly been a period of unparalled advancement along all the lines of life. We can all appropriate to ourselves a remark of Mr. Gladstone, that, if he had been presented the opportunity to select any

half century of recorded time in which to live and work, he would have chosen the last fifty years of his own life. Most of those whom I address are, or have been, farmers. We are now living in a period, in a business conflict, where intelligence is behind every enterprise and undertaking. The trials and duties incident to pioneer life were to them a discipline, and under it, with unshrinking devotion, they worked out a glorious victory. It is quite common to speak of pioneer days as times of extreme hardships and privations. In my experience of over three score and ten years, with seven years to spare, I recall my pioneer days as the happiest of my life. Coarse food and rough diet were the regime of those days, but every cabin was a tent of refuge and relief from want. There were no instances of heaped up wealth or pauper tramps. There existed social reciprocity, a general spirit of charity and free giving, which prevented the extreme poverty of more affluent times. The condition of oppression and want was but the occasional taxes in a general harvest of sweet anticipations, ever-existing pleasure and happiness. In the first decade in the last half century the social and commercial relations existing between the people of Oakland county and the adjoining counties were quite intimate. But the spirit of progress in the building of railroads has produced great social and business changes. I have sometimes felt that the railroad building had narrowed social limits to a local geographical extent not in accord with the best and most conservative moral and social welfare of the people. It is a fact that the people of Genesee and Oakland counties, with rapid transit, are farther apart now than when it took a full day to make the distance by stage between Pontiac and Flint. How many strong bonds of social union and fellowship have been formed by a day's ride in the old stage coach, and the four-corner salutations to friends, how dear they were. Of all the ties which bind today none are more cherished than those formed by the slow means of transit of pioneer life. In pioneer times the limits of a neighborhood covered many miles in extent. Now intimate social relation is limited to a block in the cities (unless you are of the four hundred) or to a rural four corners. The centralization of wealth has resulted in the erecting of a social discrimination and monied caste which, I fear, is morally and socially debilitating to community interest and the aggregate social and moral welfare of the people.

Were it not for these organizations and these gatherings the past would be divested of the oral scintillations which brighten and make effulgent with interest the pages of local history. Age lives in the past, and youth anticipates with glowing fervor the unrealized gifts and blessings of the future. The mission of these gatherings is for old age to link its experience to the golden chain of youthful aspirations and hopes, uniting past with present and immediate future. The result of social oral com-

munication between youth and age tends to strengthen the young to meet and contend successfully with life's realities and duties, domestic, social and political. The years of our lives are a series of steps, and it can be said of the early pioneers that they linked well the stairs to old age. They accomplished a great work, laid down strong and durable the foundation of our present civilization and national prosperity. Most all of the early builders have passed over the silent river, only the minority remaining. To the living remnant we can all afford to pay respect and homage. But what shall become of the rich fruits of their labor? Will the present and future generations preserve and protect the valuable inheritance bequeathed to them? Will they enlarge and make more fruitful the prolific landscape spread out before us in such rich and fertile glory, or will they allow it to grow moral and social thistles and thorns? My line of thought would lose its purpose if I failed to admonish the young of the responsibilities and burdens they must bear if they would preserve from blight and decay the inheritance left by the pioneer fathers and mothers. To succeed in this will require thought as well as work; a polished mind as well as calloused hands will be needed to meet successfully life issues. Only by a fixed moral purpose, a personal application, the principles of sobriety, industry and economy, will they be able to save from decimation the moral, social and material inheritance left them. At a banquet recently held in Chicago the speaker's table was adorned with two large floral pieces representing the church and school house. These emblems were an inspiration to the orators of the occasion. In the bare allusion to this incident we are reminded of the work performed by the pioneers of Michigan, as foundation builders of these two imperishable monuments of the peninsular commonwealth. To have a home in Michigan, and in Oakland county, is the enjoyment of a rich inheritance, a trinity of blessings, moral, social, and educational, that is the admiration of the world.

Mr. President, in conclusion I will say: In the early history of the country the American idea of educational moral training was made prominent through the agency of the New York civilization, whose early representatives made their influence felt in laying the foundation of our future civil and social institutions. This influence manifested itself in the establishment of the common school system simultaneous with the log and block cabins. From the log school house has sprung the recent graded system of education and the teaching of the higher branches. In all of the incorporated villages of the county there are schools which become alma maters to thousands of young men and women who are today disseminating as teachers the convincing influence of the fathers. This excellent educational condition has been reached through the natural agricultural resources of the country, utilized and made available by the

enterprise, industry and economy of the farming classes, who have been the motive power of the wheel of progress. I am glad to be with you today, to mingle my voice with others in adding interest to the meeting. Our lives have run parallel in the past, and my wish and hope is, whether our days be few or many, that they may be days of joy, comfort and material progress, as we go down the decline which grows steeper as we grow older. I hope we may all live to greet each other many times before we are called on to leave this earthly pilgrimage.

REMINISCENCES OF PORT HURON.

BY C. M. STOCKTON.

In seeking a suitable topic for a paper I am reminded of a remark of a late writer who tritely asserts that "the sensitive plate of the brain never loses any clear picture once received. This fact has been proven over and over again beyond the possibility of a doubt. The picture, the sensation, may be overlaid and hidden for long periods beneath heaps of useless lumber that the days and years accumulate in the mind's storehouse, but need, accident, or a similarity of circumstances will restore the forgotten possession, ofttimes with startling effect." For days I have vainly been seeking this "startling effect," this "accident or circumstance" that should call forth the desired reminiscence, that I might present a suitable picture of personal recollection, that should differ somewhat from other papers that have been presented at former gatherings.

A few memories of circumstances and locality, rather than of individuals, lazily respond to my call, that, so far as I am informed, have hitherto received little or no notice here.

On my first distinctly remembered trip along the bank of the river St. Clair, between the north end of Huron avenue and old Fort Gratiot, in the spring of 1852, when the winter covering of ice and snow had melted away, I became greatly interested in two partially buried and blackened tree trunks lying upon a ledge of solid blue clay, projecting some little distance over, and about two feet above the water. The locality in which these were found was about where now stands the larger Botsford elevator, or the dock front connected with it.

At this point, and sweeping from near where the north end of the Grand Trunk freight shed now stands to the sand point near the residence of S. D. Clark, was a long, deep curve in the river bank, greatly increased annually by the rapidly flowing current, largely aided in win-

ter and spring by the immense masses of sharp ice that were irresistibly forced against the underlying clay. An almost perpendicular wall of beautifully stratified sand and gravel has thus been made.

In this vicinity were found many buried trees in a state of good preservation. Farther down the curve and nearly opposite the residence of C. F. Harrington was uncovered in the clay a tangle of cedars varying from four to twelve inches in diameter, in excellent condition, the outer bark only being destroyed, having undoubtedly been buried for ages, for large pine trees grew over the mounds where they lay. While I pondered and wondered over these findings and probable causes I was informed this was the work of the busy little beaver whose home had been here for centuries and whose works had changed courses of streams and the contour of the water line.

In Woodland cemetery the remains of several such constructions are well preserved—several in close proximity, that indicate the home of a large colony, that are so unique that their restoration has been suggested as desirable means of adornment. Utilization in the construction of ornamental lakelets would be both easy and inexpensive. Very little familiarity with the history of this very intelligent animal and his work enables one at a glance to detect it, often in unexpected localities.

The contrast between the navigation of today with that of 1851 is well illustrated by the different means of ferriage then and now.

On the 22d day of December, 1857, I crossed the river from Sarnia, nearly half way on solid ice, and the remaining distance on a scow propelled by horses moving in a circle on the deck. I well remember progress was difficult and attended with some apprehension on account of extensive fields of sharp, floating ice that threatened to cut into and wreck our frail craft. Today the powerful, well armored and commodious Conger finds little obstruction or hazard, either from the fields of solid ice of the coldest winter, or the compact ledges piled and held together by the swift freezing current that at times block the entire channel. In 1857 Fort Gratiot turnpike, comprising Huron avenue to the north and Military street to the south, furnished the traveler the only land means of exit from the then village in the directions mentioned, while Water and River streets served the only like purpose to the west. Often all were next to impassable, even for teams without loads. The territory south of Pine and west of Seventh streets was then mostly covered with a dense growth of scrub pine—small trees of from six to twenty feet in height. Sixth street was impassable south of Union, being a swamp or bog, covered with fallen and decaying timber and brush, and from this swamp a small, yet at times considerable, stream flowed diagonally across Union from near the south alley, along where now stands the rear of the E. B. Harrington house. I found frequent occasion to cross here

at this, the narrowest point, on a plank, when required to visit the single house in that vicinity on the sand ridge, now occupied by P. Carson on the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets; or go down Military street to the south side of the Mitchell lot, and follow the sand ridge to my desired destination. Seventh street ended at the then town hall, the building now standing nearly on the same site, corner of Court and Seventh streets. Pine was then opened to Tenth street—the only one save Water—where, in the middle of the street west of Tenth, was then standing and facing down Pine, a long, low building that later was moved to the southwest corner of these streets and occupied by the Buckridge family. Lapeer avenue had been laid out as a part of the Michigan Northern railway line, but nothing had been done further than cutting and grubbing the right of way. North of Butler street, and east of Huron avenue, was an extensive pasture field, occupied here and there by perhaps a dozen scattered buildings, and at different points about as many small picket enclosures of from 50 to 100 square feet each, indicating the final resting place of some deceased resident. River street, to its junction with Suffern, and St. Clair, to its junction with the same, then the south line of the military Reservation, were the most populous streets in town. Several of the buildings along these are relics of that day, and indicate the aspiration—or lack of it—of the inhabitants of that day. A portion of Erie and the territory embracing Ontario street, and from midway between it and Erie to midway between it and Superior, and from just north of Park street up into the military reserve, was mostly covered with from one to four feet of water that in winter afforded a grand skating park.

The side walk of the then aspiring village consisted of a single plank in width, here and there supplemented with an added plank, extending from Military along Water street to the old Wells homestead, now modified and occpied by Ex-Sheriff Bernatz. Save here and there a short section in front of isolated business houses, this constituted the entire sidewalk luxury. Now miles of excellent broad plank, stone and the best of cement serve this purpose and proclaim healthful and abounding progress. Yet it has been well said, and is eminently worthy of consideration, that "success and prosperity are but the price of eternal vigilance and corresponding activity."

A BIT OF HISTORY OF OTSEGO COUNTY.

BY C. F. DAVIS.

Herein will be found a few pertinent facts and data about the early days and events of Otsego county, which, though meager, deserve a place in the history of events connected with this section. No thought has been given or attempt made to write the history of the settlement of the county as yet, but herein is given the authentic records of a few first important events.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE

to take place in Otsego county occurred April 18, 1875. The contracting parties were Miss Alindia W. Martin of Elmira township and Mr. Samuel H. Livingston of Livingston township. They were married in Gaylord by the Rev. John N. Wilson. The groom was born in Scotland and was 29 years of age, and the bride was a native of Michigan and 17 years of age.

FIRST BIRTH.

The first birth to be recorded in the county was that of Miss Vieva S. Parmater, daughter of Dr. N. L. and Violetta Parmater, who was born October 14, 1874, in Livingston township.

FIRST BURIAL

in Elmira township was that of Mrs. Hartwell, aged 80 years, mother of W. S. Hartwell, the pioneer merchant of Elmira, which took place August 30, 1879, in the East Elmira cemetery. The second burial occurred in January (11), 1881, when Mrs. Jacob Sauer was interred in the same cemetery, aged 76 years.

FIRST MILL

built in the county was erected at Berryville by J. G. Berry in 1879, and the

FIRST THRESHING MACHINE

brought into the county, in 1878, was owned by E. C. Bassett of Elmira township. The

FIRST MOWING MACHINE

was owned by T. C. Worden, C. F. Davis and H. H. Gilson in 1886, and the

FIRST SELF BINDER

used in the county was owned by A. Kelso of Elmira township in 1889.

THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

of Otsego county was organized in 1881 and its first fair was held in the open air on court house square in Gaylord in the autumn of that year. The first officers were: President, J. P. Demarest; Vice-President, C. C. Mitchell; Secretary, A. J. Taylor; Treasurer, Chas. L. Fuller. There were, all told, 118 entries and $48 paid out in premiums. It was a success and awakened a feeling of rivalry among the farmers which tended to make the fair much more of a success, larger number of exhibits and better attendance the following year. Twenty acres were purchased just outside the village limits of Gaylord, the county seat, and a fair has been held each succeeding year. Among those who have labored unceasingly to build up the society may be mentioned especially Jas. P. Demarest, who was president a number of years, and Henry Whitely, who held the office of secretary a number of years.

Today very nearly all the farmers in the county are interested in the fair, and 700 entries and over are made where 13 years ago 50 made quite a display. A track has been made upon their fair ground, a good board fence, band stand, floral hall, etc., have been erected. It is related that one winter soon after the floral hall was built an extra quantity of snow fell (about four feet on the level), and the roof of the hall being quite flat, there was great danger of it falling in. One merchant who thought the fair didn't amount to much and had better quit business, remarked that "The mossbacks were going to have some kindling wood to sell, and that he hoped the hall would tumble down." The gritty secretary took a shovel and waded out to the fair ground and shoveled snow till after dark in order to save the building. An appropriation of one-tenth of a mill was finally secured from the board of supervisors, which has brought in about $175.00 per year.

PIONEER HISTORY OF CHAMPION HILL.

BY MARY MARSHALL.

Champion Hill was first settled in 1862 by two or three enterprising young men, Mr. H. Hawkins, Mr. E. Wellman and Mr. Tiffany. The latter did not remain, however, and Mr. Hawkins only stayed a short time. Mr. Wellman was, therefore, the first permanent settler. After securing his homestead he proceeded to build his house, which was no easy task, as he was obliged to go to Frankfort for his lumber, have it towed up the river, then hauled with an ox team from Benzonia. His house completed, he proceeded to bach it in true pioneer style. The next year Mr. Isaac Maxfield and George Sinclair moved in with their families, and while waiting to build, abode with Mr. Wellman. The only road at that time was made by the first settlers south to the Traverse State road. The nearest neighbor lived three and a half miles away. Other settlers soon followed, so that the woods were soon resounding with the stroke of the axe and the sounds of busy life. Among the earliest settlers will be remembered old Mr. Maxfield who lived alone on what is now Avery Thomas' farm; shortly afterwards came his two sons-in-law, Mann and Sekins, who lived on what is now Nort Thomas' farm. Mrs. Marshall, who came to Benzonia the year before, secured her homestead in 1865, and the next spring moved on, her principal helper being her oldest son, Neil, a mere boy at the time.

Judd Sinclair moved in about this time with his mother and sister. A few years after Elizabeth St. Clair and the Kintner brothers came, also Charles Smith, who lived alone on his homestead. Mr. Kent Anderson and Tye came, also, with their families. Mr. Kent left shortly after, however. The first school was held in Isaac Maxfield's house, Miss Lucy Leigh, afterward Mrs. Barrett, teacher. Soon afterward a log school house was built where the present one is now located. The first teacher was Miss Anna Spencer, afterward Mrs. Thacker. The first church services, also Sunday school, were held in Mrs. Marshall's house. The first preacher was Rev. John Pettitt of Benzonia, whose earnestness and zeal won the love and good will of all. Our church and Sunday school were well attended in those days. The Champion Hillers were famous pedestrians; they thought no more of walking ten miles then than we do now less than half the distance; many preferred it even to riding after their oxen, pleasurable though it was.

For excitement there was now and then a spelling school, logging bee

or bear story; of the latter a well remembered one comes to mind. Two boys looking for cows some distance from home were startled suddenly by ominous growls in the underbrush near; they immediately started for a tree; Mr. Bear took up his station near. The boys did not know how many hours they were in that tree, but they made good the time by shouting for help. Finally Mr. St. Clair and Mr. Maxfield heard them over two miles away and came to the rescue with lanterns.

Champion Hill sent out some soldiers at the last call for more troops. Mr. Emory Wellman marched away in company with Messrs. Pason, Case, John Hubbell and Isaac Kirkland.

For a long time our settlement was unnamed; various names were suggested and rejected. Andersonville, in honor of our worthy neighbor, Mr. Anderson, was rejected because it was too suggestive of the war prison. Finally, as the place was put on the Methodist circuit, some decision must be made at once and Champion Hill was adopted, which seems very appropriate, as all will agree who have ever mounted the highest hills.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION AND HISTORY OF THE TOWNSHIP OF WELDON.

The township of Weldon contains 36 full sections of land and has no lakes large or small within its borders. There are two or three trout streams flowing across from east to west, the principal one of which rises in section one, in what is locally known as the big marsh, thence flows in a southwesterly direction across section eleven, part of ten and fifteen, where it is crossed by the Ann Arbor railroad, thence across sections sixteen, seventeen and nineteen, where it falls into the Betsey river at Davis mill and mill pond, which is known all over the county as a famous trout pond. The Betsey river enters the township at a point on section twenty-five, thence flows southerly across said section and part of section thirty-five and flows into Manistee county near the southeast corner of section thirty-five, making a big bend in the township of Springdale and coming back into the township of Weldon on section thirty-one, thence flowing in a general northerly direction through sections thirty-one, thirty, nineteen, eighteen and seven, where it leaves the township and enters the town of Benzonia. The land is principally a sandy loam, with stronger gravelly and clay loam on the higher lands. There is some of the highest land in the county within the borders of the township, especially lands on sections twenty-seven and thirty-four, where

are high rolling lands suitable for all kinds of fruit adapted to a northern climate, also on sections twelve and thirteen are high lands of good quality covered with a big growth of hardwoods locally known as the Joe Wright hills, from a settler of that name who located a homestead on section twelve. There is hardly a quarter section in the township but that is capable of raising good crops and supporting a family. Much of it was originally covered with a good growth of pine, hemlock, beech, maple, basswood and elm timber, much of which is still standing. The lands known to recent settlers as pine plains were originally a mixture of pine and hardwoods, but there is none of the hardwoods left and the pine stubs and roots being all that is left, lead to the idea that they were only pine lands.

The first settler to locate in the township of Weldon was Arthur T. Case, who came in 1863. He located the northeast quarter of section four. He was a prominent man in the county, serving as county clerk one or two terms, and afterwards became a member of the State legislature for the counties of Benzie and Leelanau. In 1864 Robert Metts and Abraham Roose, and William Roose came and located. Mr. Metts located on section nine, where he still lives, and owns two hundred and forty acres and is one of our leading farmers at the present time, being also about the last one of the original settlers left. Abraham Roose took a quarter section on section nine, the place now owned by Abraham Hobbs. William Roose located on section ten. Mr. Thomas Taylor also came at about the same time and located the northwest quarter of section ten, where his son and widow still live. William Hyatt located the southeast quarter of section three the same year and made a big clearing. He died in 1890 and none of the family reside on the old homestead at present. Dave De Voe came the next year and located on section two. Isaac Meads came a little later and settled on southeast quarter of ten, where he died in 1890. Mr. and Mrs. Fisk homesteaded the southeast quarter of section four at about the same time as the last mentioned settler. The township was organized in 1868. I find Shelby Hobart's name as the first township clerk; he located on the northwest quarter of section three about that time. Sometime during the seventies came George Dair and located a water privilege on section nineteen where the saw mill still stands, conducted by his son, Fred Dair. His widow still lives there, also H. G. Waite. Zimri S. Bush located on section twenty-one and the Tennants also, some of whom are still residents of the town. Russell C. Hill, our present supervisor, located on section eighteen, which has been his permanent residence since then. R. Edson, C. Snyder and J. B. Smeltzer came in the springs of 1881 and '82, and have been permanent residents of the township since then.

The Frankfort & N. E. Railway, now the Ann Arbor, was built through

the township during 1888-9 and the village of Thompsonville surveyed and located in 1890. Later the Chicago & West Michigan was built across the corner of Weldon township. While we would not like to go back to the old stage mail route with mail only three times a week, we still think the railroads have not brought us the prosperity we thought they would. We would have preferred to have had our timber manufactured here instead of being carried out of the county by railroads. The land is not settled as fast as the older residents think it ought to be, and it has depreciated in value since the advent of railroads. Years ago, when the land was assessed higher than at present, taxes were cheerfully paid by non-residents, but at present they are neglecting their taxes and the consequence is we have several tracts falling back to the State and becoming State tax lands which will eventually cause them to become a burden on the few settlers that are left. The lands ought to be made State homestead lands and give poor people a chance once more to locate and get homes; when, if left, they will grow up to a second growth of brush and worthless shrubs and become the home of wild beasts and deer again. Bear and deer have roamed the township for ages, and while they are scarce just at present, they will soon come back when the lumberman's axe and saw leave the woods to their original solitude. Game now is confined to a few woods—partridge and quail and jack rabbits. When I came to the township it was nothing uncommon to see from four to six deer go loping along; we could see them from the house and they came to my garden the first year for my green peas and cabbage. I have always had them in my fields up to the year 1892, since which time I have not seen a track nor found a runway. The last bear shot in this township to my knowledge was killed by Charles Nostrand in 1893, when he killed two of them, and the last deer killed was shot by Jacob Hyatt in 1891 or '92.

PIONEER HISTORY OF BLAINE TOWNSHIP.

The history of this township, as far as the personal observations of the writer extend, must commence with the 9th day of May, 1854, at which date he was put ashore from a small schooner at the outlet of lower Herring lake.

At that time the inhabitants of the township consisted of Mr. Harrison Averill and family, consisting of a wife and six children—three boys and three girls. Mr. Averill was engaged in the manufacture of pine lumber,

having a small saw mill located on the creek about sixty or seventy rods from the east shore of lower Herring lake.

There were also in the employ of Mr. Averill some twelve or fourteen men beside the writer, who was only a beardless youth in his eighteenth year. The labor connected with the business consisted of rafting the logs down the creek, sawing them into lumber which was again rafted and run across the little lake to its outlet into Lake Michigan. Then when the weather was favorable and a channel could be opened into Lake Michigan, a small schooner would come to anchor off-shore and the task of hauling the rafts out to the vessel by a line attached to her timber head would begin. When a raft arrived at the vessel it was made fast and the men would commence to shove the drifting lumber aboard. It was a long, tedious job, sometimes requiring twenty-five or thirty hours' hard labor without rest or sleep and with very little to eat, and wet to the skin the whole time. It was a labor from which your historian has reaped an abundant harvest in the later years of his life, but for which he received small compensation in those long past days.

The mill and appurtenances were owned by Loyed & Thommas of Chicago, who received all the lumber made except what was shipwrecked on the passage across the lake, or an occasional portion of a raft that failed to get aboard the vessel. Mr. Averill had been shipping pine lumber to them for two or three years previous to '54 and continued the business for about ten years.

The first marriage in the township occurred at the residence of Mr. Averill, I think, in the spring of 1857, the contracting parties being Miss Sarah Averill, his daughter, and Mr. Sutherland, a blacksmith, who had been in the employ of Mr. Averill for some months.

The first death which occurred in the township was the above mentioned Mrs. Sutherland, who died within a year of her marriage, leaving an infant only a few days old, which survived its mother but a few months. Mrs. Sutherland and babe were buried in a pleasant spot at the north end of Herring lake, about half a mile from the old mill site.

The first settlement for the purpose of clearing land for farming was made by Hiram Gage and wife on land now owned by Mr. A. Hollowood, but they soon gave it up and abandoned their claim and went to parts unknown. The next settler who made any attempt at agriculture was a man by the name of Alden Bryant, who came to Herring Creek about the year 1859 and settled down on land lying north of the present school house site in district No. 4. The family of Mr. Bryant consisted of his wife, one daughter and two sons. The daughter afterward became the wife of Levi Averill, youngest son of Harrison Averill. Mr. Bryant enlisted in 1864 and his family soon after moved away. About the same time, 1858, or soon after, came a family by the name of Pierce and another by the name of Dayly, who lived for a year or two on the east

side of Herring lake. They were for some time in the employ of Mr. Averill. Later they settled at Portage Lake.

The old mill dam has been swept away by high water, which lowered upper Herring lake about three feet or more, draining several hundred acres of land which had been overflowed by the damming of the creek.

About September, 1863, Mr. John Burdick came and took up his residence in the old house formerly occupied by the Averills, and lived there alone two or three years. He had obtained tax titles on the land and attempted to rebuild the dam and improve the property in the hope of selling it to some one at a profit, but a forest fire in the fall of 1867 swept over the place, licking up everything of a combustible nature, denuding the old site of all its former appurtenances. Mr. Burdick soon went away, I think, to Manistee. In the fall of 1863 Mr. John Hunt and family came and settled on the property still owned by him near lower Herring lake.

Mr. Frank Martin and Mr. John Babinaw were the first parties to build houses on homestead claims and Wm. Martin, son of Frank Martin, was the first child born to a homesteader in Blaine township.

BLAINE TOWNSHIP ORGANIZATIONS.

The territory which now comprises the township of Blaine was originally organized as a portion of Gilmore in 1867, the first election being held at the house of Rufus Putney, which resulted in the following board of officers:

Supervisor, John Hunt; Clerk, Geo. B. Farley; Treasurer, Jesse Bunker.

In 1876 the present township of Blaine was set off from Gilmore, an election being held June 28, at which John Hunt was again elected as Supervisor, H. P. Owens as Clerk, James M. Goodrich, Treasurer; Justices, Frank R. Axtell, Oliver Johnson, Jas. M. Goodrich; Supt. of Schools, Wm. McKinstrey; School Inspector, Orlo E. Putney; Com. of Highways, Wm. G. Vorhies; Constables, Wm. H. Stubbs, Peter Matherson, Orin Blood and Ira W. Mead.

The first school house was built by volunteer labor in the summer of 1866 on land now owned by Anderson Miles, in what is now District No. 1. It was a rough log structure with a roof and floor of rough pine lumber. A few coarse benches served as seats for the ragged urchins whose crude ideas were being trained to shoot by A. P. Bonman, who taught the first school, supported by volunteer subscriptions.

The first death which occurred in the family of any homesteader was that of Agnes May Hunt, second daughter of John and Thessa Hunt, who died September 8, 1865, and was buried on Mr. Hunt's homestead but a short distance from the log cabin in which the family lived.

INDUSTRIES.

Several industries have been carried on in this township aside from the general one of farming during its settlement and history. The first lumbering industry was that conducted by Harrison Averill. Some of the finest white pine lumber that ever was placed on the market of Chicago was shipped from Herring Creek during those early days; a large part of it was purloined from government land, the writer having assisted in the sawing and shipping of several hundred thousand feet of such lumber. The United States marshals of those days were not noted for being very keen of scent in detecting trespassers upon the public domain.

The next party to undertake a business of this kind was O. E. Putney, who, in the fall of 1884, erected a small mill on land leased from Willis Osgood, and commenced the manufacture of hard wood lumber, obtaining a large quantity of logs from the farmers in the vicinity, who would rather dispose of their timber at a small profit than burn it to clear their land. Mr. Putney continued the industry for about three years, making a very fine class of lumber which was mostly hauled overland by teams to Frankfort and there shipped to western markets. The cost of hauling the lumber was so great that the business did not prove to be a very great financial success.

Another business enterprise with the manufacture of lumber as a component part was established in the summer of 1892 at the south end of lower Herring lake, by Leo Y. Hale, formerly of Bear Lake, Manistee county, who built a saw mill, shingle mill, a store for general merchandise, a large boarding house and several fine dwelling houses. He also put out a large, well constructed pier into Lake Michigan for the purpose of shipping lumber, cord wood, tan bark, shingles and other commodities. He also constructed a railroad about five miles into the timber country for the hauling of logs for the mill and other material. Mr. Hale was a gentleman of large business ability, but he was caught by the financial stringency of 1893, 4, 5, and was forced to abandon his vast enterprise.

Quite extensive fishing establishments were erected. Among those to engage in that business was John Babinaw, one of the earliest homesteaders, who for several years operated a fishery about half a mile south of the lower lake, shipping many tons of whitefish, trout and herring to Chicago or Milwaukee, besides supplying settlers with an occasional fry from his nets. Mr. J. B. Dory also shares in the credit of the fishing industry. Mr. Dory was a fisherman of large experience, having been engaged in the business for several years, both at Point Betsey and Frankfort, before settling at Herring lake. Many a boat load of fish

from his nets found their way to western markets. He was one of the early pioneers of the town.

Agriculture and horticulture are at present the main industries of the township, it being one of the best in the county for fruit growing, several large and productive orchards of apples, peaches, plums and cherries being cultivated.

Among the names of the early settlers who took advantage of the homestead law of 1862 might be added Mr. Kellm, Benjamin Hopkins, Benjamin Farley, S. S., E. H. and S. H. Gilbert, Levi Smith, G. M. Vanloon, Cassius Judson, John Crawford, Geo. Forester, Wm. G. Vorhies and a few others, who, with those before mentioned, were truly pioneers of the township.

CHURCHES.

Ministers of the gospel did, from time to time, dispense the words of truth in the school houses and from an early date Sunday schools were sustained in nearly all the school houses in the township. Two churches have been built, the first a Methodist church, erected in 1880 or '81, with Rev. Charles Powers as its first pastor, a man of great earnestness and zeal. In 1890 the Disciple church was organized with nineteen charter members and was incorporated in 1892, and Geo. H. Wilson was chosen elder. In 1894 a letter was granted to twenty-five members to organize a church at Putney's Corners, and a suitable building will be erected the coming autumn.

TRIALS OF PIONEER BUSINESS MEN.

BY ENOS GOODRICH.

Great states do not grow into existence without help. The people who ride in palace cars throughout Michigan today, and look out upon fruitful fields made lovely by artistic cultivation, who thread the streets of our prosperous towns and cities, with their well organized business blocks, who contemplate the imposing domes of our institutions of learning and for humanity, see very little to remind them of the days, and months and years of patient, arduous and unremitting toil which constituted the life work of those who came here in the dawn of Michigan's existence to carve out homes for themselves and their posterity, and to make it one of the noblest of American states, which it now is. Of all that has been written and recorded in the collections of our Pioneer Society, the greatest part

never has been, and never will be recorded, except as it is indelibly engraved upon the memories of our early settlers.

The accompanying address but feebly shadows the trials of Michigan pioneer business men. To have a realizing sense of those trails was a lesson of hard experience which no one can ever duly appreciate except those whose fortune it was to be the actors. The address speaks for itself, and very little need be said by way of explanation. Of those early customers of ours, to whom the address was directed, probably ninety-nine out of every hundred have passed away. It would be a labor of love to record the noble manner in which very many of those customers responded to our earnest appeal, but a painful task to register the heroic efforts of those whose financial condition rendered it entirely beyond their powers to afford the needed relief. But to those, as well as to the others of the more fortunate class, our feelings of gratitude have gone forth through all the varied vicissitudes of intervening years. But I feel that though our success has not at all times been equal to our expectations, our efforts have not been lost to the world. Could people always see in advance the disappointments that were to meet them in their path, many of the most brilliant chapters in the world's history would never have been written. To a couple of young men destitute of means the erection of a grist and flouring mill was a formidable undertaking, but, formidable as it was, and beset with all its difficulties and impediments, it was successfully accomplished, and that frame of massive oaken timbers, after fifty-three years of service, stands today one of the strongest specimens of wooden frame work in the State of Michigan. It has manufactured the product of many thousand acres of land, and its earnings have been hundreds of thousands of dollars; and still, as the waters of that beautiful mill stream which perpetuated the name of Major Kearsley flow onward and oceanward, the sound of its grinding goes forth from day to day, and year to year. Once, in the autumn of 1848, if I am not mistaken, we sent out a procession of fifty wagons loaded with flour, to Detroit, and all came back in procession, bearing loads of merchandise from the eastern cities of Albany, New York and Boston. I feel that it is proper I should here record the names of the men who were the chief architects in the building of the Goodrich flouring mill. Shepard Wheeler was boss carpenter and Edward Fortune was foreman millwright. Other workmen were, James Proctor, John Mathews, Barney Hammel, William Britton, John Britton, John Burden, Noah Hull and John French; all these have passed from the scenes of their earthly labors. The last to succumb was the faithful and ingenious Scotchman, who died in Bay City, and was buried there on the 19th of August last.

But we, the brothers, who built the Goodrich flouring mill, are for some inscrutable purpose still permitted to exist. White-headed and bent with years—the companions of our youth and manhood departed, we are

strangers in the land of our adoption. We read upon tombstones the names of the friends and kindred of our earlier and better days. The State, which we found in its territorial swaddling clothes, and whose legal code we both have been repeatedly called upon to assist in framing has grown among the states of our Nation, and stands in no further need of our services. These once strong arms of ours are now paralyzed with age. Wild beasts which were our daily companions sixty years ago have become extinct or fled to parts unknown. Ossian tells us that "The memory of joys past is pleasant, but mournful to the soul." Pleasure and sadness will mingle in the few days yet allotted to us on earth. I will only add, that after all life's vicissitudes, now that my 84th year is almost complete, I have no quarrel with the world.

ADDRESS OF E. AND R. GOODRICH—TO THEIR CUSTOMERS.

Customers and Friends:

The harvest season has once more returned; and in compliance with our established custom, we now again address you on the subject of the business relations existing between us; but never before has it fallen to our lot to address you under circumstances like those with which we are now surrounded. Hitherto we have addressed you under circumstances of apparent prosperity and good fortune. Now we address you under circumstances of adversity and the deepest pecuniary embarrassment. This is, perhaps, the last business address you will ever receive from us. It is even certain, that unless customers respond to this call with more general punctuality, and come up to our assistance with more determined energy than ever before, this is the last appeal to them we shall ever make. Customers, one and all, bear this in mind, that without your determined assistance, our business prospects are blasted forever, and it is even doubtful whether, one year from this time, we shall have a house to shelter our head, after all the bodily toil and intense mental anxiety of the past sixteen years spent among you on the soil of this our adopted State.

Though it may be fruitless, at this time, to allude to the causes which have been conducive of this result, it may not be improper here to give the subject a passing notice. This will be best accomplished by a brief review of our past business history. It is well known that we were among the early pioneers of this section of country; and we believe many of you who were our fellow-laborers in these western wilds, who stood by us, side by side, in the great field of labor, and combined your efforts with ours in "converting the wilderness to a fruitful field," will bear testimony that we shrank not from the toils and hardships of the task.

We took up our residence in the wilds of Atlas—then Lapeer, but now Genesee county, in the month of May, 1836, then in the prime of youth, in full vigor of health, and from earliest childhood inured to bodily labor. It was a hard struggle that enabled the hardy pioneers to baffle and sur-

mount the difficulties and impediments of the first few years' residence. Never did we see a community of people devote themselves to the accomplishment of an object with such united effort and with such indomitable perseverance. *"Labor omnia vincit"* is a truthful motto; and the early settlement of Atlas afforded ample illustration of the fact. The Indian wigwam gave place to the settler's cottage. The blue smoke rose curling upward through the extended arm of the lofty forest oak, from many a human habitation scattered here and there, and gave omen of the coming footsteps of civilization. The woodman's axe glittered in the beams of the morning sun, and the forest fell beneath its oft repeated stroke. The shout of the ploughman was heard afar over the plains, as he urged forward his sturdy "breaking-up team," while fair flowrets, wild weeds and hazel bushes sank indiscriminately into the earth before his resistless plowshare. Anon, brown harvest fields were waving in the summer wind, and the green blades and gray tassels of the dense dark cornfield rustled in the exhilarating and welcome breezes of early autumn. The howl of the wolf, a sound which to our early pioneers had grown "as familiar as household words," gave place to the tinkling of cow-bells, and the bleating of flocks and herds; and our early settlers beheld with honest pride their cattle roaming on a "thousand hills."

But what was the pecuniary condition of the country at that time? A few words will explain. The scanty pittance of money which the settlers had reserved to themselves after purchasing their lands, had long since been exhausted in the purchase of provisions at exorbitant prices—in the erection of buildings—in the payment of doctor's bills, or the discharge of other necessary and indispensable demands. The clothing they brought with them had been worn out—and what was to be done? Money did not exist among us, and yet buy we must. Parents beheld with mortification their rising families of children, growing up in the world, ragged and destitute of education. Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters must be clad. Roads must be established and improved. School houses must be erected, and children *must* be educated—and how was all this to be accomplished?

Our settlement now began to afford a surplus of agricultural products; but one extreme following after another had now brought the prices to so low a standard that most articles of produce would scarcely pay the expense of transportation to market. Fondly had the settlers looked forward to the period when a surplus of produce was to relieve them from their embarrassments—but they now felt that this fond hope was to be blasted. Many a stout heart now faltered that had borne up under all the burdens of the early settlement with unwavering firmness—and many a strong hand was prone to relax its hold from the axe and plough in utter hopelessness and despair. A feeling of gloom and despondency pervaded

our entire realm, which none can appreciate, except those who have participated in like scenes.

Such was the scene before us and around us, and such the scene of which we ourselves constituted a part. Could anything be done to alleviate our condition, and the condition of those around us? We pondered long and earnestly upon this subject. It was the subject of our confidential conversation and our solitary thoughts. After much hesitation we at last *resolved*. Our great enterprise was the erection of a flouring mill on the Kearsley creek, whereby the surplus grain of our region might be placed in a more marketable condition, and a cash market for produce established among us. Our means were very limited. We felt that it was a great undertaking—but it seemed the only hope of ameliorating the condition of the place; and we were *resolved*—firmly resolved to do all that human effort could do for the accomplishment of the desired object. Our bodily and mental energies were devoted to the task without hesitation or reserve. The work was accomplished, and the mill placed in operation in the month of February, 1845, about ten months from the period of its commencement, at a cost of about eight thousand five hundred dollars.

On the seventeenth day of May of the same year we formed our co-partnership in the mercantile business, which previously had been conducted on a limited scale by the junior partner of the concern. We were now fairly yoked and harnessed together and a long pull and a strong pull has ensued. Our customers *must* have credit. Their interests, their *necessities* demanded it, and it was not in our nature to refuse. Their enlarging improvements and increasing products gave most flattering promise for the future. Our books were opened, and we soon found a large amount outstanding in note and account, much larger than we had originally anticipated or designed—yet with very few exceptions the parties were of unquestionable responsibility. A series of failures of the wheat crop, occasioned by the Hessian fly, the frost and the rust, curtailed our collections and embarrassed our business operations. The failure of our eastern produce and commission house involved us in a considerable loss. Disappointed in the amounts received from our customers, each succeeding year has found us with an increased amount outstanding on our books, until our embarrassments became extreme, and to cap the climax of misfortune our mill dam was swept away by the destructive flood of last spring, involving an expense of about one thousand dollars in repairs, besides losing the use of the mill at a time when of all others we most stood in need of its services. The result is known to the world. Need we comment upon the consequences? Our personal property is assigned for the benefit of our creditors, while our real estate is under execution, and liable to sale under the marshal's hammer in a very few weeks' time.

Customers and friends—pause here a moment, and contemplate our

present condition. Here we are among you, on the banks of the Kearsley, after sixteen years of hard toil—having endured many privations and hardships, and performed an amount of bodily and mental labor which we can never perform again; having erected and put in operation a grist and flouring mill, saw-mill, ashery, cooper shop, tin shop, plaster mill and tannery, besides a considerable number of dwelling houses; having erected a store, and sold, probably, two hundred thousand dollars worth of merchandise; having ground, probably, half a million bushels of grain and manufactured, probably, one hundred thousand bushels of ashes into potash; having manufactured unwards of five million feet of lumber, and sacked (we believe) the first sack of wool ever put up for market in Genesee county; having established the first slaughter yard, and packed the first beef ever packed for market in northern Michigan; having drove team, held plough, split rails, tended saw mill by night and day, rolled logs, dug in the earth, toiled at the wheelbarrow, and labored in water, frost and snow, posted books, and wrote letters till midnight, and then packed flour till daylight.

Such is the life we have led. Some of you have actually slept under the same roof with us, when the famished wolves would pilfer fresh meat which hung upon the very corner of the rude log cottage in which we dwelt. But a change has come over the place—you have lived to witness that change, and your efforts have helped to produce it. Around us has arisen a thriving, flourishing, bustling village; and while its white spire glitters in the beams of the morning sun, the sounds of its mills and machinery, and the clang of hammers from its workshops, are borne afar on the passing breeze. As far as the village is known it is noted for the neatness of its buildings, its bustling and business-like appearance, and the industry of its inhabitants. Such is the village of Goodrich, as it now is; but after all this turmoil, here we are. Our property under execution, and liable in a few weeks to be sacrificed under the hammer. And why? For the simple reason that we have not collected our demands against our customers with that rigor that most others would have done.

Gentlemen, this is literally so, and your sense of justice will bear witness to this fact. And now, in conclusion, we must say to you, one and all—come up to our relief—come at once or it will be too late. If you wait, as too many have waited, for that convenient future time when your seeding is done—your hurry is over—when the price of grain exactly suits you, and when your other debts are all paid, you will then be too late. If you feel that duty and justice demand that we should be sustained in the enterprise we have undertaken we expect you now to make it manifest by a prompt payment of our demands at once, and without delay. Should you do this, and save us from ruin, your deeds will be held in grateful remembrance, and we shall then, probably, pass the remainder of our days in this our adopted state. On the contrary, should you withhold your

timely aid, and bankruptcy and ruin will prove the inevitable result, what will then be left to induce us to remain among you? To look around us, upon the fruits of our toil, and to feel and know that everything was irretrievably lost, would be a painful task. To leave the spot endeared to us by so many fond associations—the community endeared by so many attachments and remembrances—to leave our kindred, particularly our parents, whose age and condition forbid that they should accompany us to another new country—and above all the rest, to leave the graveyard where repose the relics of many near and dear friends, and especially of that beloved and lamented brother, for whose loss we still wear the garb of mourning, would be a painful task indeed.

Friends, our destiny is under your control, and we hope and trust this last appeal may not be in vain.

To those of you who throughout a long series of business associations have been ever punctual to your engagements (for such there are, who, from the beginning have stood by us like friends and brothers), to you now, once for all, we now publicly tender our grateful acknowledgments.

To those who have been less punctual—whatever may have been the causes or excuses for your delinquency—we now earnestly say to you that we wish you to come forward to our help, and by your prompt and timely relief in this period of emergency, redeem your reputation, and the broad mantle of charity shall be spread over all that is past and gone.

ENOS GOODRICH.
REUBEN GOODRICH.

Goodrich, Michigan, August 3, 1852.

HISTORY OF THE EXTINCT VILLAGE OF BERTRAND.

[Detroit Journal, Dec. 28, 1896.]

Where once the thriving city of Bertrand stood, which Father La Salle founded on the banks of the historic St. Joseph river 217 years ago this month, now stand a few old landmarks which for years have been crumbling away, with no prosperous hand to replace them, until now the old town is but a memory. Yet once it was very much awake, says the Benton Harbor, Mich., correspondent of the Chicago Chronicle.

If you start bent on finding Bertrand do not fail to provide yourself with a guide, one who has been there, not once nor twice, but many times, else you, too, may wander back dejected, your quest in vain. But if you take the right road and turn at the right corners and travel a few miles

you will find all that remains of it. A tumbling church, guarded on all sides by many graves, an ancient hostelry, the wing of an old convent, the tottering houses, that is all the Philistine sees.

Bertrand is, to be honest, a mere baby of a town, even compared with some in other localities which never think of setting up as antiquities. But this is a rapid age. One almost thinks of the middle ages when he dwells upon Joseph Bertrand establishing his trading post near or on what has been named by other Frenchmen the Parc aux Vaches, which signified cow park or pastures. The cows were not, however, the gentle animals with which civilization is familiar, but buffalo that found plentiful herbage in the meadow inclosed by a peculiar square bend in St. Joseph's river.

There is one particular regarding the history of this locality with which nearly all are familiar. Concerning the date of Mr. Bertrand's appearance upon the stage of Parc aux Vaches there is much difference of opinion. One authority maintains that near the close of the Revolutionary war William Burnett, of New Jersey, set up a trading post at the mouth of St. Joseph's river, and that at "about this time his agent, Joseph Bertrand, established one some fifty miles up stream." Some persons, however, are positive and always maintain that it was in 1812 that Bertrand came.

But, however that may be, he was unquestionably associated with his chief, William Burnett, whose headquarters were at the river's mouth. A history of Berrien county with unblushing effrontery says that an apple orchard still exists about a mile and a half above the town of St. Joseph which was set out by this energetic trader. This is one of those fables continually reiterated because uncontradicted. The whole story about a fort at the mouth of the river seems to be founded on the fact that a fort of some importance was built and flourished for the better part of a century one mile this side of Bertrand. There is a strange confusion regarding Fort St. Joseph. It was not at the mouth of the river of the same name, and the celebrated massacre of the post by the Pottawatomies occurred not at the mouth of the river, for there was no post there to massacre, but the one, only and original combined mission and stockade of Fort St. Joseph at Bertrand.

Burnett's books show that he traded everything to the Indians which savage taste could covet, and received from them in turn the commodities of which they had a surfeit. These records cover the period from 1792 to 1802. Bertrand pursued a similar course, and with true French thrift acquired real estate as well. His first coup d'etat was, however, to take a Pottawatomie woman for wife. The French have, unlike the English, ever met the North American Indian upon a modified social equality, and certainly, speaking from the diplomatic point of view, the propriety and wisdom of the trader's choice cannot in this case be questioned. She

became the mother of several sons and two daughters, Theresa and Julia, who followed in her excellent footsteps. There is in the Bertrand lot in the cemetery a tombstone on which is recorded the fact that Ellen, wife of Joseph Bertrand, lies below. Her name, however, was Madeline. To Madeline Bertrand was deeded a section of land at the Parc aux Vaches and other reservations on the north bank. There are also deeds in existence conveying property to Joseph Bertrand, Jr., and to Benjamin, Laurent, Theresa, and Amable, half-breed children.

The enterprising and cheerful father of Benjamin and Laurent and the other young landed proprietors seems to have maintained some state in the primitive community. Tradition tells of his smart dwelling and of the finery of broadcloth and beads and feathers worn by his wife, and old residents relate that on a memorable occasion while they were yet little children they mounted a carpenter's horse and gazed with awe and amazement into the window of the church, where the Bertrand girls and their mother sat, tricked out in gay array.

The river was not always a law-abiding and conservative stream, for Mr. Higbee declares, on the word of Joseph Bertrand himself, that the original house of the old trader stood in what is now the channel. This house was made of logs brought from the old mission church at Fort St. Joseph, a short distance below. This church was the only building to escape injury at the time of the destruction of the fort by Spaniards in 1783. Bertrand afterwards lived at the foot of Main street, the busiest spot in town. A large tavern for the needs of the steamboating public also adorned the bank and seems to have been a creditable and somewhat renowned hostelry, although innocent of electric bells or elevators. When the town went into decay an attempt was made to move the tavern to Berrien Springs. It started down stream in sections and the major part arrived in safety, but the doors and windows met with disaster, and somewhere beneath the waves fishes and mermaids may be using them for playhouses unto this day. What was safely floated down was converted into what is known as the Hotel Oronoko. Though it has been rebuilt, yet portions of the old hostelry still remain.

According to the terms of the treaty supplementary to the Chicago treaty of 1833, the Michigan Pottawatomies exchanged their lands in the Lower Peninsula for broad Kansas acres and left for their new home. And then began Bertrand's boom. The Bertrand association was organized and a town lot was given to every settler who agreed to improve it. Nine hundred acres of land were laid out, with wide streets intersecting each other at regular intervals. In 1836 corner lots in desirable localities brought the tremendous price of $200. Shoppers from miles around came on horseback to buy their supplies at the well stocked shops of the smart French town. People came up the river and down the river for the same

purpose. Business blocks arose on every hand. There were more of what Americans call "stores" than there are in Benton Harbor today.

The belles of the vicinity had no lack of finery wherewith to convey dismay to each other's hearts and capture those of the sturdy young settlers with whom they danced the Virginia Reel or Money Musk, for there were seven or eight stores in Bertrand where dry goods were the principal staple.

Bertrand was the Mecca of many on pleasure bent and the tavern, which is today the chief building in sight, was the scene of much revelry. But amid all the bustle attendant upon the formation and management of a growing town the needs of the soul were not forgotten, and almost coincident with the first symptoms of prosperity a log church arose in the forest, dedicated to the good Saint Joseph, whose name has ever, within the memory of white men, had so large a share in the nomenclature of the region.

In 1832 Father Louis De Seille left Belgium and a high civilization, to become a missionary in the New World. He was young, gifted and handsome, and endowed with the lofty enthusiasm which made the young priest a conspicuous figure in the development of New France. Indiana, Michigan and Illinois comprised his spiritual domain, and the five Pottawatomie villages near the Parc aux Vaches were the subject of his especial care, and after the death of Father De Seille the people of Bertrand were under the spiritual charge of Father Badin, the famous missionary, concerning whom a volume might be written, until the arrival of Father Sorin and his band of consecrated associates in the year 1842.

In 1836 the brick church, now quietly dropping to pieces amid the graves, succeeded the humble log building. Its erection was largely a labor of love. From the clay banks near came the material for the outside walls. The woodwork was hewn and wrought after the solid and enduring fashion of the period. The bell tower was the foundation upon which a spire surmounted by a cross was some day to rest. But alas! the downfall of Bertrand began too soon. There was never a spire except in imagination. There was a bell, however, the gift of Father Sorin, which now reposes safe from rust and vandalism, in the museum of Notre Dame. In due time the interior received gifts for its adorning. Mrs. General Sherman furnished the altar candlesticks and other various articles essential in the church offices. The inscriptions upon the stations of the cross were in the French language, placed upon the walls when that was the vernacular of the region. The community was poor and frugality the rule. It is said that Father Sorin and Father Cointet had but one hat between them and so never walked out together.

All that survives of St. Mary's convent and academy is one yellow brick wing, now a dwelling. The larger wooden buildings long ago crossed the

Indiana line, and after serving as temporary quarters at the New St. Mary's yielded to the "tooth of time and refuse of oblivion." The last of the original buildings disappeared a few weeks ago, the old Bertrand sisters having a final picnic within its walls, before its demolition. But at Bertrand itself progress demands no sacrifices and the yellow wing still stands. From it buildings extended to the picturesque ravine, and directly at the edge of that delightful little canyon was the chapel, while nearer the river's edge the springhouse perched.

There is one old settler at what remains of Bertrand which, although mute as mortals understand the word, speaks with eloquent tongue. This is no less and no more than a widespreading willow tree, which survives, hale and hearty, the best monument of its human brothers and sisters. The tree wears scars made by the hatchet of a hostile Indian, and its bark has arrested many a bullet. Its boughs are so widespread and its trunk so tremendous that he who beholds it for the first time is, if he has a soul above the sordid things of earth, stricken with solemn awe. A rope thirteen feet long would fail to circle its trunk, and the area which its branches shade has yet to be measured. Persons still live who remember when young Sister Angela planted the little twig in that mellow soil. Many years fled and then there was the alarming of a great rebellion, and the hands which had planted and watered the infant tree bound up shattered limbs and bathed fevered brows in the sunny land where grim battle stalked.

Mother Angela died, but the old tree still lingers. Sometimes the lightning plays about it and shatters limbs that it, having so many, does not miss. Sometimes the friends of the one who planted it come and sit beneath its shade and speak of her. Some day the tree will go the way of all the earth, but not until its mission is fulfilled. And those who are trying to keep from the iconoclast some remnants of the past will leave the task to others and follow the old tree, under which so many happenings have taken place. Settlements with the Indians have occurred there, weddings solemnized 'neath its boughs, and it was under its shade that one summer day the funeral of Sister Angela, who planted the tree, was held. It was not a funeral as we are accustomed to seeing, but one plain and somewhat odd, in accordance with her wishes.

It remains only to speak of the causes of the decay of the town of Bertrand. First there was the greed of the real estate men, who, elated with the prospects of the town, proceeded to hold an auction of all vacant lots and to bid them in. The next step was to advance their price 400 per cent. They overreached themselves, for purchasers lost their enthusiasm and went elsewhere. The perfidy of two men, by name Dodge and Gray, completed the wreck of the village. For reasons best known to themselves they represented to the powers that were that the

most direct mail route would pass through a little town some three and a half miles above Bertrand. Ignorance or indifference consented to the change, the mail was carried around Bertrand, seven miles were traveled in order to accomplish three and Bertrand's death warrant was sealed.

Those with a taste for the finding of hidden treasures may be interested in the belief of those qualified to know that a good half bushel of silver coins are buried near the site of the old Bertrand house. The old trader had been the victim of a smart American, who, through questionable means, acquired the lands of the simple Frenchman, but a large amount of money escaped seizure. This Mr. Bertrand buried and then he immediately proceeded to forget the place of interment.

THE MORAVIANS IN MICHIGAN.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SETTLEMENT OF THE OLD MORAVIAN COMMUNITY, YCLEPT "NEW GNAUDENHUTTEN."

[Paper read by Mrs. Bush of Mt. Clemens before the L. L. C. in 1895.]

The history of the Moravians begins in 1457, long years before Luther's reformation. Toward the close of the 15th century there were over 200 churches in Moravia and Bohemia, where a Moravian Bible was published and studied. Passing over three centuries of the history of this religious society, we learn of its revival, in 1749, under the auspices of the British Parliament, and its followers were scattered in the British colonies and North America. They came and established their missions along the frontier, the most important of which was in Tuscarawas county, Ohio, at Muskingum. Here 100 missionaries and disciples were killed in 1781 by the British, the reason given being the sympathy which they exhibited toward the new republic.

The survivors of the massacre were brought before Col. DePeyster, at Detroit, charged with acting in concert with the United States troops at Pittsburg. Early in July several of the Indians who had been connected with the mission arrived in Detroit, and with them came Richard Conner and family. There is a romance connected with his life which is of peculiar interest. A few years before, in trading with the Indians, he learned that they had a white girl in their tribe as prisoner. He immediately opened negotiations for her purchase, and finally succeeded in acquiring title. He paid in trade what was then considered as $200. Miss Myers, who was thus redeemed from captivity, was taken by the Indians during one of their raids upon one of the defenseless frontiers

of the colony. When taken she was about four years old. Her father, when he discovered the Indians, secreted the children and fled. He swam the Monongahela river (Maryland), and as he ascended the opposite bank was shot dead. The Indians, in searching for plunder, discovered the children, and captured them, two being subsequently re-captured and the third was kept and brought up by them as a slave, until she was bought from her captors by her future husband. They remained in Ohio until some time during the Revolutionary war, when they were taken prisoners by the Chippewas. The family consisted of four children, John William, James, and Henry. They were stripped of all property, not being allowed to retain even a kettle, which Mrs. Conner prayed her captors to assign to them. They were compelled to travel on foot, and on this weary march Mr. Conner first bore one, then another of his sons in his arms, and the mother bore one continually on her back, in the manner in which the tribe by which she had so long been kept, carried their burdens. It was a long and weary tramp, and after arriving at the camp the boys were separated and scattered among the various tribes. Thus it was that in after years each spoke a different dialect of the Indian language. Later we find the family again reunited, and the youngest child, Susanna, afterwards the wife of Elisha Harrington, was baptized by the Moravian missionary, Huckenweller.

Having obtained permission from the Chippewas, DePeyster advised the Moravians to settle on the Huron river, and bring their Indians with them. He furnished them with a vessel and provisions, two milch cows, and many other necessary things. On the 20th of July other missionaries with their families set out with 19 Indians from Detroit, and arrived at their new home on the Huron the next evening.

They named the place "New Gnaudenhutten," in remembrance of their old home on the Muskingum.

Still more of their converts came and a flourishing settlement was in prospect, the commandant at Detroit making arrangements with the Indians that this settlement should continue until peace was restored between Great Britain and the United States.

New Gnaudenhutten was the center of population in the county. It comprised 30 one-story log houses, 15 on each side of a lane, which the day dreams of the patriarch Huckenweller pointed out would be the main street of a large and prosperous town. In the center of these rows stood the Moravian temple, differing but little in appearance from the dwelling of the worshipers. The habits of the people, and even of their Indian converts, were as peculiar as their manners—quiet and unassuming. Their customs were even stranger than their habits. Scattered along the Huron for a distance of 12 miles were 30 settlers. They were exceedingly poor, and were considered as unfortunate in their location. They were

even ignorant of the number of acres of land which they possessed, and achieved a scanty subsistence by hunting and fishing.

The Moravian mission was located on land belonging to the Indians, near Mr. Henry Harrington's residence, and Mr. Conner's on what is called the Campbell farm, across the river.

Trouble began to arise. The Indians were jealous of the Moravians, hating them because they had abandoned the war path and the nomadic life of their forefathers, and on the 20th of April, 1786, the whole was abandoned with the intention of returning to Ohio. Sorrow came to the persecuted people; 14 of their number died and their graves were made between what is now the Harrington and Stephens farms. But the remaining ones scattered, some returning to Muskingum and others to Canada. Mr. Conner, however, being advanced in years, chose to remain at his home, and it was the means of calling many settlers around him.

So the old Moravian village passed away. It is now as if it never had been. One relic alone remains—a piece of timber which formed a part of one of those buildings. In 1836 Horace Stephens, of Detroit, bought a number of acres of land and laid it out in village lots. The plat is among the dusty records of the court house. He named the new town Frederick, in honor of a brother by that name. The Huron was to be called the Clinton. Upon the banks of this river the first tree-planting was done in Macomb county, more than 125 years ago. This orchard was planted by the Moravians, some of the trees of which are still standing, showing marks of great age, and are of large size. The fruit is peculiar and unlike any of today. Noahdiah Sackett built the first grist mill and cooper shop; a pump factory was built by the firm of Campbell & Sackett, and an extensive business was done, 1,200 being manufactured in a year, and were sold in several states. After the financial crash of 1836, Mr. Stephens sold to the state, and it was known as the "State Mills."

In 1843 the property was again bought by Mr. Kibbe, who afterwards sold to Thompson & Hart, of Buffalo, N. Y., when business again revived. Frederick was one of the finest wheat markets in the State for 15 or 20 years. It was a common occurrence to see 15 or 20 loads of grain delivered at one time. Wheat was brought from Lapeer, Canada, and the surrounding country, and more money was in circulation in Frederick than in Mt. Clemens.

In 1844 a fine hotel was built, and the proprietors were Campbell & Sackett. It did a good business and was well patronized. The canal was built the following year, called the Kalamazoo and Clinton canal, connecting the two rivers. There was a general jollification when ground was broken, several being present from Mt. Clemens, Dr. Hall, Harry Dodge, and others. It is related that an old Indian became so intoxicated that he lay down by a fire and one foot was so terribly burned, about half of it to a crisp, that amputation was necessary. The surgical

operation was performed by Drs. Taylor and Tillotson. The annesthetic used was whisky, the instruments, a carving knife and a common saw. The saw was used first on the upper side of the limb, and the handle being in the way it was used from the under side. When finished the bone was so irregular that it must needs be repeated, and the operation lasted two hours.

Frederick could boast of good society. The home of Mr. Harrington with several daughters was a delightful place to visit and a great attraction for the young gentlemen of Mt. Clemens.

A young man visiting from the east, stopping at the hotel, met a beautiful girl; love, courtship, and marriage followed, and Miss Sackett became Mrs. Wm. Campbell. The wedding was one of the notable events of the time. The elite of Mt. Clemens were present, and the guests numbered 100, among them T. W. Snook, Giles Hubbard, Dr. Hall, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Weltz. The officiating clergyman was Mr. Wells of Mt. Clemens. Miss Ella Hough, now Mrs. Jenny, and Mr. Thos. Sackett, brother of the bride, acted as bridesmaid and groom.

For many years Frederick was their home. Later they came to Mt. Clemens. I cannot pass without a tribute to the memory of Mrs. Campbell, who was a member of the L. L. C. Her travels abroad, her trip to Alaska, bringing home pictures and specimens of interest to entertain the club, are fresh in the minds of many here tonight. Her life was a high ideal of what constitutes true womanhood. She aspired to life's best gifts. So may we, that when life's setting sun casts its shadows about us, and we cast our sandals off and go down to the river of death, it may be with feet that have been swift to do errands of love, from a life of usefulness, of nobility, and truth.

Today the glory of Frederick has departed. Only a few landmarks remain to tell us of the past, but fresh in the minds of many are pleasant and happy recollections which will be cherished with sweet and lasting memories.

Note.—In 1829 or '30 four brothers, Noahdiah, Lemuel, Ralph and Daniel Sackett, came from New York, but earlier from Connecticut, into Macomb county, and took up large tracts of land extending from Frederick north on the Utica road for several miles. There they settled and made their permanent homes, which their children and children's children still enjoy. Lemuel was postmaster at Mt. Clemens under Lincoln, and continued in office many years. His daughter, Mrs. Frances Campbell, still lives in the old home, and his son, Lemuel, Jr., resides near by, and is known far and near as a surveyor of great repute. Ralph became a prominent business man of Mt. Clemens, whose son Thomas was for years probate judge of the county, and whose daughter, Mrs. Campbell, has been so kindly remembered by the writer of the

above article. Daniel's children drifted to other sections of Michigan. Noahdiah, who erected the first grist mill and saw mill in all that section, was for many years a teacher in his eastern home, and continued that work in the new country, superintending his mills and teaching winters. In all his undertakings he was assisted by his son George S., who at the age of 19 years accompanied his father into the new territory, and early turned his attention to cultivating and improving his land.

The grand-daughter of Noahdiah, and daughter of George S. Sackett, is Cornelia S. Perry, author of this note, who is now located at Lansing, arranging and supervising the publication of this volume of collections.

C. S. P.

REMINISCENCES AND SCENES OF BACKWOODS AND PIONEER LIFE.

BY A. M. BEARDSLEY.

[Born Sept. 2, 1815.]

In the spring of 1820 our family emigrated to East Tyrone, Schuyler county, New York, then nearly an unbroken wilderness, and cleared up two farms in that dense forest. I grew to manhood in this section and saw longer days there, while pulling flax, than were any days before or since, or longer than a week of my life has seemed to be. I was fully convinced the sun stood still. Each day it would come to a dead stop about an hour before dinner and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I know it stood still because I looked at it more than forty times and it smiled on and boiled on in the identical spot in the heavens all the time I was looking. They called me "lazy." I never disputed them. I knew better than that, but trot out any boy of today, set him to pulling flax out of the hard ground by the roots and if he does not think the sun stands still before dinner, and doesn't get "lazy" before 4 p. m. then he is one of the prodigies of the age. In 1828 we moved into another forest near Reading and cleared the wilderness for the second time.

In 1835 we sold these possessions and on the 12th of September ten of us and a hired man loaded up two teams and started for the "woolly" west. Seven miles out we were hailed by Uncle Jo. House, one of the first settlers of that country. Among other things he said that he had two sons away out in Michigan. "Yes, boys," he said, "go west and grow up with the country," which advice was in advance of the lamented Horace

Greeley. We were hailed in the streets of Cleveland by N. Andros, who went west from our place the spring before. He was homesick and on his way back to his native land.

When we arrived at Sandusky the races were going off in full blast and there was a terrible commotion among the people as a murderer was fleeing away on a black racer with the speed of the wind, and he never was caught. We learned that he was a Kentuckian and had shot and killed a man named Cone. The late H. E. Root of Constantine and his friend Bagg, of Pittsfield, Mass., were present at this tragic occurrence. Mr. Moomey, of Florence, tells me that Cone was a big bully and everybody was afraid of him and glad that he was dead.

West of Perrysburg we stopped off at Fort Meigs, which was located on a high bluff commanding the Maumee rapids. As this fort had been besieged by Gen. Proctor and Chief Tecumseh 22 years before, we went up and examined the earth-works, which were then in a good state of preservation. The ground from the embankments had a steep descent on all sides. All obstructions were cleared away for a long distance so that no enemy could approach unseen. The water at this ford was two feet deep with a rock bottom.

In Cottonwood swamp we passed over a crossway said to be six miles long. At Adrian they were building a railroad to Toledo, the first to use steam power west of Schenectady, N. Y. This seemed the best country we had struck on our journey. West of Jonesville we met our uncle on the stage. The driver gave him two minutes to stop off. He said that he had been to La Porte to see friends and they were dying off like sheep out there, and that everybody was sick all over the country. He got aboard and fled for the health blooming hills of Ithaca, N. Y., never to return. This was a cold, wet blanket on our family group as we continued our journey in silence and sadness. On the 22d day of October we arrived at the booming city of Mottville, at the head of navigation on the St. Joseph river. Here were two warehouses building, one on each side of the government bridge. Docks were built out in the river, but no steam boats nor shipping in sight. Our journey from Seneca Lake to the St. Joseph valley was through a semi-wilderness and we were forty days and forty nights on the way from beginning to finish.

At Mottville I saw a man by the name of Quimby who had a hermitage on the island just below the city limits. He was about forty years old, of muscular build and dark, swarthy complexion, and something of a pugilist besides. This man Quimby I learned had been employed some time before as a nurse to a young lawyer by the name of Lancaster, who had the chills and fever scourge at this city. He was such a troublesome patient no one could do anything with him. Quimby said as a last resort he would try the meat ax remedy on his patient, if that failed he

would quit and go home and leave him to the fates. He went out and found an ax, brought it into the room, threw it on the floor with a vengeance and gave his patient a savage look—didn't have to look much to do that. This frightened Lancaster, who said: "Q-Quimby, what are you going to do with that ax?" trembling from head to foot and as pale as death. Quimby told his patient that he was going to knock his —— head off unless he behaved better than he had been doing. Quimby said his patient wilted and curled up, and not another whimper was heard. The fever subsided immediately and in a few days the patient was able to be out on the streets. Quimby said that there would have been a dead pettifogger in ten days if he had not used the "meat-ax remedy," and that it had the best effect of any remedy he ever saw administered.

Lawyer Lancaster was then located at Centreville, having built the first pioneer log cabin in that place. He was a close friend of the Douglas family. He advised the boys to obey their mother in everything after their father was drowned, which advice was always remembered.

We purchased government land in west Constantine, three miles north of Mottville. Here we commenced and made a habitation and a home for the third time in the wilderness. The next fall the chills and fever scourge took us, a miserable disease, unknown to us before. We sent to Mottville for Dr. Sanger. When he came he was seemingly worse off than the patient. He dosed out some calomel, castor oil, and fever powders, and was barely able to ride home. The castor oil was old, and the stomach wouldn't have it. The stuff would go out between our teeth in spite of us. We were all very sorry that we were fated pioneers.

Our pioneer log castle was twenty feet square inside, one and a half stories high, roofed with shingles, and had three little seven by nine windows. There were ten of us and a hired man to occupy it. We were fortunate in getting a little furniture from Savery of White Pigeon, who was leaving the country for Texas. Many of these pioneer castles had not 25 cents' worth of hardware from cellar to garret, and no furniture except such as the family made for themselves. In this condition of things many had the chills and fever every spring and fall, and some died that would have lived had they been provided with the necessary comforts of a home.

Among the sufferings and bitter-sweets of pioneer life were the mosquitoes, fleas and bedbug pests. Millions without number were annoying and sucking the life's blood out of us every night. These flat infernals would get into the cracks and crevices of the pioneer log castles, and nothing but hellfire and brimstone would remove them. We dared not resort to that extreme remedy for fear of burning the castle.

In 1838 nearly every pioneer was sick all over the country. A family of three—man, woman and child—were helplessly sick about one mile

from us. In the night the child died. They fired alarm guns for assistance, but no assistance came, as there was none able to be out nights, and very few in day time. Three of us, then boys, were enlisted to conduct their funeral for them. We three were the undertaker, preacher, sexton and the funeral procession altogether. So we buried their dead, "without a funeral note or a gospel word spoken," and left them in their helpless condition, as we three looked more like escapes from a graveyard than a funeral procession. When they got well enough they left the country for their native land.

The last of October, 1838, I started for the health blooming hills of Seneca Lake, N. Y. At Coldwater the landlord said that only six families remained in that vicinity. The rest had boarded up their cabins and left. On this journey I had my first railroad ride—from Ypsilanti to Detroit. The cars were made like a stage coach, and would accommodate twelve passengers each. Our speed was ten miles an hour. The conductor passed on the outside and reached in to collect fares, his coat tail flying in the air. I saw one of the same style of cars standing near the great locomotive engine 999 at the World's Columbian Fair.

After I had gotten to my journey's end I inquired for young Andros, who hailed us in the streets of Cleveland three years before, when we were on our way to the St. Joseph river valley. They said that he was dead, and gave me his history. Just after harvest he went to Altay one day, about two miles away, where he often stopped off with his chums. Here he bought a jug of whisky, and on his way home cut across lots through the woods, got tired and set himself down beside a tree, and after taking many drinks to Old Rip Van Winkle, and some for luck, laid down to rest. Several days after this, the crows were holding a jubilee down in the woods. Curious parties went over to see what feast the crows were holding a wake over. Here they found the remains of young Andros. He had finished his journey of life with 25 cents in his pocket and a half pint of whisky.

After remaining at Seneca Lake and vicinity for several months, and getting rid of the malarial poison, I returned to west Constantine to try it all over again.

There were no highways in this part of the country until the Bonebrights, Beardsleys, H. E. Root, Milo Powell, Traverses, Nathan Skinner, John and Hugh Ferguson, Harry Garrison, and Amidon cut out and made them from Wood Lake to Mottville, and from Porter to Constantine, over creeks, marshes, swamps and quagmires, where we had to carry all the timber by hand to build the bridges and make causeways.

In 1840 I built a sawmill on our premises. Best whitewood lumber sold for six dollars per thousand feet in trade and dicker. Silver then was the unit of values. I made a habitation for myself in the oak forest near the mill. In 1844 I married Sophronia Cook. From this union two

children were born, all of whom are now in the silent city. In 1856 I sold my land and mill and retired on a very small capital.

Among the ups and downs of a long life I have the consolation of knowing that I had the original stuff in me when a small boy to form a resolution that I would live a sober, honest, independent life, and stoop to none—nothing but death. This is the principal plank in my constitution, which I don't wish any canvassing boards to change.

Away back in the misty past I attended the celebration of the completion of the Erie canal, the first public improvement of any consequence in the western world. This event was celebrated at every four corners all over the country. Whisky was free and gunpowder smoke filled the air.

Nearly all the inventions and improvements of this age have been accomplished and brought about within four score years, except the art of printing, which has revolutionized and liberalized the condition of the human race. Free press, free speech, and free schools make this the paradise age of the world. The day of superstition, witchery and omens and the signs of the moon and the woodchuck are fast fading away.

In 1870 I made a journey of nine thousand miles by land and sea—not a misshitch, screw loose or pin out of place from beginning to finish. All these changed conditions and improvements are wonderful to contemplate. Reasoning from this rule of progression what will the future bring?

In retrospection a strange panorama passes in view. I see a boy among the health giving hills and evergreen piney woods of New York, later a young and vigorous man brought low by the malaria of the St. Joe valley, battling with hardships, witnessing the sufferings of friends and neighbors as they became victims of malarial fever, black vomit and death. The ponds and lakes that then held pestilence in their sluggish depths and which sent forth poisons, causing sickness and death when stirred by the early tillers of the soil, are now sought by pleasure seekers for recreation and health. Travel by ox team is of the long, long past. Where we were compelled to haul salt from Lake Michigan with which to preserve our bacon, and pay $8.00 per barrel beside transporting it ourselves, rapid flying trains now cross every township in the county, bringing to our very doors the comforts and luxuries of not only our own State, but from every section of the Union, fresh and wholesome as if found in their native climates, all of which may be purchased for a trifle as compared with those early days. I see the boy and youth now at the age of 81 years nearing the foot of the western slope of life rejoicing that those early days are but a memory, and that he lives in this golden age to see the wonderful things man has wrought.

SIN BIN NIM.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE MURDER OF KINCAID WEISNER.

[The following was written by Thos. Knowlen of Constantine, 82 years of age, and read at the Pioneer meeting June, 1897, by Thos. G. Greene of Centreville.]

I have been so kindly and so frequently requested to give a circumstantial account of my connection with the capture of Joseph Sin Bin Nim, the Indian who murdered Kincaid Weisner, that I cannot refuse to do so, and herewith briefly and to the best of my recollection, tell you what I know about it.

Before proceeding, however, let me say that I am not sure that I give Mr. Weisner's christian name correctly, nor have I now any recollection of the Indian's name, but I give the latter as the Constantine Mercury gave it, in a brief version of the occurrence, published a few years ago; and in any event, I presume you care for accuracy in the narrative of the incident rather than accuracy in the matter of names, as the former, in this instance, rests so largely in the testimony of your servant, now past 80 years of age, while the latter rests in abundant proof.

The murder was committed in the year 1839 at the home of Mr. Weisner about two miles south of Vicksburg, Kalamazoo county. I do not recollect the month, but have the impression that it was shortly after New Year's. At all events, Sin Bin Nim and his squaw came to Weisner's house on Sunday evening and requested food and shelter. Mr. Weisner and his family treated them kindly, gave them supper and suffered them to lie down on the floor by the fireplace. Near morning Sin Bin Nim arose, killed Weisner on the bed with a butcher knife, wounded Mrs. Weisner, and fled with the squaw. Mr. Weisner was a recent addition to the community, having been in the settlement but a few months. At this time I was working by the month for Zera Norton, who lived about three miles south of Mr. Weisner's.

The morning of the murder, shortly before daylight, Mr. Norton's family, including myself, while eating breakfast, were startled to hear a man cry out from the highway as he passed along that an Indian had killed Weisner, and called upon us to turn out in pursuit. The man did not stop and we neither saw him nor then knew who he was.

Mr. Norton and I harnessed his horse to the jumper sleigh immediately, and while we were doing so, Ormel Clark, who lived 30 or 40 rods north on the road, and who, like ourselves, had been aroused by the man on the

highway, hurried up. We all started for Weisner's, about three miles away, in the jumper, driving as fast as possible. About half way we came to the house of John D'Arman, another settler, and by his candle light, saw him building the morning fire. We called him to the road and gave him what information we had. He had heard nothing of it before, but told us that a little while before he had seen an Indian and squaw passing down the road by his house, traveling rapidly in a direction opposite our own. Believing the Indian described to be the murderer, we immediately turned back, and after going perhaps 40 rods found in the snow the moccasin tracks of two persons, the one larger than the other, leading out of the highway and pointing in the direction of the pole bridge over Bear creek, beyond which was the camp on the reservation of the tribe to which Sin Bin Nim belonged. It was evident that he and his squaw had left the road at the point where we saw the tracks, for the purpose of reaching, by the shortest route, the bridge in question, and of finding comparative safety in the camp beyond. To follow the moccasin tracks through the clearing with the horse and jumper was of course out of the question, and so it was hurriedly arranged that one of our number should follow the tracks to the bridge, and there meet the others, who should drive as quickly as possible around by the road to that point. I was then as active as a panther—did not know what it was to tire, and was ready for anything. My blood was up, and without waiting for the concurrence of the others, I took it upon myself to follow the tracks. The tracks led very directly to the bridge, at which I arrived a few minutes before my companions in the jumper did. We crossed the bridge, following the tracks. When the road permitted, we drove the horse on the run, and when we came to an up-hill Clark's hired man (a young fellow by name of Hefferan) and I got out and went on foot. In this manner we got along rapidly, and after covering four or five miles sighted an Indian and squaw perhaps half a mile ahead.

We had no doubt that we saw Weisner's murderer. Without conference or arrangement with the others, I sprang from the jumper and followed the Indian. At that time I supposed that Hefferan at least, and perhaps Norton and Clark, would follow, leaving one to follow on with the horse. Perhaps they did; but, as I explained before, I was full of activity and strength and determined to have the Indian, and I pursued him without thought of the others—in fact without any thought other than to capture my neighbor's assassin. Sin Bin Nim did not look around as I approached him, but kept steadily forward with his blankets and rifle, followed close behind by the squaw. I made little noise and rapidly approached him, and when I was within a few rods—perhaps 10—Sin Bin Nim turned and saw me, upon which he threw down his bundle of blankets and ran forward, the squaw following. I threw off my coat,

and then it was a foot race. I gained rapidly, passed the squaw, and got within a few feet of Sin Bin Nim. He stopped, drew down his rifle on me and pulled, but the flint lock snapped. Before he could pull the second time I was upon him. His rifle fell over my shoulders harmlessly. I had him by the throat and down upon the snow. In a bag by his side he had the butcher knife with which he had killed Weisner, and in his belt on the other side his tomahawk. He sought first to reach the knife, but after a struggle I got it and threw it out into the snow; then the tomahawk, but I also got that and cast it aside. That settled it. I released his throat and let him up and upon his feet. I tried to get him to talk, but he would not. His squaw went by crying. I turned him about and keeping him close in front of me started back. Some distance on we met Clark, Norton and Hefferan. We tied his wrists, set him in the jumper, and started for Schoolcraft, the four of us walking.

Shortly we were joined on the road by others; I remember Reuben and Freeman Smally and Charles D'Arman. Reuben and I walked ahead of the horse as we proceeded, and D'Arman and Norton on either side behind. D'Arman and I were on the same side. Suddenly Sin Bin Nim, who had freed his hands unnoticed, sprang from the jumper, and knocking D'Arman over, leaped to the roadside and ran. I was the nearest man to him and lost not an instant. I came upon him in a few rods and as I did so he turned, striking at me as he turned. His blow fell short, and before he could repeat it I struck him squarely in the face and he went down. We had no more difficulty with Sin Bin Nim. We took him to Schoolcraft and delivered him to the authorities. He was tried and convicted, I think upon the plea of guilty, and although the punishment of murder was then death by hanging in Michigan, he was sentenced to the Jackson prison for life, where he afterwards died.

I have heard that the death penalty was commuted in his case by reason of the pressure brought to bear upon the authorities, by and on behalf of the Indians on the reservation, who, as I have heard, had a horror of death by hanging, or "weighing," as they called it, and who to avert that likely end of Sin Bin Nim, ineffectually tried to smuggle to him in the jail poisoned "mococks," or cakes of maple sugar. The evident intention was to furnish Sin Bin Nim the means of escaping the dreaded "weighing." This latter part of my narrative I give as hearsay and only for what it is worth.

If my narrative of this happening of 60 years ago interests you, or still better, if it shall be of some value in the making up of the records of the pioneers, I shall be happy to have contributed thereto.

Calvin Starr, who came to Centreville in 1837, was well acquainted

with Kincaid Weisner, an account of whose murder as written by Thos. Knowlen, of Constantine, is here published. Mr. Starr was also acquainted with the Indian who killed Weisner; says he was a sour, surly redskin known about Centreville as "Jo. Muskrat," and never by any other name as far as he knows. Both Weisner and the Indian did their trading at Centreville.

This was the last murder committed by the Indians in this vicinity, as they were soon after removed to west of the Mississippi river.

THE JOURNEY OF IONIA'S FIRST SETTLERS.

BY MRS. PRUDENCE TOWER.

[Read at Ionia May 27, 1893, on the Sixtieth Anniversary of Their Arrival.]

Some recollections of my father, Samuel Dexter, and the pioneers that first settled in Ionia; of their journey and arrival at Ionia:

My father visited Michigan in the fall of 1832, and, through letters which he published, others were induced to come to Michigan.

He and Mr. Erastus Yeomans bought a canal boat, a scow, and fitted it up to move the families, and as many of our household goods as possible, to Buffalo.

We started from Frankfort village, Herkimer county, N. Y., April 22, 1833, with three families, Mr. Yeomans', Oliver Arnold's and Samuel Dexter's, using their own horses to draw the boat.

The boat's name was "Walk-in-the-Water," but some one wrote on the side of the boat with chalk, "Michigan Caravan."

I think at Utica Mr. Joel Guild and his brother Edward and families embarked with us. We traveled by day and at night had to go ashore to sleep at hotels. At Syracuse Mr. Darius Winsor and family cast their lot with the rest.

The boat was a motley sight, as the deck was piled with wagons taken to pieces and bound on, and every conceivable thing that could be taken to use in such a country where there was nothing to be bought.

From Buffalo to Detroit we came by steamer Superior. Of our trip on the lake I remember little besides sea-sickness.

At Detroit we procured oxen and cows, and as much cooked provisions as possible and started on our journey through the wilderness. There were sixty-three people all told in the party.

The first day out from Detroit we could make but seven miles because the roads were so heavy.

At Pontiac we stayed one night. This was at that time a very small place and had rather a hard name, so much so that, if any one wanted to send a person to a bad place, he would say, "You go to Pontiac."

About twenty miles west of Pontiac we stopped one night with a Mr. Gage and his young wife and baby. I think they had no neighbors nearer than Pontiac and he complained that neighbors were getting too near; their hogs bothered him.

From this time we had to camp out nights. At Shiawassee there was one French family, also two brothers by the name of Williams who were Indian traders. One of them my father hired to pilot us through to Ionia.

From Shiawassee there had never been a wagon through, and much of the way we had to cut the road as we went along.

At Shiawassee there were three children sick with canker rash or scarlet fever, a son of Edward Guild, myself and younger brother, Riley Dexter. We staid over one day during a heavy rainstorm. The Guild boy and myself soon got better, but little brother grew worse, and when we were in the heavy timberland about thirty miles east of Ionia, the dear little boy died about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. Guild had a small trunk which he let us use for a coffin and he was laid in the grave by the light of the camp fires which were burning. My father made a feeling prayer before the coffin was placed in the grave. They piled the grave high with logs to protect it from wolves, and also carved his name, age and date of death on a large tree before leaving the place.

There was a French trader living in Muir who had a squaw for a wife. His name was Generaux. There was also a white man living at Lyons by the name of Belcher. Those were all the inhabitants on the river, except Indians, until you reached Grand Rapids, and I think there were but two white families there.

I must tell you that most of the teams that brought us through from Detroit were ox teams. We had much trouble in crossing marshes and fording streams.

Many women walked, and sometimes when we got stuck in the marshes the men had to carry them ashore.

At night where we camped the men would build great fires by a log and the women would cook the meals. They had to bake biscuits in tin bakers set up in front of the fire. I think those were times that tried women's souls.

When we arrived at Ionia there was a large company of Indians living there. They had planted corn, melons and squashes, and did not like to leave; but through the aid of our interpreter father was able to pay them for their improvements and they left peaceably.

There were five wigwams built of bark. Four of them were down by

the river. They were very small—not more than ten feet square. Each had two bunks on one side, one above the other. The other wigwam was a few rods south and east of where the Novelty mill now stands, in the midst of the cornfield. This one was twelve or fourteen feet square, with a doorway at each end, at which we hung up blankets for doors. My father's family occupied this one. On two sides of this wigwam was a low platform wide enough to lay a bed. On this we made up four beds and had a little space between the foot of the beds to tuck in the little ones.

In the center the earth floor was hollowed a little where the Indians had had fire. The roof in the center had an opening for smoke to escape. It also served to let in the rain, and one morning after a heavy rain when the creek had overflowed and run down the path into the wigwams, mother's shoes were floating on the pool in this fireplace.

Our goods were mostly sent around the lakes to be left at Grand Haven, together with provisions, and as there was no transportation except by pole boat, it was a long and tedious task to get the goods up from Grand Haven. For a table the men drove stakes in the ground and put sticks across them. They then laid the sideboards of our wagon box on for a top. So you see we had the first extension table in Ionia.

Joel Gould and family went directly to Grand Rapids to live, but the rest of us lived in the wigwams until they could build big houses to live in.

The first corn raised was pounded in a large mortar the Indians had dug out in a large hollow stump.

The same fall my father brought from Detroit a large coffee mill, with two handles, with which two men could grind the corn. All the settlers had their corn ground in this coffee mill that winter.

The next year father bought a small run of stone and put it in his saw mill to run by water, and with this the first wheat raised in Ionia county was ground. It was unbolted flour.

Later my father built a grist mill, which has been remodeled and is now known as the Novelty mills.

Mr. Winsor had a little daughter sick with consumption who did not long survive after our arrival. Eugene Winsor was born that first fall and was the first white child born in Ionia county.

I want to pay this tribute to the Indians: They were very kind and peaceable, and seldom gave us any trouble, never any serious trouble.

HYMN.

The hymn composed by Erastus Yeomans, to celebrate their safe arrival at Ionia, which was sung to the tune of Arlington, is worthy a place here.

We'll praise thy name, O God of Grace,
For all Thy mercies shown;
We've been preserved to reach this place
And find a pleasant home.

In journeying far from distant lands,
We've been Thy constant care,
Have been supported by Thy hand
To shun each evil snare.

Through dangers great and toils severe,
Thou, Lord, hast led our way;
Thou art our Keeper evermore,
To guide us day by day.

Help us, O God, to raise our song
Of gratitude to Thee;
Great God to Thee all praise belongs,
In Heaven, on earth, on sea.

DESTRUCTION OF THE FORESTS OF SOUTHERN MICHIGAN.

BY L. D. WATKINS.

When the old pioneers are gone and with them the vast forests which once covered these fair fields and farms, it will be interesting, I trust, to those who follow to know how this wonderful growth of timber was disposed of and what became of the oaks, black walnuts and whitewoods so grand in size and form and so common in all the timber lands of the south half of the State.

Lewis H. Bennett, the celebrated manufacturer of fanning mills at Plymouth, gives an interesting and very pertinent account of selling one of his mills to Brown Stuart, living on his farm near Plymouth. Mr. Stuart wished to purchase a fanning mill and pay for it in whitewood logs. An arrangement was made by which Mr. Bennett was to select from Stuart's woods 140 logs for the mill (price of mill, $25.00). The 140 logs when sawed made 60,000 feet of lumber—worth now $1,800. Another early settler, Dexter Briggs, purchased of the government 80 acres of land for $100, all covered with a magnificent forest of black walnut and whitewood, destroyed all these, only reserving a small corner for a wood lot, from which years after he sold to Mr. Hardenburg of Plymouth one whitewood tree for the same price paid for the whole farm—$100.

One of the worst obstacles in clearing off the timber preparatory to opening up the land for agriculture was the great whitewood trees, often

70 or 80 feet to the limbs, from 2 to 8 feet in diameter and as straight as the columns of a temple. These trees when fallen and green positively refused to burn, and it took all the patience and skill of the pioneer to rid the land of them. Other trees were felled across them and a fire started and kept burning, sometimes for weeks, until the great logs finally yielded. This was called "niggering them off."

The Hon. T. T. Lyon tells us of a very unique plan adopted by James L. Taft, whose farm was two miles west of the village of Plymouth, on what was then known as the Ann Arbor road. He fenced his fields with whitewood rails, laid worm-fashion. Commencing at the bottom with rails of great size, notching them down so as to be "hog proof," these fences were carried up fourteen rails high—smaller rails being used when above a man's head—two men, one at each end, carrying up the rails and placing them. The object of all this extra work was simply to get rid of the whitewood timber. The black walnut trees were of more value, as they made good rails for fencing and could be easily burned when desired, or made into useful lumber, worth then, if perfect, from $5 to $8 per thousand.

These incidents about Plymouth are not isolated cases. The same rules were observed in every part of the State where the land was clothed with heavy timber. Thousands of acres of that same timber, if it had been left standing, would today have been worth $1,000 per acre or more.

It may be interesting to future generations to know how the timber was felled so as to burn a large part of it without much labor. It was called "windrowing." The huge trees were chopped partly off in such a manner that they would fall obliquely towards the center of a breadth selected, so that the tops of the trees, fallen from either side inward, would cross each other and lodge there, forming a leveled mass of wood and foliage, sometimes a quarter of a mile in length, clear across the intended clearing. Then at one end of the line a tree was selected that would strike several of the sets of trees down the line, and it was felled accordingly. As the huge tree came thundering down upon one end of the row of partly fallen trees, they would go down with a crash, each one carrying the one in front of it to the ground also; and then would occur a battle of giants—a sight, a noise of paralyzing grandeur that none will ever see or hear again. The fallen trees were left until they had become very dry and the wind right, when they were set on fire and the flames, soon gaining headway, swept through the great mass of dry timber like a volcano, entirely burning up the small trees and limbs and leaving in its track only the blackened remains of the once beautiful forest, of which there is nothing left but the huge blackened logs and the upraised burial mounds of upturned roots. These logs were afterwards gotten rid of in various ways.

The pioneer well remembers the "logging bees," in which all the near neighbors joined with their oxen to roll together the blackened logs into log heaps. When night came the men would be black as the blackest son of Ham. Then a crop was planted among the huge stumps, and the first act in the great tragedy of subduing the forests, a life-time task of the pioneer, was recorded.

HISTORY OF THE PIONEER CHURCH OF NANKIN, WAYNE COUNTY, MICHIGAN.

BY M. D. OSBAND.

[Read before the Church Sunday, June 6, 1897.]

My Friends—I am certainly glad to meet you on this occasion. This is the home of my boyhood days. It is 40 years since I left you for a home elsewhere. Old Time has made sad havoc among you since then. I now find but a remnant of those I left. I am here to rehearse the history of the events of the long ago, but that history was never written. What I shall say to you I wish you to receive as simply my recollections of it. If it lacks in detail, attribute it to my defective memory. If any of you think I err in any statement, please promptly call my attention to it. My memory is not infallible and I shall be glad to be corrected.

On the 8th day of October, 1825, Rev. Marcus Swift and William Osband, with their families, landed from the steamer Pioneer at Detroit, Michigan, just as the sun was rising. It was Saturday; they had been just one week on their passage from Palmyra, Wayne county, N. Y. Their destination was the present township of Nankin, which was then without a name. Their lands had been purchased on the 10th of the previous May; Mr. Swift had bought the northwest quarter of section 11 and my father, William Osband, had bought the west half of the southeast quarter, and the east half of the southwest quarter of section 3. With little delay they hastened to their lands. The families and goods were transported in row boats down the Detroit river to the mouth of the river Rouge, then up the Rouge to the Thomas settlement, about eight miles, then the goods were packed into a wagon and Alanson Thomas with three Indian ponies took them to the east town line of Nankin, where the families secured accommodations at the house of Benjamin Williams, on the south side of the river, till houses could be built on their lands. My father moved into his house on January 5, 1826; Mr. Swift got into his early in the March following. The whole township

was then a vast unbroken wilderness. But one family had preceded them to the town—Mr. Marinus Harrison had come to section 24 in about 1821. Within the year 1826 Dr. Micah Adams and family settled on the east half of the southwest quarter of section 33 of Livonia; John Williams and family settled the west half of the northeast quarter of section 11 of Nankin, and Geo. M. Johnson came to the east half of northwest quarter of section 1. The Schwarzburg saw mill was built the same year, and I think two families, perhaps more, settled by it, but I am not certain of their names. John Cahoon and Isaac Wilkinson came, I think, in 1828 to section 4. All this occurred before my recollection, and there may have been two or three transient families that settled before 1828, but no other permanent settlers. This brings us to the year when the subject of our sketch came into being. These few families constituted substantially the size of the settlement when the Pioneer Church of Nankin was organized.

The first Protestant church erected in Michigan was what is known in local history as the "old log church" on the river Rouge, five or six miles west of Detroit, built in 1818 by the M. E. church of Detroit and vicinity. Its size was 24x30 feet; its body was of hewn timber, laid together in log house style. A Methodist organization had been effected in Detroit in 1810, but it had no church building there. Services were held in this log house ten years. It was said that sometimes the sound of prayer and song in the church were mingled with the howl of the wolf in the adjacent forest. But this society did not prosper. It had discordant elements within it that could not be harmonized, and after ten years it was abandoned. I have been unable to find any record of the organization of the first church at Nankin. It occurred before my recollection and I must rely on my memory of the conditions that environed it at that time. E. H. Pilcher, in his "History of Protestantism in Michigan," says Nankin was one of the appointments on the Huron circuit in September, 1828, with Benjamin Cooper preacher in charge, and Zerah H. Costan, P. E., on the Detroit district. Detroit district then comprised the whole of Michigan. The Ohio conference, to which Michigan was then attached, met that year (1828) in Chilicothe, Ohio. In the absence of any record, or even a tradition, we will assume that, as Rev. Marcus Swift was then active as a local preacher in the immediate vicinity, he supervised the organization. I can speak positively that its charter members were in part Marcus and Anna Swift, William and Martha Osband, Micah and Matilda Adams, and, perhaps, Joseph Keller and wife and Alvah Wilkinson. At least these latter were connected with the church in an early day. There were probably others, but I can not name them. The meetings were first held in private houses till the fall of 1830, when the Schwarzburg school house was built. After that

they were held in that house till the fall of 1833, when they were transferred to the little Perrinsville school house, just built, on the northwest corner of section 11. The size of this house was 16x18 feet. But small as it was, it accommodated this little pioneer church and congregation quite comfortably for ten years. On quarterly meeting occasions, to secure larger room, the meetings were sometimes held in the barns of the vicinity. The barns of Marcus Swift and Isaac F. Perrin were used at different times, each more than once. In 1843 this little school house was substituted for a larger one, built near the present brick school house, but across the road on the farm of William Osband. The church meetings were held in this till about 1850, when they were transferred to what is now known as the old church building of Perrinsville.

BOUNDS OF HURON CIRCUIT.

Huron circuit, to which Nankin belonged in 1828, comprised Wayne county west of Detroit, and Washtenaw county. The preaching appointments were, the old log meeting house, Hickox, Nankin, Plymouth at Paul Hazen's, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor, Boyden's Plains, Dixborough, Superior and Lodi Plains. The preaching occurred in each once in three weeks. The appointment called Hickox is the locality since known as the Wallace place. It was named from Rev. Joseph Hickox, who was sent to Detroit by the Genesee conference in 1816. He preached in Detroit and vicinity two years, and then was transferred to other fields. He located in 1820. During his stay in Detroit he purchased the land in Dearborn, subsequently owned by John Wallace. Early in the twenties he moved his family thereon, where he resided till 1836. The pioneer preachers did not spend all their time on their regular appointments. They had a habit of going to every little settlement, when invited, and if any settlement failed to invite them, they were pretty sure to go and ask the privilege of preaching. And if, as was sometimes the case, their request was declined, they would preach anyway. They reasoned that everybody needed to hear the gospel, and if they thought they did not, it was because they were so wicked that they did not know what they did want. And many times the preaching that was thus forced upon a people was the successful means of bringing them into the church.

CUSTOMS AND CHANGES.

As said elsewhere, the early settlers, one and all, were financially poor, and the appearance of our Sunday congregations was what politicians would call typically democratic. When the people went to church (and they pretty generally all went), they dressed in their best, but it sometimes happened that their best was composed of patch-work

and ragged hats and shoes. They sometimes came without a coat, and if they had no shoes they would go with bare feet. It was not uncommon to see men in church in this condition. I have seen a man in church dressed in nothing but a coarse shirt and a pair of coarse linen pants. But such things passed unnoticed. Shoes were never polished, but they sometimes received a coating of deer's tallow. I remember well that one of the active members of the church had no thick coat or overcoat, and during the cold days of winter he came to church clad in a thin green summer coat that had once been a part of his uniform as member of a military company. The men all came to church clean shaven. Nobody then supported a mustache, and a full beard on a man was unknown. I do not remember ever to have seen a woman at church with bare feet, but I have seen them meanly clad, such were the necessities of their condition. They must go in such garments as they had or stay at home; and they went and it was well.

In those days Methodists all kneeled during prayer, a custom that is now becoming obsolete, probably by the inconvenience of doing so in closely seated churches. Singing was then conducted as it is now in some country churches. Some brother or sister usually started a tune and the congregation joined. It was not very artistic, but it was sometimes done with the spirit and the understanding.

This was before the days of kerosene and friction matches. At all evening meetings during cold weather somebody must take a brand of fire from home to start a fire in the school house stove to warm the room, and for evening meetings people were expected to take tallow candles enough to light the house; and during warm weather somebody must take a lighted candle or fire in some other form by which to light the candles, for they give no light unless themselves lighted. I remember it was a universal custom of my father's to always take a candle when he started to an evening meeting.

In those days of poverty, corn bread and shoeless feet, the pay of the preacher (quarterage) was a serious matter to the members. The amount in dollars and cents was small, but to a people who, from necessity, sometimes allowed a letter to lie in the postoffice for weeks because they could not get the 25 cents postage to get it out, the quarterage was obtained only by hard work and rigid economy. On several occasions I remember my father was one of a committee to apportion the amount to be raised among the members. Of course, I do not remember the amounts assessed to each member, but I remember the extremes. My father and a few others paid each $3.00, which was the largest sum paid by anyone. From that the amount dwindled down to 50 cents.

There were then some customs and usages that now seem odd enough to look back upon, that have since become obsolete. Then no lady would

be admitted to some of the meetings of the church with flowers in her hat, bows on her bonnet, decorations on her dress or rings on her fingers. No gentleman could wear jewelry; even a gold chain to his watch, if it was at all conspicuous, would exclude him from the class meeting or love feast. All rich or costly apparel was looked upon with much disfavor. Extreme plainness of dress was strenuously encouraged. The preacher's coat was single breasted, with straight collar. Each preacher was instructed to read to each of his congregations once a year Wesley's sermon on dress. Persons not members of the church were permitted to remain in the class meeting or love feast twice or thrice, but were not welcome beyond that, even though members of churches of other denominations. Sometimes such were expelled. I remember once of seeing my uncle, Marcus Swift, exclude a lady from the love feast, and I understood at the time that it was because she was not a member and had previously been in three times. Cases were not uncommon that ladies were required, as a condition of admission to such meetings, to remove jewelry, bows from their bonnets, or other decorations. Some minister was always placed on guard at the door of the love feast to enforce these rules, and at a given hour the doors were closed and nobody was admitted after that till the close of the meeting.

The church of today has outgrown these usages, and it is well. They were impediments that were born of narrowness and bigotry. Christianity is not now thought to consist of the color or cut of a man's coat or the value of the watch and chain he carries. And while extravagance in dress is looked on with disfavor out of as well as in the church, no lady is now refused a place in any church meeting she chooses to attend, or membership in the church, simply because she is neatly or even elegantly dressed, and bears on herself personal ornaments.

THE PIONEER PREACHER.

The first of these pioneer preachers I ever knew was, of course, Rev. Marcus Swift. He dwelt among us and was one with the church always. Having written a sketch of him, which was published in the 14th Vol. of the Collections of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, I regret that space will not allow me to repeat here. Elijah H. Pilcher came to the Ann Arbor circuit, to which Nankin then belonged, in 1830. Rev. Henry Colclazer was associated with him on the circuit, but of him I remember only the name, not the man. Mr. Pilcher spent most of his life in Michigan, and among Methodists had a state reputation. Rev. William Sprague came in the early thirties. He was a native of Rhode Island and, I think, staid more than one year. He came to our school one day with Miss Elizabeth Swift, the teacher, and talked to the school and prayed in it. This was the first prayer I ever heard offered in the

school room. This could not have been later than in the winter of 1834-5. He came to my father's house, I remember, on election day morning in 1836, when Stevens T. Mason was running for governor. My mother asked him if he was going to election. He replied, "Yes, I shall go and vote against Mason today if I have to ride ten miles to do it." He located in 1839. He was elected to congress in 1848, and served one term. He died in Kalamazoo soon after.

Rev. John Kinnear rode the circuit in 1838-9. He had charge of the first revival services ever held in this vicinity. They were held in Rev. Marcus Swift's barn in June, 1839. My recollection is that the meetings continued one or two weeks, perhaps longer. Many converts were made, among whom was Harcourt Ferguson. He was baptized by immersion. The next day he hung his wet clothes out of doors to dry. In the absence of the family the house took fire and was burned with its contents, and this suit of clothes was all that was saved. He subsequently became a preacher, and preached till his death in 1850. Other preachers I can name but not sketch, as follows: Washington Jackson, Adam Minnis, Alanson Flemming, Lorenzo Davis, Richard Lawrence, Oren Mitchell, and Elijah Crane. James Gilruth and John A. Baughman, each during this time, served as presiding elder. The position of circuit preacher in those days was no sinecure. Their energies were sometimes taxed to their utmost powers of endurance, but it was not brain work. They were in no danger of falling from cerebral exhaustion. Some of them must have had muscles strong as iron when they got through. Read the circuit rider's diary of those days. Here is one given by Rev. E. H. Pilcher, dated September 13, 1831: "Rode from Jackson to Ann Arbor, 40 miles, over the worst road I ever met. The Grand river at Jackson was very high, so the log-way on each side of the bridge was all afloat. My horse went down across the logs. I had to dismount, help him off and lead him across by the end of the bridge. All the bridges across the marshes and little streams were either afloat or carried away. Occasionally I would make my horse leap across the creek, but sometimes I had to strip him and drive him through, and get myself and baggage over as best I could. Near sundown I reached Mill creek at Lima Center, where I found the bridge entirely gone, except the stringers. There was no time to parley. I stripped my horse and drove him into the creek. He went to the opposite side but would not leap up, and came back. I drove him in again with the same result. This time I put the saddle on and mounted him, having left my saddle bags, overcoat and undercoat on the bank. The water came over the top of the saddle. I made him leap up the bank, and we pressed on. But when we had got about half way over the wide marsh he mired down and could not help himself. Dismounting, I rolled up my sleeves, plunged my hands into the mud, pulled out his feet and

got them onto fresh turf and assisted him up. I went back after my things, mounted and rode eleven miles to Ann Arbor, reaching there about 9 o'clock p. m., wet, cold, tired and hungry." This was not studying theology nor preaching the gospel, but it was part of the circuit rider's duty all the same. And this was not a very exceptional experience. Many just such stories could those preachers of the long ago tell of their experiences in Michigan swamps.

Now, is some person curious to know the salary such laborers received? Be it known, then, that the conference that sent them out seemed never to have asked what such service was worth, but they asked what is the smallest possible sum that will purchase their absolute necessities. The allowance of a man who had no family was $100 per annum, provided he could collect it from the people among whom he labored. If he had a wife, this munificent sum was doubled; he then received $200. Think of this, you wage-workers, who are vociferously demanding the return of "the good old times." But small as this sum was, the preacher often failed to get it. Rev. Marcus Swift rode the Oakland circuit during the years 1832-3 and the year following. He made the tour of the circuit in four weeks, in doing which he traveled 125 miles and preached 31 times. He received for the two years' services $250 of the $400 he should have received, and but a very small part of this was in money; the balance was in such miscellaneous articles as his family could use. On the average for the two years he labored two and a half days, rode his own horse twelve miles and preached three sermons for one dollar in truck. It is hardly probable that the girls of those times fell over each other in their scramble to catch a Methodist preacher, attracted by his salary and his thread-bare garments.

THE GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY SECESSION.

In 1841 the old M. E. society of Nankin became disorganized by the withdrawal of nearly all its members, incident to the great anti-slavery excitement of those years before the war. This secession was led by Rev. Marcus Swift of Nankin, Rev. Ebenezer Doolittle of Dearborn and Rev. Samuel Bebbins of Plymouth. The seceding members of the society, so far as my memory serves me, were Marcus and Anna Swift, Osband D. and Louisa Swift, George W. and Sarah A. Swift, Orson R. Swift, William and Martha Osband, Isaac F. and Hannah Ann Perrin, William and Mary Ann Brasington, Harcourt and Louisa Ferguson, Larkin and Wealthy Brownell, Addison and Zilpha Churchill, Samuel S. Fuller, Mrs. Betsy Grinnell, Josiah B. Barker, Alvah and Almyra Wilkinson, and William M. Magden. I give these names entirely from memory. No doubt others should be added which I cannot recall. I remember but three members who declined to go with the majority. There

were doubtless others. Of these, Thomas Dickerson was prominent. He came among us from Palmyra, N. Y., in 1831, and immediately identified himself with the church, which then held its meetings in the Schwarzburg school house. He became class leader and, I think, was serving as such at the time of this rupture. He was a good man and was respected by everybody who knew him. He did not see his way clear to join this movement, but he commended those who did for following their convictions. He did not withhold his friendship or his christian fellowship from his old associates because they chose to worship under a different name. The old man died the next year, and, by his own request, two of the brethren prominent in this movement, Marcus Swift and William Osband, were present to witness his last struggles. Beside him, his wife and Mrs. Josiah B. Barker remained faithful to the old church.

THE WESLEYAN CHURCH.

The seceders were first, and soon after this, organized into a church society under a discipline and rules drawn up principally by Marcus Swift. In the spring of 1843 the Wesleyan Connection of America was organized at Utica, N. Y., and this newly organized society became incorporated under its rules as one of the societies of the Michigan Conference of Wesleyan Methodists. It would be an unprofitable waste of energy to consume time here in discussing the propriety of that church movement and of the causes that led to it. All now concede that the anti-slavery contention was justifiable and eternally right, and none are willing to defend the forces arrayed against it.

The Wesleyan church which originated in this secession at once became active and aggressive in the anti-slavery cause. The feeling between it and other churches or people who either defended, sympathizd with or apologized for slavery became mutually intense. The members of the church treated slavery as a legitimate object of hatred, and they loved to lie awake nights to hate it. During all times of great excitement the partisans of each side are apt to do and say things they would like to disown in their cooler after moments. This is one of the lessons of human experience. And what could be expected of ordinary human nature under such pressure? They were engaged in the greatest moral contest of modern times. The war was raging all around them. While, in the interest of the slave power, men of "Property and standing" mobbed an anti-slavery editor in Boston, and another editor in Illinois was mobbed and murdered and his press broken and thrown into the river; while all New England was like a powder magazine, ready to ignite at the slightest lisp of the word Abolitionist, and with the cry of the fleeing fugitive from slavery ringing in their ears, and while the curses of the official hounds on his track were arousing men to action all over the

land, could it be expected that ordinary men would keep cool? Do brave men play the lamb in the heat of the battle?

While writing this I am conscious that persons under 50 years of age have but a faint conception of those years of excitement and turmoil. They cannot now conceive of the boiling, bubbling, seething madness aroused in society by simple out-spoken arguments against oppression and slavery. Hence, if these Wesleyans did sometimes lose their discretion and use language that might have been tempered more mildly, these conditions are their justification. Of one thing we are assured, that not one of them is or ever has been ashamed of the great cause in which he was engaged. On the contrary, they glory in the humble part they were permitted to take and they rejoice that the advocates of, and sympathizers with slavery, whom they then antagonized, are today joining hands with them in thanking God that slavery is a thing of the past.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

A Sabbath school was organized at an early day at the residence of Marcus Swift. I think this must have been in 1830, for I remember it and I could not do so if it had been much earlier. This school met wherever the church met. While it was located at Schwarzburg, I think Jefferson Dunn was superintendent at one time. This was never a Methodist school, but always a union school. One of the early superintendents in the Perrinsville school house was William White, who lived on the farm now owned and occupied by Charles Straight. He died in 1836. I think Enos Straight succeeded him and retained the position till the Baptist church on the plains was built, about 1839-40. Being a Baptist, he then went to his own church. Subsequently Dudley L. VanAkin, Addison Churchill, George W. Swift, Jesse Stanton, George M. Allen, James A. Peck, Hiram Farrand, and others I cannot name, were superintendents.

WESLEYAN PREACHERS.

Of the preachers who ministered to the church after the secession other than the Revs. Swift, Bebbins and Doolittle—the leaders of the secession—William P. Essler came among us from England, though a native of Ireland, in 1842. He was small in person, a man of energy and warm sympathy and of moderate intellectual ability. His strength lay in revival services, in which he was very successful. He served this and other churches several years, when he withdrew and united with the Congregationalists. He died in recent years. Rev. Amasa W. Curtis preached on the circuit about 1842-3. I am not certain but he was associated with Mr. Essler. He preached several years for us, and was one of our ablest preachers; he spoke with confidence and deliberation. He died at

an advanced age somewhere in the Saginaw country many years ago. Rev. M. B. Wilsey rode the circuit, I think, two years or more. His sermons were well received and his name is pleasantly remembered by those of his people who survive. I think he now resides in Milford. Rev. Joseph W. Collins ministered to us acceptably one or two years; he now resides in Lansing, Michigan. Rev. Jason Steele preached two or more years between 1845 and 1850. He was a man of considerable ability. He subsequently adopted the profession of medicine and now resides in Detroit. Rev. Elisha Bebbins was with us two or more years,—a man of good ability and well posted on the subjects he discussed. His whole soul was enlisted in anti-slavery, and the man who antagonized him on that subject quite generally came out second best. He was a son of Rev. Samuel Bebbins. He died in Monroe county many years ago. Rev. Samuel B. Smith was with us perhaps two years; he was one of our best preachers. About the commencement of the war he went into the Ohio field, where he remained many years. After the war he united with the Episcopal Methodists, and one of its colleges conferred the title of D. D. upon him. In 1892 he located and now resides in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Orson R. Swift commenced preaching in 1843, at the age of about 21 years. He was a son of Rev. Marcus Swift. He was enthusiastic in all his efforts, a nervous, impassioned speaker; when fully warmed up to his subject he would lose control of his nerves and speak so loudly and vehemently that after three or four years his health gave away. He adopted the profession of medicine in 1847. He followed this very successfully the remainder of his life, but his health was permanently impaired and he died of consumption in April, 1856, aged 34½ years.

HARMONY.

The society from the first in all its history worked together in harmony. In all that time there was never any difficulty that culminated in a church trial, and no minister that the conference ever sent them was rejected.

THE OLD PERRINSVILLE CHURCH.

The desire for a new church took form early in 1846. A subscription paper was circulated and sufficient pledges secured to justify the enterprise, and the work was commenced. A brick foundation was made inclosing a Sunday school room. O. D. Swift did the brick work; Herman Perse did the framing and raised the building. I think the building was inclosed during the first year. I am not certain when the basement was first occupied, but think it was used for both church and Sunday school purposes for a time before the church was dedicated. Rev. Seymour A. Baker of Detroit preached the dedicatory sermon during the summer

or fall of 1850. He was then editing a "Free Soil" paper in Detroit called The Free Democrat. I removed from this community at the close of 1857, and of the history of the church subsequent to that time I know but little. Of the dissolution of the Wesleyan society after the war, and when and how the Methodist Episcopal church acquired possession of the field, I know nothing.

THEY ARE GONE—ALL GONE.

This pioneer church was organized 69 years ago. The first death in it was Mrs. Matilda Adams, who died in 1828, the year of its organization. Joseph Keller and wife died in Toledo, Ohio, in the late thirties. My aunt, Anna Swift, died next on March 11, 1842, aged 49 years. My mother died November 17, 1848, aged 50 years. Dr. Micah Adams died in 1859, aged 64½ years. My father died Nov. 24, 1861, aged 65½ years. Marcus Swift died February 19, 1865, aged 72 years. Alvah Wilkinson died, I think, sometime in the seventies. If he was one of the charter members he was the last survivor of that little band of the pioneer church of Nankin. Of the members who seceded from the old church 56 years ago, I know of but two who survive—Mrs. Mary A. Brasington, now Mrs. Pate, and Mrs. Harcourt Ferguson, now Mrs. Nichols. Neither of them reside among you, and each is now an octogenarian. Not only have the members of the church gone, but the heads of the families of the old settlers have nearly all passed over the river. I look over the community and find but two or three of those who came here in the long ago, in the pride and strength of manhood and womanhood, left. They brought here industry and economy, and little else. Nobody brought money beyond the need of a rigid economy. The wealth now visible in productive farms and shops has all been produced here at the expense of the energy brought. The pioneers had strength but no property. They left property but their strength had vanished. Others came here as children or were born here in the woods, and are very properly classed as pioneers. A few of these survive, among whom are myself and three of my brothers. Beside these there is now and then one remaining, but we are about ready to depart; another decade and our places will be left vacant.

A SKETCH OF PIONEER LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS.

BY MRS. CATHERINE CALKINS BRUNSON.

[Written for the St. Joseph County Pioneer Meeting, June 10, 1896.]

My father, Caleb Calkins, and family emigrated from Caledonia Springs, New York, to Baldwin's Prairie, Cass county, Michigan, in the fall of 1828. Our journey nearly all the way was through a wilderness country, and we arrived at Solomon Hartman's on the bank of the St. Joseph river on the 1st of January, 1829, where we were delayed ten days before we could ford the river at Mottville.

When we arrived at Mr. Baldwin's, our destination, we found him in bed a mass of bruises and his life hanging in the balance. We learned he had had some trouble with the Indians a short time before. The Indians claimed that Baldwin had been cheating them with poor watered whisky, and that they could drink a pint of it and never phase them. Baldwin told them that he would furnish the whisky for nothing if they thought he was cheating them. So Baldwin gave them a pint of his best. One of the band took the pint of whisky and turned it down his rat-hole of a throat without stopping to taste it. Soon there was a dead Indian around there. This angered his brother Indians, who said that Baldwin had played a rascally and murderous trick on them, and they came at him with clubs and pounded him to a pulp and left him for dead. Baldwin, being a man of strong vitality, came to, but was all winter in recovering. The nearest doctor was Loomis of White Pigeon, eleven miles away. Joel Baldwin, a boy about 14 years old, attempted to find an axe or something to help defend his father, but failed to find anything, as the Indians had secured everything.

Joel mounted a horse and put him down to his best speed to their nearest neighbor, Nathan Odell, near Mottville, for assistance. Here assistance was procured and Dr. Loomis of White Pigeon sent for. Young Baldwin just then began to realize that a single shirt was a thin protection for the cold, wintry December night.

The Shave Head band buried their dead brother Indian in a log pen four feet square and six feet in height, standing upright securely tied to the logs with his gun and ammunition by his side, facing the rising sun. They then roofed this holy of holies over with logs six or eight inches in diameter. This receptacle of the dead was erected on a knoll about fifty rods from Baldwin's house and fifteen rods north of the Chi-

cago road. It remained for many years and until the forest fires consumed it.

For this Indian depredation Baldwin received over a thousand dollars from the United States government, it being deducted from this band's annuities. So the Indians lost one of their band and a thousand dollars all on account of a pint of whisky which went down one Indian's thirsty throat.

One side of Mr. Baldwin's room was splashed all over with blood where the Indians attacked and clubbed him. We remained with him the balance of the winter and until we built a house of our own about sixty rods away. Quaker Baldwin was a good friend to our family in sickness and misfortunes, of which we had many, as our house burned down and we had two deaths in our family the first few years.

Every family had their dead to bury as best they could. My father, being a carpenter, made the coffins. Sometimes he had to cut up packing boxes and often wagon boxes, as no lumber was made here then. The pioneer log cabins were floored with slabs split from logs and hewn down.

Once when my father was sick my mother and her little son went to Sage's Mill, now Adamsville. On their way they passed Chief Shave Head and his band of about 200, who were camped near the Chicago road. Chief Shave Head was quite old and black, six feet tall and as straight as an arrow, with not a vestige of hair on his head; a mere skeleton on account of his age, and altogether he was a frightful looking specimen of humanity. In passing the Indian camp on their way home from the mill the old chief came out and stopped them and demanded the grist. They tried to compromise with him, but no compromise would do, as his people were hungry. When he attempted to take the grist out of the wagon the oxen got a smell of the old chief and ran for dear life like wild buffaloes. The hind wheel of the wagon ran over and knocked old Shave Head flat upon the ground, and he did not attempt to get up and follow them, and they were soon out of sight and hearing of the camp. In the melee two Indian boys had climbed into the wagon and were eating the boy's lunch; but they didn't seem to care what happened, as they were hungry. So Shave Head lost the grist and children too. After the oxen slackened their speed they unloaded the Indian children and sent them back.

After the mail stages began to run on the Chicago road, Chief Shave Head established himself as a toll gate at Mud Run, about three and a half miles west of Mottville. Here he made everybody pay tribute for passing through his domain. Savery, the stage agent at White Pigeon, went over to Mud Run, where he found the old chief, who demanded toll. Savery got off the stage, took the chief's gun from him, fired it off and

rammed the muzzle down into the mud. Then he got his horsewhip and licked the old chief down on the dead run out of sight, and he was never seen as road agent at that point afterward.

The Indian burying ground was located between the south forks of Shave Head lake on a mound of ten or twelve feet elevation. Here they buried most of their dead. Their sarcophagi were made by cutting off logs six or eight feet long and by splitting off a slab from the upper side. After cutting sufficient space in the log to hold the body the slab was replaced, and if they did a good job this casket would be air tight. Four stakes were driven into the ground, caps were placed on cross-ways and wedged down on these stakes so that nothing could disturb their dead. In one of these sarcophagi there was not sufficient depth to receive the feet. They had to cut a cavity in the cover or slab to receive the toes, as it was traditional among the tribe that none should be maimed, as it was expected of all Indians to be good runners on their arrival at the Indian paradise, the happy hunting ground, where game would be plentiful and where Indians would never tire.* The log pen receptacle of the dead where the whisky Indian was buried remained undisturbed, as it was understood by the white people that if anyone disturbed this Indian they would serve him as they did Baldwin.

The burial ground at Shave Head lake has been torn up by vandal relic hunters, everything taken out of these wooden sarcophagi; nothing remained in them but a red pasty clay mould. The bones were strewn all around the grounds. There was one large skull and jaw bones, the teeth of which had cavities and much decay. This would indicate that the Indians must have suffered with toothache some day.

DETROIT IN THE YEAR 1832.

BY C. M. BURTON.

The year 1832 seems to have been full of exciting events for the people of the little city of Detroit.

The population of that place in 1830 was 2,222, and probably 2,600 would give the number on the first day of January two years later. The garrison had been removed and the fort demolished some six years before this, but a military storehouse remained and a few soldiers were in the barracks on the Mullett farm.

*A. M. Beardslee vouches for the correctness of this sketch in relation to the Shave Head Indians' burial grounds, as he was over and passed them many times in the fall and winter of 1835.

Every inhabitant of the village knew all that was going on in the place and kept close track of his neighbor's faults and did not hesitate to make them known.

The Free Press was established in 1830 and was still owned by Joseph Campau and John R. Williams, with Sheldon McKnight as manager and editor; but for some time there had been trouble between these parties, and early in the year Campau and Williams sold out their interests and Charles Cleland became the editor. This was a subject of comment and gossip that entertained the village for a week, and before the matter had become old the startling information was received that a daily mail was established so that now, on January 9, 1832, the people learned through the weekly paper that "we receive intelligence in seven days from Philadelphia and in a little more than three days from Pittsburgh and Buffalo." This, truly, was a matter of surprise and congratulation, but there were other exciting events in store.

There were three judges of the territorial court, William Woodbridge, Henry Chipman and Solomon Sibley. Two of them, Woodbridge and Chipman, did not stand well politically with the authorities at Washington, and they were notified early in the year that they would not receive a reappointment, but that their places would be filled by new men. Woodbridge particularly took this deposition very hard. He had been on the bench for some sixteen years and now felt it a great hardship to be compelled to seek a new field of action in which to gain a livelihood. On the last day of January the judges, at the close of the session of court, announced the coming expiration of their terms of office and the improbability of their reappointment. After court was adjourned the members of the bar at once met, with Charles Larned as presiding officer, and resolved to have a bar dinner with the three judges as invited guests.

Austin E. Wing, delegate in Congress, wrote from Washington that the new judges had already been selected, and that they were a Mr. Morrell of New York and a Mr. Wilkin of Pennsylvania, and his letter containing this information was read at the bar meeting.

The bar dinner was held at the Mansion House on Friday, February 3; Charles Larned presided and B. F. H. Witherell acted as vice president. The president's address upon the occasion was very eulogistic of the judges—perhaps more so than the occasion demanded—but as it was a parting scene it was evident that General Larned did not want to leave anything untried to make the parting pleasant.

Ordinarily bar dinners and banquets are tame affairs, worthy of but the passing notice of their celebration, but this bar dinner was not of that nature, either at the time of the celebration or afterwards when the affair was discussed in the papers.

The opening remarks of the president constituted a tirade against the

federal administration that made the ears of the listeners tingle. He objected to the removal of the judges from their offices without cause. "Why," he asked, "are individuals long resident among us and identified in feeling and interest with all that regards this, the country of their adoption, thus rudely thrust from office? Have our citizens remonstrated against their reappointment? Has the honor of our government or the public safety demanded it? Has the distinguished head of the war department, our late executive (Lewis Cass), who knows so well public opinion in Michigan, urged or sanctioned it? Has our delegate, whose zeal and talents are actively exerted in all that concerns our character or interests, contributed to this result? Have the late incumbents been evicted to give place to some among us, possessing more of legal attainment or integrity of purpose? No, gentlemen; a population of 40,000 claiming to be capable of self-government cannot, it would seem, furnish adequate talent or purity for their supreme judicial tribunal." His address, full of that eloquence for which Mr. Larned was noted, continued in that strain and finally ended with a toast to the retiring judges.

The response of Judge Woodbridge was eloquent, but through it ran a vein of censure of the administration, which gave evidence of the deep wound inflicted by his removal. "It would be affectation," he said, "were I to say that I did not experience a sense of humiliation at such an eviction from office. I have felt it acutely. Not that the office is in itself of great value—in the embarrassing circumstances in which its arduous duties are now required to be performed it is, in truth, of but little value—but it is the ignominy resulting from a contemptuous ejection from it that gives the wound."

All the leading lawyers in Detroit took an active part in this celebration—and nearly all the lawyers in Detroit at that time were able men, and their names are well known and they are honored today for their ability. There were the three judges above named, Charles Larned, B. F. H. Witherell, A. D. Fraser, Elon Farnsworth, Joseph Torrey, George A. O'Keeffe, Harry S. Cole, Judge Fletcher, Judge Daniel Goodwin, Augustus S. Porter, George E. Hand, and many others.

The bar dinner passed off pleasantly, but the afterclap came a few days later when Ebenezer Reed wrote a long letter to the Free Press from St. Joseph on the subject.

Ebenezer Reed and John P. Sheldon were the editors of the Detroit Gazette until the time of its destruction by fire in 1830, and their pens were very sharp and usually dipped in wormwood and gall.

No love was lost between the editors and Larned, for the first libel suit in Detroit was instituted by Larned against the Gazette and its editors. Nor was any love lost between the editors and Woodbridge, for that judge had committed Sheldon to jail for publishing reflections on the judge's actions.

The reader of the modern newspaper can scarcely comprehend the vigorous use of language that the editors of our early newspapers indulged in. At that time the editor had the advantage of his opponent, for he could use his paper to reach the multitude and could deny his columns to the remonstrances or answers of his antagonist, and neither Sheldon nor Reed scrupled to take advantage of the power which was placed in their hands.

Now the columns of the paper were freely given to Reed to comment upon the action of the attorneys and judges at their bar dinner. His communication is signed "Consistency," but the name of the author can be derived from the circumstances mentioned in the communication. "Can it be possible," he asks, "that all this honeyed adulation on the part of the lawyers was sincere? Did the reformed judges really look serious when they performed their parts in this pompous melodrama? Can we believe the toasters sincere and earnest in their flattery, or the toastees so dull as not to perceive the ridiculous light in which the public must have viewed it? Mr. Woodbridge in his speech said he hoped to find something in his past official life that would make him a *wiser* and a *better* man. Had he been a wise man, and consequently a better one, he either never would have been a judge on the bench, or he would still have been there, secure in the respect and affections of the people, and reaping the reward of that genuine goodness and honesty of purpose which is true wisdom. But he has chosen to depend upon the semblance of virtue instead of its substance, and his fate is like that of all others who have based the fabric of their reputation upon mere shadow. In the same address the judge says, 'I have sought to perform my duty faithfully and well.' Did his late honor intend to include among his 'judicial acts' his despotic assumption of power and gross perversion of official authority in the memorable canvassing of 1825? Did he suppose the public had forgotten his tyrannical punishment of Mr. Sheldon in 1829? Is it necessary to refer to the case of the United States against John Reed or that of Cole and Porter against John Hendree, or the injunction which he made dog-cheap in Michigan, or the score of other cases, which a little less of the spirit of adulation might have permitted some of his auditors to bring to mind? Immunity to him would be injustice to the public, while he continues to present a brazen front and defy the censures of a people whose rights he has trampled upon, under the specious garb of a conscientious discharge of duty."

The above extracts are culled from a long article full of bitterness and detailed circumstances attending the retirement of the judges. The excitement resulting from publication of the articles was great, but the columns of the paper were not open to reply. The Courier reproached the Free Press for printing the scurrilous articles, but this only served

to add fuel to the fire, and another bitter article followed. The other Detroit paper, The Detroit Journal and Michigan Advertiser, published the Free Press report of the banquet verbation, but made no detailed comment on the other articles regarding the affair, and considerately held itself aloof from the quarrel.

In the beginning of May Charles Cleland ceased to be editor of The Free Press, and John P. Sheldon resumed his old place as conductor of that paper. His first editorial effort was to abuse the Courier for uncomplimentary references made to the Gazette, for Sheldon was editor of the Gazette from its establishment in 1817 till its destruction in 1830. Sheldon likewise took a turn at abusing the judges and others who had participated in the bar dinner, and he divulged some of the editorial secrets of the former years when Larned and Torrey and some of the other lawyers abused these same judges through unsigned communications in the Gazette.

Week after week these articles appeared, and they were as interesting as any foreign news we get today; the people liked the sensation and the circulation of the paper increased.

All other news was not entirely ignored, for we learn that the appointment of George B. Porter as Governor of the territory was approved by the Senate in February, and that he was expected soon to visit Detroit. Stevens T. Mason, then a mere boy, was acting Governor in his absence.

The absence of the Governor and the youthfulness of the acting Governor were thus sarcastically noted by the Journal of February 22: "A letter has been received in this city which states that the nomination of Gov. Porter has been confirmed by the Senate. It is, if we mistake not, about six months since this gentleman received his appointment as Governor of the territory, of which time he has spent among us six weeks or thereabouts. It certainly takes him a long while to look after his *one client* in Pennsylvania. It must be a case *in chancery*. We wonder if his *pay* goes on regularly meanwhile?

"Our territory is left in rather a novel predicament just now. We have only one judge and one acting Governor, who, if he lives until next October, and no *accident befall him*, will be twenty-one years of age."

The city election was held on the second day of April and resulted in the election of Levi Cook as mayor. The election was stated to be unanimous and he received 148 votes; this was about half of the votes of the city as usually cast.

The legislative council convened May 1, and a few days later a petition was presented for the incorporation of the village of Ypsilanti and another petition for the incorporation of a company to run a railroad from that village to Detroit.

On the 23d of May the Journal published a letter from T. J. V. Owen,

the Indian agent at Chicago, giving notice of the uprising of the Indians under the leadership of Black-Hawk, and requesting aid of the Michigan militia. Every one was at once excited, and within a very few days from the receipt of news of the danger in which Chicago was situated 300 men marched from Detroit across the peninsula to her aid. I will not take space here to tell of this event, for it is more fully related in another place.

Governor Porter arrived in the city on Sunday, June 17, and the same paper that announced his arrival gave notice of the arrival of that terrible scourge, the Asiatic cholera, in Quebec, the first arrival of that epidemic that swept so rapidly and so disastrously over America.

When Austin E. Wing had attempted to give the bar at Detroit information of the appointment of the new federal judges, he did not know their names, and the announcement of the confirmation by the Senate of the two judges, George Morrell and Ross Wilkins, was first announced by the Journal of May 2. Judge Wilkins arrived with his family the same day that Governor Porter came.

Everyone's attention was now attracted to the cholera, as each incoming steamer gave further record of its progress.

On the 25th of June the board of health held a meeting and adopted measures relative to the treatment and prevention of the disease; citizens were appointed in each of the four wards of the city to keep the city clean and to carry out the regulations of the board. William Brewster, Stephen Wells and Ellis Doty were appointed in the first ward; in the second were Shubael Conant, James Abbott and James Hanmer; in the third were A. D. Fraser, Peter Desnoyers and Solomon Sibley, and in the fourth John Palmer, James Williams and Jerry Dean. The mayor, Levi Cook, issued a proclamation forbidding vessels from coming nearer than 100 yards of the city until inspected by the board of health.

On the 26th of June a public meeting of citizens was called and they voted to permit the common council to raise by tax such sums of money as might be necessary to meet the apprehended exigency of the introduction of cholera, and a committee consisting of DeGarmo Jones, Shubael Conant, Peter Desnoyers and David French was appointed to receive contributions for the erection of a hospital.

A detachment of soldiers under Col. Twiggs, bound for Chicago on their way to render assistance in the Black-Hawk war, reached Detroit in the "Henry Clay," and one of the soldiers died of the cholera on the 5th of July. The vessel was ordered to leave the city and proceeded to Hog Island, above the city (the present Belle Isle Park), and here she was furnished with supplies from the city. The vessel then proceeded up the river nearly to Fort Gratiot, where she was compelled to land on account of the number of sick soldiers. So great was the alarm that 150 soldiers deserted and the vessel was released from its contract to proceed

to Chicago and returned to Buffalo. Gen. Winfield Scott was in the "Sheldon Thompson" with the remainder of his troops, and the disease appeared there also. In his account of the affair he says that the only surgeon on board his vessel "in a panic gulped down half a bottle of wine, went to bed sick, and ought to have died." There was no one left to attend to the sick professionally, and Scott, who had received some instructions before his departure for the west, became the physician on the occasion.

There were two cases in the city on the 6th of July, one of whom died.

The upper story of the capitol building, the old high school building on State and Griswold streets, was converted into a hospital for cholera patients. Up to the 18th of July there were 58 cases and 28 deaths. The people were panic stricken and many of them left the place. The neighboring villages were as badly scared as were the people in Detroit, and their public houses were closed and travelers forbidden to pass over the roads. Where they attempted to stop they were turned out of the hotels and their baggage thrown after them. Bridges were torn up and everything possible done to prevent people coming from Detroit. East of Ypsilanti a quarantine was established and a guard posted under Capt. Josiah Burton and Lieut Chester Perry, to prevent the passing of people from Detroit. On the 10th of July the stage coach with passengers attempted to pass the quarantine, when it was fired upon and one of the horses killed. The stage coach not only carried the mail, but it had important dispatches for Gen. Scott at Chicago, yet, notwithstanding these facts, the board of health were so solicitous for the welfare of the people of Ypsilanti, and the people themselves were so frightened, that the stage was detained for some time, and it was only after great trouble that it was permitted to proceed.

On the road to Pontiac sentinels were stationed in the road to prevent people from passing and travelers were compelled to return to Detroit.

It had been the custom for years in Detroit to toll the church bell when a death occurred in the city, but deaths became so frequent that this ceremony was omitted, as it tended to frighten the people more than ever.

The Presbytery of Detroit, in the midst of the panic, issued a recommendation that Thursday, the 19th day of July, be observed "as a day of humiliation and special prayer to God, that he would avert the pestilence from our land, and, in the midst of deserving wrath, remember mercy," and they extended an invitation to everyone to join in their supplications.

By the end of July the board of health ceased to issue daily bulletins, as the cholera disappeared and the refugees commenced to return to their homes and resume the ordinary business.

Among the deaths of this period occurred Mrs. Katherine Sproat, 70 years of age; she was the mother of Mrs. Judge Solomon Sibley, and died

of cholera July 15. Elizabeth S. Cass, eldest daughter of Governor Cass, died of inflammation of the brain on the same day. Mrs. Mary C. Trowbridge, wife of James Trowbridge of Cincinnati and daughter of James Connor of Macomb, died in Detroit August 8 of cholera. September 1 Mrs. Catherine Dequindre died; she was the wife of Antoine Dequindre, a prominent citizen; and on the 13th of the same month the Rev. Gabriel Richards died; he was the pastor of the Catholic church of Ste. Anne. He did not die of the cholera, but was worn out by constant attention and devotion to those who had that disease.

Father Richard was an able priest and politician, pastor of his church for 44 years and third delegate to Congress from Michigan territory. It it said that he brought the first printing press in the west to Detroit in 1809, and it was used in 1812 to print the proclamation of the capitulation of Hull to the British under Brock. He was greatly beloved by his congregation, and after the lapse of 65 years his memory is still revered by the descendants of his parishioners, and it is not at all improbable that in the future an attempt will be made to canonize him as a saint, for already there are rumors of miracles performed on his remains.

Michigan was rapidly approaching that stage when the people looked forward to an independent State government, and the question of statehood was being discussed. In June a resolution was introduced in the legislative council, which finally took the form of an act on the 29th of that month, submitting to a general vote of the people of the entire territory the question of "whether it be expedient for the people of this territory to form a State government or not."

The ballot was to be cast on the first Tuesday in the following October. The matter was of importance and was the subject of general discussion through the summer months. The principal opposition to the measure was that the taxes would be greatly increased to support the State government. As it was now, the federal officers were supported by the federal government—the courts, judges, court officers, and governor—while under a State government nearly all of these officers would be State officers, and the expense of maintaining them would fall on the State.

The entire expense of maintaining the territorial government was estimated at $10,000, and that of the State government at from $20,000 to $30,000. The pouplation was estimated to be 50,000, or 10,000 heads of families. The increased burden would be from $1 to $3 per family, and it was urged that there was no head of a family unwilling to spare three bushels of wheat per year in order to live under a government where he had a voice in its management.

Under the territorial form of government the President and Congress appointed to office citizens of other States who had no interest in the welfare of Michigan—were non-residents before they held office and

upon the expiration of their terms, returned to their former homes. All this would be changed by organizing a State government. The territory was being rapidly filled with people from the other States who had been accustomed to self government and who felt that the additional expense necessary to the changed form would be well expended. These and many other arguments were used to influence the coming election.

Under the Ordinance of 1787 the State was to be admitted when it had attained a population of 60,000, but the population had not yet arrived at that number, though it was supposed that number would be reached by the time a constitution could be formed. The vote was taken on the second of October, and was very light. There were only 196 votes cast in Detroit, and of these 149 were for the measure. On the 11th of October, as the report of the vote throughout the territory began to be known, the Free Press editorially said, "We have derived sufficient information from various parts of the territory, relative to the result of the vote given on the 2d inst., to warrant us in stating the mortifying fact that a majority of the people of the peninsula of Michigan have decided against taking even the preliminary steps towards assuming the rights of a sovereign State." The returns of the election were very slow in coming in, and even by the 24th of October only partial returns were published in the Journal of that date, showing that the vote for the measure stood 1,173 to 603 against it.

When the entire vote of the territory on the question of State government was reported to the secretary of the territory it was found that the vote cast was very light. Every voter throughout the territory was permitted to cast his ballot, and yet only 3,007 people took advantage of the occasion. Ample notice of the date of the election was given and the three Detroit papers and the papers printed at Monroe and Ann Arbor, all urged the people to demonstrate their preferences at the polls.

Two years previous, at the election of delegates to Congress, where only qualified electors were permitted to vote, 4,435 ballots were cast, and it was very certain that the population had materially increased in the two years.

In some of the counties, Michilimackinac, Chippewa, Iowa (the present State of Iowa) and Crawford, no election, whatever, was held, but the votes cast, as reported, stood 1,817 in favor of the State government and 1,190 against it, and thus Michigan took the first step in the formation of a State.

EARLY LANSING.

INTERESTING SKETCH OF THE CAPITAL CITY IN AN EARLY DAY.

[Some facts concerning the early history of the city heretofore unpublished—From the recollections of Mrs. Sarah E. Dart, now of Petoskey, then an eleven-year-old girl.]

Being one of the few still living who saw Lansing in its infancy of 1847, it seems to me appropriate that a sketch of the "city in the wilderness" be given, which might prove interesting to the older inhabitants, and possibly to others who went there at a later date.

Searching the House Journal for records of proceedings of the legislature of 1847, the bills themselves not being at command, has proved no easy task, and found to be confusing to one not well versed in parliamentary rules and usages. On January 4 of that year the legislature convened at Detroit, then the capital of Michigan. January 5, George B. Throop of Wayne gave notice that on some future day he should ask leave to introduce a bill in relation to the location of the capital. On the same day George W. Peck, afterwards a resident of Lansing, was elected speaker of the House. Joseph H. Kilbourne, father of S. L. Kilbourne, a prominent lawyer of Lansing, was a member of the House, and Charles P. Bush, later of Lansing, and father of Mrs. William Hinman, still a resident of the place, was a member of the Senate.

January 6, pursuant to previous notice, Mr. Throop introduced a bill to locate the capital, according to Section 9, Article 12, of the State Constitution of 1835, which fixed the capital at Detroit or some other place till 1847, when it should be permanently located by the legislature. As recommended by Governor Alpheus Felch, January 7, the speaker appointed a committee of seven, to whom was referred the location of the capital, consisting of George B. Throop of Wayne, Harvey Chubb of Washtenaw, Alexander Arzeno of Monroe, Patrick Marantette of St. Joseph, John D. Pierce of Calhoun, Enos Goodrich of Genesee, and Alexander F. Bell of Ionia. January 28, a petition was presented by Wiliam W. Upton of Clinton, of James Seymour, a resident of Flushing, in relation to the location of the capital upon his lands in Ingham county, which was referred to a select committee. February 4, Mr. Throop and Mr. Pierce, of the select committee, made their reports, Mr. Goodrich making his report the following day. All were ordered printed.

In the published history of Ingham and Eaton counties, the following is found: "Mr. Throop recommended that the seat of government be located in such county as should furnish the necessary land and suitable buildings for the use of the legislature and State officers for a term of years, and promised that the county of Wayne would enter into a contract to furnish the capitol building and ground then occupied by the State at Detroit, free of expense, upon the passage of a bill locating the seat of government in that city." This report was signed by Mr. Throop alone. The second report, signed by Messrs. Pierce and Marantette, was adverse to locating in Detroit, giving various reasons therefor. "They scouted the idea of expending $200,000 as a dream of 1836." The third report, signed by Mr. Goodrich, and "as results proved, which had the greatest influence with the legislature," advocated the permanent location of the capital at some point north of the Central railroad, and declared himself in favor of immediate action. February 10 the bill for the location of the capital was taken from the table, and Grand Blanc, in Genesee county, was the first name voted upon, but lost. February 11 fifteen cities and villages were voted upon, Lyons receiving 30 yeas and 28 nays, but was rejected the same day. Lansing then obtained the vote by 35 yeas and 27 nays. February 12 the bill was ordered to be engrossed and read the third time by 40 yeas and 24 nays. February 13 the bill was read the third time, names of various places voted upon and rejected, Lansing receiving the final vote by 48 yeas and 17 nays. March 9 the Senate returned the House bill to locate the capital, having concurred therein. To the uninitiated in the mysteries of legislative work, the last vote taken, and the concurrence of the Senate, would appear to end the controversy, but on March 10 a new bill was introduced for the location of the capital, and on the same date a motion was made and carried, that $10,000 be appropriated for temporary buildings, by a vote of 24 to 23, if Lansing be selected. Later an attempt was made to reconsider this, but it failed. March 12 Henry W. Taylor, of Calhoun, moved to amend these instructions so as to add the following: "That the sum of one hundred dollars be appropriated to erect guide boards to direct the members of the next legislature to the seat of government of the State of Michigan." This motion was lost. March 12 the bill was again taken up to fill in the blank with the name of place to be voted upon. Many names were rejected and Lansing again secured the final vote by 35 yeas to 23 nays. The fight was still at its height, as evidenced by the introduction of new bills, and hurried through, but on March 16 William M. Greenly, then Acting Governor (the Governor having been elected to the Senate of the United States Congress), signed the bill making Lansing the capital of the State of Michigan.

If all the bills to incorporate plank roads introduced into the legisla-

ture of this session had been completed, Lansing would soon have had beautiful roads in every direction to the outside world. But as none of the contemplated roads ever materialized, no more horrible roads could be imagined than those leading to the embryo city, till the plank road from Detroit was finished. The daily arrival of the stage coach from that city was a great event and hailed with delight by the isolated inhabitants. In a letter published by the Detroit Post and Tribune, January 18, 1879, as found in the history of Ingham county, Abiel Silver, then State Land Commissioner, with office at Marshall, claims to have laid out section 16 of the public school lands into lots and streets, reserving the necessary blocks for the capitol building. The broad and beautiful streets of Lansing, as seen today, testify to the wise forethought of thus laying them out while yet a virgin forest, without the broken lines seen in other cities. The following jottings are penned from the memory of a girl just eleven years of age at the time of her first visit to the new capital. In the main it is correct, but possibly some error may have been made from childish misconceptions at the time:

"Some time between 1843 and 1845, C. C. Darling, my father, then living in Spicerville, near Eaton Rapids, where he owned a farm and part of a saw-mill, was called to Lansing to assist Mr. Burchard to either build or repair a dam across Grand river, in the part called Lower town. The following year Mr. Burchard lost his life by drowning near the dam. In the spring of 1847, after the location of the capital, my father and brother John, then fifteen years of age, went to Lansing, spending most of their time there before the removal of our family in February, 1848, from Eaton Rapids, where we then lived, father having an interest in both grist and saw-mills at the latter place. Our journey commenced with sleighs, but on reaching the North settlement, we were compelled to accept the services of Mr. North, Sr., to take us to our destination on wheels, arriving there just at dusk. It has been said, and doubtless correctly, that Mr. North came from Lansingburg, N. Y., and that he gave the name to the town which was to be the future State capital. The Everett and Buck families lived in the settlement, their descendants still occupying their old farms. My father rafted the first lumber from Eaton Rapids used in Lansing. During the summer of '47 he erected a story and a half building on the site of the Briggs block, next south of the Hudson House, for a general store, bakery and residence, James Turner and wife, of Charlotte, having charge of the bakery and living in the building until Mrs. Turner's death the following February, which caused the sudden removal of our family to Lansing. On our arrival we found a long bowling-alley-looking addition to the first structure, put up in a week's time, of perfectly green lumber, preparatory for our coming, and in which we lived till the fall of 1852. The following year the build-

ing burned, with the Carter block adjoining it on the south side, and from which it took fire. The Carter block, built the same year, was a two story building used for stores, offices and a residence, which Mr. and Mrs. Carter occupied, living previously in an extremely small but very tidy log house on the rear end of the lot. I think the postoffice was in this building when it burned. Mr. Carter died and Mrs. Carter afterward became Mrs. James Bascom. She was lying on what proved to be her deathbed at the time of the fire, my mother assisting to carry her to a safe place.

"In October, '47, my aunt, Mrs. Eckman, whom some of the present residents may remember, and myself, spent one week with my father and brother visiting the new capital, and boarding with Mr. Dearin, father of A. V. Dearin, yet living in the place. Mr. Dearin put up a building of boards nailed perpendicularly on or near the site of Clark & Co.'s carriage works, for the accommodation of the influx of people to the embryo city. It had a gabled roof, with just sufficient attic room for beds for the male members of the house. The ground floor was used for dining and sitting rooms, with possibly the kitchen partitioned off from one end, though I am not certain but all were together. The other end of the room was partitioned off with bed-quilts for two sleeping rooms. One of these contained two beds, separated only by a few inches of space, one occupied by my father and brother; the other by my aunt and myself. Of course the gentlemen arose first, leaving us to arrange our toilet in the best manner possible with the conveniences at hand. The other rooms were occupied by the Dearin family.

"One long continuous board table, well filled with all attainable good things, and prepared by Mrs. Dearin and her two daughters, gave perfect satisfaction to a hungry crowd. Evening usually found this large and jolly family gathered here discussing the various topics of the day. One discussion in particular attracted my childish attention, from its very earnestness. Religion was the subject and all present paid close attention to the speakers, who were allowed ten minutes each. Captain Cowles and his brother, then a young man, then as now called 'Mort,' were among the speakers. While occupying this building Mr. Dearin erected the Capital Hotel, a three story house, the nucleus of the Hudson House of today. Right here let me rectify the mistake found in the 'History of Ingham and Eaton Counties,' published in 1880, which gives C. C. Darling the credit of being the original builder of this hotel. Later a Mr. Allen occupied it, erecting an addition on the north end. In 1852 it was purchased by my father and re-named 'Columbus House,' his own name. Later he put up an addition on the south side. Here we lived till October, 1856, when we moved into the present residence of Mrs. Dr. Bartholomew, on Grand street, which my father built, leaving everything in the house for the use of my brother, who assumed charge of the hotel.

Afterwards it was purchased by Mr. Hudson and remodeled into the comfortable hostelry it is now. Back of the Capital Hotel and my father's house, about midway between the two, stood Bagg & Harmon's printing office, of Detroit. This firm did the State printing in '48, many of the printers boarding at my father's. Mr. Teeter, who is still living with his daughter, Mrs. Mary Case, Washtenaw street, occupied with his family a similar building to Mr. Dearin's, and only a few feet from it to the south and west. Mary, then a young girl, and little 'Jimmy' Dearin, with his large yellow dog, Watch, were my playmates on this memorable and never-to-be-forgotten visit. Another pet of Mr. Dearin's, while living in the hotel, was a tame deer, called Fanny, who roamed at will, daily coming to our bakery door, taking the loved cracker from our hands. Mr. Teeter purchased the place, which he still cultivates to some extent, and raised the little board house that is yet standing, where many a gay evening was spent by the young people of that early day with his daughter. Charles S. Hunt was of the number. At that time it was seemingly a long distance and certainly a very rough road. Near Mr. Dearin's boarding house, down in a ravine between that and River street, but invisible from either, Dr. Burr and wife, Mrs. Laura Burr, the present owner of the New Grand, lived in a small but tidy board shanty at this time. Here Mrs. Burr was teaching a few pupils, while building their future residence on River street, to which place they soon moved, the upper part affording ample room for the large number of pupils who attended her popular school in later years, myself among the number, all rapidly advancing under her able instruction. A few years ago this building was still standing, innocent of all modern improvements, with its large upper windows of 7x9 glass. Fancy seeing within, those familiar faces of nearly a half century ago. Dr. Burr and a brother of Mrs. Burr, Montgomery by name, were taken away by an epidemic of brain fever in the spring of '49. About this time Mr. Miller built a log house on the opposite side of River street, and later the brick residence attaching to it, and afterward purchased by Mr. Lansing.

"The first Lansing House, built by Henry Jipson in '47, of logs, and later a one-story frame addition on the south side, stood opposite and east of where the Hotel Downey now stands. Still later it was enlarged to three stories and afterward burned. On the site of Hotel Downey Dr. Goucher built a residence which was moved to Capitol avenue, where it now stands, to give place to the new Lansing House. The old capitol building was erected in '47, to be completed and in readiness for the session of the legislature the following January. Stumps were all standing, but later pulled out with a stump machine, a great curiosity to me. During the first few sessions of the legislature the members found much difficulty in securing board and rooms, the Benton, Lansing and Seymour hotels

being about the only available places, these being usually well filled with transients. As they laboriously wended their way through mud and mire, around stumps, over logs and through brush, many an invective was hurled against the instigators of the removal of the State capitol into this wilderness. Some of the more fortunate welcomed the opportunity of rides in lumber wagons to convey them to and from their distant boarding places. Ludicrous scenes often occurred to these dignified members and senators, but they soon learned to take the inevitable with as good grace as possible under the circumstances. During the summer the Benton House was built by Bush and Thomas. At the same time this firm built a small store on the east side of the river, a bridge being thrown across from Main street. This bridge being near the confluence of Grand and Cedar rivers was twice swept away by the moving ice during the spring freshets, and the present site then selected. The father of A. S. Weller built and occupied a small grocery store next east of Bush and Thomas. A few other buildings stood in this compact row, but for what purpose is forgotten. These were all later removed to give place for the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad. Mr. Edward Elliott built a tin shop and residence on the opposite side of the street. The Bascoms of Jackson soon after lived in this house or one near it, losing, as I remember, a father and one brother during the epidemic, and later a brother from the old Jenison house on Grand street.

"The National Hotel was built on the corner of the block near the bridge on the east side of Cedar street, and occupied by Mr. Clapsaddle. In later years the house was burned. Midway between Upper and Middle towns, then so called, Mr. Quackenbush built a sawmill and residence, the latter purchased by Mr. Butler, father of Mrs. O. A. Jenison. On Main street, near the river, the Michigan House was built, and occupied by Mr. Hunt, where my father and brother boarded a portion of the summer. Mr. Thomas later purchased it for a residence, to which he removed his family. Several stores, groceries and other places of business, also residences, stood on either side of this street, which was the scene of much business activity, but soon gave way to the greater progress of Middle town, and falling into disrepute became the 'Five Points' of Lansing. C. P. Bush built his very fine residence, so considered at the time, which was later owned by Mrs. Hinman, his daughter, and lastly purchased and removed to its present location, to give place to the palatial residence of O. M. Barnes. On the corner near the Washington avenue bridge, Dr. Jeffries built the greater part of the present residence of Mr. Cahill, his daughter being an intimate friend and playmate of mine. Not far from this time Mr. Long built a house on the highest point of St. Joseph street west, a long distance through the woods. It is still standing.

"In the summer of '48, with mother and aunt, we took a long tramp through the woods to visit the home of Rev. Mr. Sanford, now Walnut street, between St. Joseph and Hillsdale, on the east side of the street. In the spring of '59, the house, with three lots, was purchased by my father, repaired and presented to me, for a soon-to-be-needed future home. Mr. Sanford published the Primitive Expounder, a universalist paper, and occasionally delivered a sermon in the old Senate chamber, the old capitol building being used by several denominations for a number of years, until each was able to build its own church edifice. In an early day a bowling alley stood on the west side of Washington avenue, at some place south of the capitol, and at a distance from it, then a curiosity to me.

"The Beebe block, now the residence of E. H. Davis, also the Post House nearly opposite, were built about that time, in both of which I attended school, in the former at a more recent date, taught by Miss Clapp. On the road to Lower town, it could scarcely be called a street, there stood a log house occupied by a neighbor of ours at Eaton Rapids. Possibly this log house was the one later owned and occupied by Dr. Holmes. At Lower town the Seymour House, now the Franklin Hotel, was built in '47, H. H. Smith, now of Jackson, having a general store in one of the compartments, at which place my father purchased a ball of pink and white soap, which my childish fancy coveted at the time of our visit. Quite an amount of business was transacted in this part of the town, never declining like Upper town, but other buildings failed to be especially noted. The old brick built in '48 across the river at Michigan avenue, is another landmark of that distant day, and remembered by the many games of hide and seek played around those two long board partitions.

"On the south side of the block on which the Hudson House stands, was a log house, in which lived Leonard Rand from Eaton Rapids, once a partner of my father, in his store, and in which Mr. Rand died.

"Among the many pupils who attended Mrs. Burr's school, we find in the families mentioned, Mr. Dearin's two boys, Henry and Matthew, Isaac, Charlie and Elbert Bush, brothers of Mrs. Hinmann, John being a messenger boy in the legislature; Amelia Hunt, James Thomas, two Clapsaddle boys. The younger one fell into the river and was rescued by his older brother; one Quackenbush boy, Lucy Long, David and Nancy Goucher, Anna Jeffries, Mary Berry, later known as Mrs. H. D. Pugh, whose father at one time was proprietor of the original Lansing House; Hattie Edgar, whose father built the first structure of the Commercial House, and Delia Ward, afterwards Mrs. F. M. Cowles.

"Among the first inhabitants of Lansing now living, we find Mrs. James Turner, Mrs. John Longyear, her sister; D. L. Case, a brother-in-law; F. M. Cowles, Mr. and Mrs. Hinman, then young people, as also Mrs.

Merrifield, Mrs. George W. Peck, D. W. Buck, Mrs. Mary Case, Mr. Teeter, her father; A. V. Dearin, then a young man; H. H. Smith of Jackson, and Mrs. Wiswell, now a resident of New Orleans. The latter's husband was Auditor General in '48.

"A large volume might be compiled from memory's page of incidents of those pioneer days, of buildings constantly going up, removed and demolished, and of people in both public and domestic circles who have long ago passed over to the other shore. One by one they are dropping from our midst, but the rising generation is rapidly coming forward to take the place of those gone before. Soon none of those pioneers will be left to tell the story of the 'city in the wilderness,' and history alone will keep green the memory of those early days."

FORT ST. JOSEPH—THE MISSION, TRADING POST AND FORT, LOCATED ABOUT ONE MILE SOUTH OF NILES, MICHIGAN.

BY L. H. BEESON.

The country now embraced in the valley of the St. Joseph river was, without doubt, occupied by man long years ago in the pre-historic times. The fact that the works of the Mound Builders, so-called, are more or less numerous and the stone weapons, tools and utensils usually ascribed to the Mound Builders are by no means rare along the borders of the river, leads us to the conclusion that this mysterious race displayed, here, as elsewhere, good taste and discrimination in selecting a "land" to live in. The whole region, now know as southern Michigan and northern Indiana has been described as being (in early times) "a perfect 'Paradise' for Indians." We thus have the verdict of the red race and the white as to the desirability of homes in this fruitful land.

The St. Joseph river and the woods and thickets along its banks formed a tremendous, yet always generous larder. The river was well filled with fish, especially in the spring, when the lake fish made their annual visit. Beaver and other fur-bearing animals were of the best and their fur and skins were in good demand. Geese, ducks and other water fowl were found in flocks that were truly too "numerous to count."

The woods contributed bear, deer, elk and a long list of small animals, game, all, to the Indian, besides many varieties of wild fruit, plants and nuts. Dry prairies were, in places, planted with irregular patches of corn, which, with little cultivation, yielded a profuse harvest. Buffaloes

were hunted successfully in the country lying along the Kankakee river, and on the portions of that prairie that extends over into Berrien county, Michigan. As we may well suppose, one spot in this favored valley would appear to be more desirable, by the red man, than the other village sites, if we may judge by the numerous traces of his occupancy. The territory closely surrounding the spot on which was located the mission of St. Joseph was thickly populated, hence the location of the mission at this place. At this point was the principal village of the Miamis; still later the Pottawatomies had a large village at a short distance from the Miamis. The well worn trails began to draw to a common center at the villages named.

The river broadened out into a fordable rapids, upon which fish were easily taken. The bluffs were higher here, and more picturesque, the springs more numerous than in other places and gave a great abundance of cold, clear water. Here the forest trees were more grand and majestic, and in places these large trees came almost to the waters edge, like a troop of giants dabbling their feet in the cool and refreshing stream. Near by other creeks and rivers added their crystal floods to those of the main stream, and on the banks of almost all of them existed small villages and isolated groups of Indians.

To the centers of Indian occupancy were attracted the half-breed hunters, the "Courier de Bois," the missionary, the soldier. They generally came in the order named. The half-breed's visit was largely of a social character, and his ambition seemed to be to out drink, out eat, out sing and out dance his red relatives. The Courier de Bois to the accomplishments of the half-breed had the added attractions of a trading pack, with its usual contents of brandy, red paint, beads and flints, powder and ball. The missionary, with his splendid faith, told the simple story of his mission, determined to win the Indian from his dark state of savagery, and to prevent the half-breeds and hunters from falling entirely into that condition. The soldier hoped, always, to add new territory to that already occupied by his countrymen, and to add new elements of safety and stability to the Crown's possessions.

"In 1694 the Governor of New France," in a conference with the western Indians, requested the Miamis, of the Pe-pe-ko-kia band, who resided on the Kalamazoo river, to remove and join their tribe on the St. Joseph river of Lake Michigan, the Governor giving as his reason that he wished the several bands of Miamis to unite, so as to be able to execute, with greater facility, the commands which he might issue. At this time the Iroquois were making war upon Canada, and the French were trying to induce the western Indians to take up the hatchet in their behalf. The Miamis promised to comply with the Governor's request, and late in August, 1696, they started to join their tribe on the St. Joseph. On

the way they were attacked by the Sioux and lost several men. The Miamis of the St. Joseph, "learning of this hostility," resolved to avenge this slaughter. They pursued the Sioux to their own country and found them intrenched in a fort with some Frenchmen, of the class known as Courier des Bois (bush lopers). They, nevertheless, attacked them repeatedly, but were compelled to retire, after loosing several of their braves; on their way home, meeting with other Frenchmen, carrying arms and amunition to the Sioux, they seized all they had, but "did them no harm."

In 1700 Cadillac had already begun his policy of drawing his Indian subjects to Detroit to "Frenchify" them, as he said. At this time Father James Gravier had for several years been in charge of the Illinois and St. Joseph river missions, and he had much anxiety as to the effect on his missions, as they were being drawn off to Detroit or towards the Ohio. In fact, at this period, many tribes in the "lake country" were moving and restless.

Father Chardon was, about this time, connected with the St. Joseph River Mission, for on August 14, 1706, Father Joseph D. Marest writes to the Governor General this letter, after mentioning the discovery of an Ottawa plot in which a party of warriors were to leave Michilimackinac, and having engaged the Sacs and Foxs to join them, intending to attack the Miamis on the St. Joseph, and that the plot had been temporarily frustrated, proceeds as follows:

"I asked the savages if I could send a canoe, manned with Frenchmen, to the River St. Joseph with any degree of safety. They replied that I could, and urged me to do so. Seeming to take an interest in the Fathers who are there, the truth is, they do not feel at liberty to make war upon the Miamis while the missionaries remain there, and for that reason would prefer that they should come to us. I had previously organized some Frenchmen to carry the news to the River St. Joseph, and to relieve our Fathers if they were in any difficulty; but one of them has been so much intimidated by the representations of his friends that he dares not trust himself among the savages. As affairs are, at present, I do not think the removal of the Fathers is desirable, for that (St. Joseph) is the most important post in all this region, except Michilimackinac; and if the Ottawas were relieved from the restraint imposed upon them by the existence of the mission, they would unite so many tribes against the Miamis that in a short time they would drive them from this fine country."

He further says: "I have at last found another Frenchman who is willing to go to the River St. Joseph, and I hope the four will now depart immediately. We have reason to feel anxious concerning the safety of the Fathers, on account of so many war parties going down on

that side. At least we shall have news from St. Joseph, unless our men find too many dangers in the way."

In another letter from Father Marest to the Governor, dated August 27, 1706, he says: "I have not yet sent to the River St. Joseph, but hope to very soon."

It is noticeable, in the above extract from the letter of Father Marest, that the river on which the mission was located is called the St. Joseph, instead of the Indian name which had been given to it by its discoverers, and which had adhered to it in the earlier writings; this leads to the conclusion that at the time of the establishment of the mission of the St. Joseph its name was also given, for the first time, to the stream, which had been known as the river of the Miamis. The mission at which Father Chardon was stationed is described as being sixty (60) miles from the mouth of the river, which distance corresponds very nearly to the site of the present city of Niles. When La Salle was making his memorable trip of 1679, we find that he left the mouth of the River St. Joseph December 3d. His party consisted of thirty-three persons, including himself, the Mohican guide and the priests. The fort at the mouth of the river, which they had named Fort Miami, was left without a garrison.

In 1721 Charlevoix visited the post, or mission, up the river, and in a letter dated August 16th, he says: "There is a commandant here with a small garrison. His house, which is but a sorry one, is called the Fort, from its being surrounded with an indifferent palisade, which is pretty near the case in all the rest." We have here two villages of Indians, one of the Miamis and the other of the Pottawatomies, both of them mostly Christians, but as they have been for a long time without any pastors, the missionary who has been lately sent to them will have no small difficulty in bringing them back to the exercise of their religion.

In Volume 10, page 248, of the Report of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society will be found a table giving the distance from Detroit to Fort St. Joseph by land, and from there to the junction of the Illinois river with the Mississippi by water. This table agrees, substanially, with the distances as marked and known in our day, and is quite accurate, considering that it must have been computed by experience in traveling rather than by actual measurement. In examining these figures we find that Fort St. Joseph is, or was, upon the ground we have named—that is—one mile nearly south of the intersection of Main and Front streets in the city of Niles. By following further the table we find that they ascended from the Fort to a carrying place twelve miles, which agrees with the distance from Niles to "Portage Point" in St. Joseph county, Indiana, being (as is well proved) the north end of the "carry" or trail from the St. Joseph river to the Kankakee river. The table further says: "From the carrying place to the Ke-can-ka-kee river,

four miles." This agrees fairly with the actual distance as we find it today between the Portage Point and the Kankakee river. The distance from Fort St. Joseph, by the river, may be roughly computed as five miles to Parc Aux Vaches, and from Parc Aux Vaches to Portage Point, seven miles.

In 1718 a memoir was prepared, by and for the French government, on the Indians of Canada, as far as the River Mississippi, with remarks on their manners and trade. In this memoir we have an early description of the region along the St. Joseph river. In part, it reads as follows:

"The River St. Joseph is south of Lake Michigan, formerly the Lake of the Illinois; many take this river to pass to the Rocks, because it is convenient, and they thereby avoid the portage of des Chaines and des Parches. It is at the head of Lake Michigan and leads to the Rocks, an Illinois village. It is a spot the best adapted of any to be seen for purposes of living, as regards the soil. There are pheasants, as in France; quails and paroquets; the finest vines in the world, which produce a vast quantity of very excellent grapes, both white and black, very large and juicy, and the bunch very long." It is the richest district in all the country. One of the earliest transfers of land, in the "Illinois" country, was made by La Salle, at the mouth of the St. Joseph river December 2, 1682, ante-dating the La Forest deed, at Chicago, by eleven years. This deed is still in existence, being preserved in the Canadian archives. It was evidently executed by La Salle when on his way from Michilimackinac to the Illinois river, where Tonty had just commenced building Fort St. Louis on what is now known as "Starred Rock." In this deed La Salle cedes to Michael Dizy certain lands in the vicinity of Fort St. Louis. A fac-simile of the deed can be found in Girourd's "Lake St. Louis, Old and New," and "Cavalier de La Salle."

In 1721 Father Charlevoix, when on his visit to the post, wrote: "The Pottawatomies possessed only one of the small islands, at the mouth of Green Bay, but had two other villages, one on the St. Joseph (of Lake Michigan), and the other at the narrows (De Troit)."

Mr. Hiram W. Beckwith, in his splendid article on the "Illinois and Indiana Indians," says: "The Pottawatomie villages were on the west side of the river in the near vicinity of Niles. Fort St. Joseph and the Jesuit Mission, from which the stream and fort were named, stood on the same shore, while the 'great Miami Town,' for whom the river was originally called, was upon the opposite bank."

The paper written by Mr. E. G. Mason, president of the Chicago Historical Society, entitled "The March of the Spanish Across Illinois," is a paper of great interest, and is as follows: "Before the treaty of peace was signed in 1763, which closed the old French war, the red banner of St. George had replaced the white flag of the Bourbons, in all the regions

between the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, and a secret agreement was entered into which gave the vast territory west of the Father of Waters, together with the port at its mouth, to Spain. Settlers in what is now Illinois removed to St. Louis, that they might yield allegiance to the British king and still be Frenchmen, only to find that port under the hated rule of the 'Mother of the Inquisition.' Within a few years, however, they became apparently reconciled to the new order of things, and ceased resistance to Spanish authority. With garrisons at New Orleans, St. Louis and the smaller places along the western banks of the Mississippi river, and with armed vessels upon its waters, Spain rested secure in the undisputed possession of the immense area for which she gave nothing, and which was, within the next 100 years, to become one of the most valuable regions on the face of the globe. Such was the situation during the American Revolution, after Spain had induced France, in 1779, to recognize the colonies and to take part in the war against Great Britain."

On January 2, 1781, a party consisting of sixty-five militia, thirty of whom are said to have been Spaniards and the rest Frenchmen, all sworn subjects of the Spanish sovereign, and fired with zeal to strike a blow against the nation now a foe of both France and Spain, were drawn up in front of the government houses in St. Louis. With them were 60 Indians, members of several tribes. After the usual preliminaries they set forth on an expedition to the northeast, the objective point of which was Fort St. Joseph, located on the bank of the River St. Joseph, one mile from what is now Niles, Michigan. The expedition was under the auspices of Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Don Francisco Cruvat. The command was entrusted to Don Eugenio Pouné, ranking as captain in the Spanish line. Don Carlos Tayon, ranking as lieutenant in the royal service, was second in command. Don Luis Chevalier, who was well versed in the language of the Indians, acted as interpreter, and it was due to him the hostility of the tribes allied to England, through whose hunting grounds they passed on their long and perilous journey, was overcome. Fort St. Joseph, which was distant four hundred miles from St. Louis, was garrisoned by English Indian traders. It had long been a bone of contention between the Indians, the English and the French, and had been taken and retaken four or five times. On the march the little band of invaders suffered great privations. As they could not endure crossing the bleak prairies of Illinois at that season of the year, they followed the ice bound, timber lined streams. On the way they did not pass a civilized habitation. Reaching their destination, the Spaniards and their French allies surprised the soldiers and British traders in the fort, who relied upon their savage allies. The conflict was brief and resulted in the complete success of the invaders. They

had induced the Indians to stand idly by and view the attack as uninterested spectators. The British flag was hauled down, the store houses were plundered, and their contents divided among the victors, their Indian allies and the Indian allies of the British. Everything not portable was committed to the flames, and after tarrying a few days the victorious band doubled on their tracks and returned to St. Louis, where they arrived in March the same year (1781). The commander of the expedition presented himself at the government house in that village, bearing the British flag and other trophies, and reported that the object for which it was fitted out had been fully attained. A year later Mr. Jay, minister from the United States to Spain, read in the *Madrid Gazette* (of March 12, 1782) an account of the capture of the fort. About the same time the news reached France, and Benjamin Franklin, American Minister to that country, learned that the fort had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards. Mr. Jay wrote to the authorities at Philadelphia that there was evidently some deep laid scheme intended by the Spanish government; that, in his opinion, that government intended to absorb all the territory west of the Ohio river or Alleghany mountains in order that it might trade it to the British government for Gibraltar. Mr. Jay hastened to Paris, where he met Franklin, who had previously written to the President and Secretary of State letters in which he expressed substantially the same opinions as those of Mr. Jay. They consulted with Mr. Adams. Firmly convinced that the Spanish and French governments were determined to have the Mississippi valley and all the region west of that stream, they ceased negotiating with the representatives of Spain and France and opened secret negotiations with the British Empire. In 1803 the treaty of peace made with that government completely upset the calculations of both France and Spain. Little did the active participants in the expedition, or any one on this side of the Atlantic, dream of the importance Spain attached to the capture of the apparently insignificant outpost located at Niles.

It was due to the foresight of Jay and Franklin that at the close of the Revolution the western boundary line of the United States was not confined to the Ohio river and the Alleghany mountains. The attack on Fort St. Joseph was ordered from Madrid, as documents in St. Louis as late as 1804 proved.

The first permanent modern settler in this part of the St. Joseph valley (excepting McCoy's Mission) was Esquire Thomson, who settled upon the grounds once occupied by Fort St. Joseph in 1823 or 1824. Mr. Thomson plowed up many relics of the old French and English occupancy, consisting of sword blades, musket butts, flints, gun lock plates, screws and springs. Mr. Thomson afterwards moved to a farm near Pokagon, in Cass county, in this State, where he sold and gave away his

relics, and so they were scattered about. Since the time of Mr. Thomson, the finding and scattering of relics has been in constant progress—checked only, in part, by the well directed efforts of a few enthusiasts—which has resulted in the fine collection known as the "Crane" collection, and that owned by the writer, which is scarcely inferior to the "Crane" cabinet, consisting of thousands of articles of copper, brass, silver and iron, that have come down to our times in the mold and clay of the old fort site.

The site of the village, mission and fort of St. Joseph was on the eastern side of the river, on the first terrace up from the river, in the southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section thirty-five (35) in Niles township, Berrien county, Michigan, the center of occupancy being somewhat south of the point where the north line of said S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 35, touches the east side of the river. The dam of the Niles Water Power Company across the river, having raised the water about ten or twelve feet, has brought the water nearly up to the top of the terrace upon which was situated the old mission.

The early tiller of the soil found a great amount of bone in the ground and it remains to this day filled with bone refuse of a great variety; in these scraps are recognized the bones representing every animal and bird common to this part of the country, but few pieces of human anatomy being among them, however. The soil appears to have in it some quality that preserves bone, as many of the deer and other bones appear to be as solid as ever they could have been, and many of them showing the teeth marks of dogs or wolves. This great variety of osseous refuse confirms what is already known of the Indian; that he delighted in boiled skunk, muskrat, porcupine and ground hog, and we may presume he was not very careful to see that his game was well dressed and cleaned before "plumping" it into the copper kettle, which the French trader so liberally supplied him with (for a valuable consideration).

Today the grounds present to our gaze a lonely field over whose surface the cold winds whistle and murmur, and nothing is apparent to the casual observer that would call to mind those who took part in the many dramatic and tragical scenes enacted here; and the empty field, like a sombre drop curtain, has shut them from our sight.

THE OLD MISSION CHURCH OF MACKINAC ISLAND.

BY REV. MEADE C. WILLIAMS, D. D.

[A number of visitors on Mackinac Island for several years past have had the project of building a Union Chapel for religious services during the summer seasons. Instead, however, of erecting a new one the scheme took the shape last season of purchasing the long abandoned "Old Mission Church," standing at the east end of the Island, and refitting it for our purpose after its original style. This has been done, and on Sunday, the 28th of July, 1895, the first service was held in the restored church. The Rev. E. D. Morris, D. D., of Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, and the Rev. H. F. Colby D. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church of Dayton, Ohio, took part with the speaker of the occasion in the services. This discourse aims to tell the story of the old church and at the same time of the early Christian mission which secured the building and gave it its name.

I express my acknowledgments to the Rev. E. E. Strong, D. D., of Boston, editorial secretary of the American Board, and to the Rev. William Jordan, of Clinton, Massachusetts, a member of its Prudential committee, for their pains in securing important data for me from the early records of the board; also to Mrs. Maria L. Chapman, who as a young girl used to attend the services of the church, and was also a pupil of the school; and to Ignace Pelotte, whose whole life has been spent on the Island, and who now in extreme old age distinctly recalls the time when in the vigor of his manhood he bore a part in work pertaining to the building.—M. C. W., August, 1895.]

While this historic building, in which we are assembled, is now the Union Chapel of Mackinac Island, I dare say that, as heretofore, so in the future, it will continue to be known and to be familiarly and tenderly spoken of as "The Old Mission Church." In guide books, in photograph collections, in the vocabulary of the carriage men conducting visitors to the objects of interest and in the associations which linger in the minds of the island residents and of the summer visitors "Old Mission Church" is a designation of this venerable structure which cannot be dislodged.

Old Mission it was—a part of the work of Christian missions in the earlier days of this century. The missions of Protestant Christianity among the Indians of North America began with John Eliot of New England two hundred and fifty years ago. He was known as "the Apostle to the Indians," translating the Bible in their language and laboring among them for forty years. The great Jonathan Edwards also for a part of his ministry served as a missionary to an Indian tribe. The saintly name of David Brainerd is forever associated with the same kind of work in eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, a hundred and fifty years ago. In this part of the west Indian missions were early begun by the zealous and enterprising Jesuit missionaries of the Catholic church. More than two centuries ago Marquette and others planted the cross in this very region of Michilimackinac, as well as in other parts in the northwest.

Protestant missions in the west advanced as the settlement of the country moved from the sea-board. In the State of Michigan the first Protestant Indian mission of which I have learned was that of the Moravians on the Clinton river, at the present site of Mt. Clemens, near De-

troit. It was founded about 1780, but shortly afterwards was removed to Canada.

The "Northern Missionary Society" was organized as early as 1797, and following up their labors among the Indians in western New York, in 1821 they sent out three missionaries to found a work on Lake Huron. It was a coincidence in the spirit of enterprise that these brethren setting forth in their pioneer work should have embarked from Buffalo in the very first steamboat that floated on the lakes—the "Walk-in-the-Water," as it was called. The vessel was wrecked the first night out, but the missionaries, having put their hands to the plow, would not look back. They bought a team and journeyed overland through the wilderness of Canada, and at length reached their destination and established their mission at Ft. Gratiot, at the entrance into Lake Huron. This station was not long continued. It was assumed in about two years by another board called "The United Foreign Missionary Society."* About the same time, however, the attention of this society was turned to Mackinac Island as a more important field, and the Fort Gratiot mission was abandoned or transferred to this spot at the head of the lake. This was in 1823. An Indian mission was also early established by the Baptists at Sault Ste. Marie under charge of a Rev. Mr. Bingham. At the same place in 1831 another mission work, attended with marked results, was planted by a young minister of Christ, Jeremiah Porter, who was afterwards identified with the beginnings of Christian work in Chicago. In the Grand Traverse region, too, and at other points in Michigan missions were founded.

This Mackinac mission was not the first Protestant work on the Island. The Rev. David Bacon of the Connecticut Missionary Society, the father of Dr. Leonard Bacon, a conspicuous figure in New England until his decease a few years ago, had dwelt and preached here for a short time as far back as 1802; not, however, establishing an Indian mission nor organizing a church. Then, about 1820, it is said, the Rev. Dr. Morse, father of the inventor of the telegraph, visited the island and preached one Sabbath. On his return to the east he called attention to the needs of the island. This led to the society's sending out in 1822 the Rev. Wm. M. Ferry, a Presbyterian minister, to make a more particular investigation, the consequence of which was the establishment of the mission the following year.

Mr. Ferry was at once appointed superintendent. The work began with the opening of a school for Indian children November 3, 1823, which in the first year enrolled twelve pupils. Mrs. Ferry and Miss Elizabeth McFarland were associated with him in this beginning of the work.†

* In those days, and until recent years, Indian missions, although on our own soil, were classified as foreign.

† Mrs. Ferry in her New England days had been a particular friend of Mary Lyon, the founder of Mt. Holyoke Seminary.

The second year it was a school of seventy pupils. About one-half were day scholars from the Island and the others boarding pupils in the mission family. For several subsequent years the enrollment averaged about one hundred and fifty per year, over a hundred of whom were boarding scholars, being clothed, fed and lodged by the mission family.

The mission was principally designed as a school—a boarding and home school—for the training of Indian youth, and largely with the view of their becoming teachers and interpreters in the work of missions in the interior. The work was not undertaken specially for the Indians of the Island or of the immediate territory, nor for any one tribe. The pupils were gathered from a variety of places about the upper lakes and the head waters of the Mississippi, many of them coming from points more than a thousand miles away. Our Island was then a neutral and peaceable ground for the different tribes, and as now for us, so then for the Indians, it was a favorite place of resort. They came hither in large numbers, sometimes as many as fifteen hundred or two thousand at a time, meeting in friendly companionship and for purposes of trade and to receive their annuities from the government.* It will be remembered, too, that in those early days our Island shared with Detroit in distinction —the two towns being almost the only places of note in the State of Michigan. Mackinac was the headquarters and center of the vast operations of the American Fur Company, organized by John Jacob Astor of New York. This interest alone gave to the Island a very considerable population, and that business, together with the general trading interests which centered here, made Mackinac for a long time the largest shipping and commercial point in the northwest and made it, too, a place of marked social life. It was also the county seat. So, very naturally, this was considered a strategic point for missionary operations even as previously it had been a strategic situation from a military point of view.†

In 1826 the United Foreign Missionary Society, after establishing the work here and maintaining it for three years, was merged with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Henceforth until it closed in 1837 the Mackinac mission was the work of that board with headquarters in Boston.

It was two years after the opening of the work before the school building and boarding home, now known as the Mission House (hotel), was

* Strickland in his "Old Mackinaw" relates that when the Indians of the Grand Traverse region would come over here at such times, they would often be accompanied by their missionary, the Rev. Mr. Daugherty, who kept his tent among them to protect his people in their transactions with the traders.

† The Straits of Mackinac for two centuries have been the seat of military occupation under three different flags, in the order of French, English and American. In 1780 the post was transferred to the Island from the mainland opposite. It is doubtless the oldest military post of continuous occupation in the United States, if not on the whole continent. It is with great regret that the friends of the Island contemplate the Government's proposed abandonment of this most interesting historic post.

built. This was in 1825. Previous to its erection the school was carried on in different buildings. At one time three different houses of the Island were in use, one being the early court house of that day. The Mission House was designed for the accommodation of the schools and as a home for the mission families. The contract for the building was made with Detroit parties. They put up the frame and inclosed it, but went away before it was finished. One of the teachers, Mr. Martin Heydenburk, had learned the carpentry trade when a young man in the east. He was relieved from school duties for awhile that he might work on the unfinished building. He hurriedly brought it to that stage of completion that it could be entered for use, and subsequently, after resuming his duties in the school room, did much of the finishing work in the interior of the building, giving to it his mornings and evenings and other odd hours when not teaching. At that time, having no church building, the main floor of the east wing of the Mission House was fitted with a movable partition, so that on week days while used for the school work, on Sundays it became their chapel.*

Mr. Ferry, besides being the head of the school, was also the Protestant pastor of the village. Church services were first held, as has just been said, in the east wing of the Mission House. I have no record of the year when the church was organized. It was Presbyterian in form and was within the bounds of the Presbytery of Detroit; though, owing probably to its remoteness, it seems to have been but seldom represented in the meetings of that body.

During the winter of 1828-29 a most gracious revival of religion was experienced under Mr. Ferry's ministry. The influence of that work seems to have been very marked on the Island and, it is said, penetrated even into the depths of the wilderness among the traders. Thirty-three persons were added to the church by confession of Christ—bringing the whole membership at that time up to fifty-two, twenty-five being of Indian descent and twenty-seven whites, exclusive of the mission family:

Among the notable conversions of that period was that of Mr. Robt. Stuart, who had come here from New York as the resident partner and manager of the Astor Fur Company's business, and was perhaps the foremost citizen of the Island. Mr. Stuart was the son of Scotch Presbyterian parents, and had been trained in the Scriptures in his early life. In this country he had engaged in great enterprises and adventures. He had aided in founding the city of Astoria on the Pacific coast, and with a party under his lead had traveled back across the continent. This was among the first of the overland trips (about 1812) that had ever been made, and was attended with great hardship and peril.† Mr. Stuart was

* Ex-U. S. Senator from Michigan, the Hon. Thomas W. Ferry, the son of the minister in charge of the mission, was born in the west wing of this building in 1827.

† A very graphic description of this journey is given in Washington Irving's "Astoria."

remarkably energetic in business, a leader among men, a conspicuous character wherever he might be placed, and withal fond of pleasures and gayety and indifferent to eternal things. Whether the religious interest then prevailing on the Island had awakened in his breast long dormant influences of his youth in his pious Scotch home, we cannot say; but the fact was that no sooner did Mr. Ferry in a private interview address him on the subject of personal religion than, to his surprise, he found him humbly responsive and ready to accept Jesus Christ. He united with the church and afterwards served in the spiritual office of ruling elder. Mrs. Stuart joined with her husband in the new step. They were both henceforth closely identified with the work of the church and gave their enthusiasm and their strong social influence to the Christian cause* In this connection, too, it may be mentioned as another interesting circumstance that Henry R. Schoolcraft, the great writer and authority on Indian ethnology, and for several years a government agent on the Island, became a member of this church and was also one of its ruling elders.†

Following this special religious interest, the desire was soon manifested for a suitable church building. Out of that feeling grew this, our Old Mission Church. Our good Martin Heydenburk, the teacher who had first been a carpenter and already mentioned as having done much of the work on the other building, was again called into service of the same kind.‡

Relieved from school work, he crossed over the straits in the winter with a company of helpers, and in the neighborhood of the hamlet of Freedom, just opposite us, he set to work getting out the beams and lumber for the church. In three weeks' time he had all the cutting done, fifty pieces flatted to be made into scantlings and joists, and an abundance of logs ready for the saw mill, which was situated on the same shore and operated by Michael Dousman, a name familiar to those who have read early Mackinac annals. On the 11th of April, the thermometer marking zero, a large force of men and horses went across to haul over on the ice all the heavy timbers—the sawed lumber to come afterwards

* This incident has been related to me by two different persons who had it from Mr. Ferry. It is also referred to in the memoir of Mrs. Eliza Chappell Porter, wife of the late Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Porter. Before her marriage Miss Chappell, from 1831-33, conducted a private school in the village for children who were too young for the school at the mission. She had been invited here for this purpose by the Stuarts and was an inmate of their home. In one of her journal entries she refers very feelingly to her domestic happiness in that family.

† In the records of a meeting of the Presbytery of Detroit, held January 17, 1837, the name of Henry R. Schoolcraft appears as an elder from the Mackinac church. The life of this remarkable man during his eight years' residence on the Island is specially interesting to us. While enthusiastically engaged in antiquarian researches, noting every local phenomenon of natural science, studying Indian languages and customs, keeping abreast of the fresh literature of the day, writing articles for journals and reviews, corresponding with scholars and societies in Europe and with mission boards in the east, and entertaining distinguished visitors at his home in the "Old Agency," he seems ever actively concerned in the details of the little church; attending "Session meetings" and social prayer meetings, giving counsel and fellowship, and in all ways seeking the peace and prosperity of the church.

‡ For these and other particulars pertaining to the buildings, I am indebted to a sketch prepared by Mr. Heydenburk himself and found in "Michigan Pioneer Collections," Vol. III.

by boat. But when about half way back with the weighty loads they were met by messengers from the island telling them that the ice in the channel had become porous and they could not cross that part. They therefore left the timbers at Round Island, and after some exciting adventures and no little peril, by nightfall got themselves and the horses across the breaking ice of the channel. That night there came a severe freezing and the next day the material was safely landed on the island and the work of the church building went bravely on. But when the frame was up and partly inclosed, and the last vessel of the season was about to leave for Detroit, the workmen made exorbitant demands (a sort of "strike" perhaps it was, though that name for it was probably unknown), they supposing the demands must be met, or the building be left in that condition all winter. I have already mentioned Mr. Heydenburk once or twice. But he was a teacher worth having, and in just such emergencies especially, with his skill in carpentry. He said: "Let the men go if they think they must." And he again took up his tools, and before the severity of winter had come he had the building inclosed and the steeple finished, and in due course of time the whole work was completed and the church dedicated. The commodious basement story was at once used for school rooms—this room for the public Sabbath worship. The materials put in the building were of the most durable quality. The foundation walls are of unusual thickness. The large timbers, the cedar studding and joists and the whole frame-work of the structure are as strong today and as firmly jointed as when the house was first built. As Miss Woolson in her story of "Anne," a book redolent of Mackinac, says of the old church, it was "as solid as the faith of those who built it."

I have the following very interesting extract from the official report sent on from here to the Mission Board in Boston, October, 1830:

"The meeting house has been finished and occupied for public worship. The basement story furnishes convenient school rooms. The expense of erecting the church has been borne almost entirely by the people of the village and the traders from the interior, who, on this as well as other occasions, have shown much friendship for the mission and truly Christian liberality towards other benevolent objects."

So the church was built, and truly a pioneer church for this part of the world it was. It is interesting to reflect that we are sitting today in what is probably the oldest Protestant church building in our country between the state of Ohio and the farthest point of the northwest. And perhaps, too, the claim might be hazarded that in respect to original and unchanged appearance there are very few church edifices—of any name or in any part of the earlier west—that can boast of greater age. For while other old church structures show enlargement and change, a

new end or a new front or a tower or spire built in subsequent years, or other marks of alteration, this one in its entire structural form from foundation wall to its tin-topped belfry and from end to end, and in the plaster of its walls and ceiling, in its floors and its weather-worn exterior, stands without any change, the same today as when first built.

In those days congregations large and very interesting used to fill these pews. There were the teachers and their families and the pupils—the pupils coming in as a body and sitting together. Then there were many families of the village—officers and clerks of the fur company, traders, native Indian families and others who were members or regular attendants. The military post, too, used to be represented—officers and men coming down the street on Sunday morning in martial step. The soldiers would stack their guns outside in front of the church; one of the men would be detailed to stand guard over the arms, while the others would file into the pews set apart for their accommodation.*

The whole number of members enrolled during the history of the church was about eighty, exclusive of the mission family. As a pioneer church on the wilderness frontier it was remarkable in having on its roll and in spiritual office two men of such standing and public name as Mr. Robert Stuart and Henry R. Schoolcraft.

Besides the Mission House and the church, there were also three or four other structures on the premises. These were workshops— a carpenter shop, a blacksmith shop and others. For in connection with class room and book education, the school had a practical system of manual training. The Indian boys were taught the trades and how to till the soil, and the girls were taught sewing and housework. Two of these shop buildings stood on the opposite or beach side of the road. Another one adjoined the church on the east side and was the carpenter shop, over which we may well assume that Mr. Heydenburk presided.

The name of Mr. Ferry is the one most intimately connected with the mission—both the work of the school as its superintendent, and the work of the church as the village pastor. He enjoyed the confidence and respect of the residents, and of the traders and of the Indians. As a general pastor on the Island he rendered much spiritual service at the garrison, then having no chaplain, and was held in high estimation by the officers and the private soldiers. During the course of the mission the following persons at different times, and for longer or shorter periods, were connected with the work: Mrs. Ferry, Eunice O. Osmar, Martin Heydenburk, Mrs. Heydenburk, Elizabeth McFarland, Delia Cook, John S. Hudson, Mrs. Hudson, Jedidiah D. Stevens, Mrs. Stevens, Sabrina Ste-

* In Mrs. Porter's Mackinac diary I find an entry of July 16, 1832: "Four are to be added to the church today. Capt. Russell and lady of U. S. A. are two of the number." And again she writes on Sunday evening after the communion service: "It is delightful to see the officers of the army with their soldiers enlisting together in the service of the Prince of peace."

vens, Hannah Goodale, Elizabeth Taylor, Matilda Hotchkiss, Frederic Ayer, John Newland, Mrs. Newland, Elisha Loomis, Mrs. Loomis, Abel D. Newton, Persis Skinner, Chauncey Hall, John L. Seymour, Jane B. Leavitt, Lucius Geary, Mason Hearsey, W. R. Campbell, Mrs. Campbell.

We have but scanty record of these teachers. They came from the eastern states and, we may presume, in the true missionary and heroic spirit. They taught five days and a half of the week, and held four school terms per year of twelve weeks each, training their pupils both in book knowledge and in useful handicraft. They were allured by no worldly ambitions in coming out from their homes to this remote pioneer point. Their remuneration in salary we may well believe was very meagre. Concerning one of the gentlemen teachers it has been facetiously related that for compensation he had the privilege of selecting from the boxes of second-hand clothing sent to the mission, he had as many potatoes as he and the Indian boys could raise and as many delicious whitefish as they could catch. While, of course, this was not intended as an exact showing of the ledger account, we can at least feel assured that their work offered no great salary attraction.

During the brief history of the school no less than five hundred children of Indian blood and habits acquired the rudiments of education and were taught the pursuits and toils of civilized life. They were at all times, too, under Christian influences and were instructed in the truths of the Gospel and many became pious. A slight glimpse of the religious teaching of the school is given in the biography of Mrs. Porter, to which book I am already indebted for interesting data. In one place she speaks of visiting the Mission House and hearing the young Indian girls at their evening lesson repeat together the 23d Psalm and the 55th Chapter of Isaiah, and of hearing a hymn sung "by sixteen sweet Indian voices which was peculiarly touching." As far as the teachers could keep track of the pupils after they had finished their school work, the report was that they turned out as well as the same number of white children would have done under the same conditions.

The Mackinac experiment of mission work, unfortunately, was not continued long enough to show the best results. Changes were taking place which affected the Island. The Indians were not coming here as before for trade, and it was becoming difficult to secure pupils. The Michigan lands were coming in demand for settlement and the government was deporting some of the tribes to western reservations. Mr. Astor retired from the fur company and it began to change from its former prosperity and magnitude. In 1834 Mr. Ferry withdrew. About this time, too, the island was coming into reputation as an attractive resort for white visitors from below. Thus, for a great variety of reasons, the Island ceasing to be an advantageous point for the Indian mission, it was

deemed best to discontinue it, and about 1836 the land (some twelve acres) and the buildings thereon were sold, and in 1837 the mission was formally given up.

Upon the breaking up of the mission the teachers of course left the Island and were scattered in different quarters. Some went to other mission points and continued the same kind of work. Others found homes in the new settlements which were opening in the southern part of the State, and became highly useful factors in their communities. Mr. Ferry settled in what became Grand Haven, himself founding that city and also its Presbyterian church, and continuing to reside there until his death in 1867.*

The mission given up, the school closed, the teachers and their families gone, the trade and emporium character of the village falling away, the church organization did not long survive. There was no successor of Mr. Ferry in the pastorate. Without a settled minister, and with none but occasional preaching services by visiting strangers, the church life gradually ceased. For well nigh sixty years the old church building has stood, for the most part, as but a name and a memory. Not altogether unused has it been, but its use has been only desultory and for miscellaneous purposes. At one time the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, a chaplain at the fort and pastor of an Episcopal flock organized in 1842 and occupying the fort chapel, held Sunday afternoon services in this building. The Catholics of the Island used it while erecting their present church about twenty years ago. They put on the excellent roof which now covers the house. At different times in the summer seasons this room would be used in religious worship by the visitors. The village public school was for one period held in the basement. In the days before any public assembly hall was built on the Island it was a place for festivals and meetings for public speaking, and sometimes for traveling entertainments and performances. Though in all these years known by no other name than Old Mission Church, it has not been possible always to retain for it the character of a church. I think the last religious use it was put to was about five years ago, when the choir boys of one of the Episcopal churches of Chicago were given an outing on the Island, in charge of one or two clergymen, and a prayer service was held here every morning during their stay, and the sweet voices of the boys filled these old walls. The building, however, kept falling more and more into dilapidation. But although its shutters were worn out or gone, its windows and doors broken and its appearance in general was most unkempt, it has been

* In the course of years Mr. Ferry became possessed of large means. I learn from the memorial sermon preached at his funeral by the Rev. D. H. Evans, D. D., at that time pastor at Grand Haven, that for more than eighteen years, and until the people were able and willing to employ a minister, he gave his services to the church. He took great pleasure in most liberally aiding the work of the gospel in all the various lines of religious benevolence, and his bequests to missions, to the cause of Christian education and to Bible society work, etc., were most munificent.

each year to every succession of visitors, and especially to the old resorters and to the old residents, an object of peculiar interest.*

A number of summer visitors, joined by some of the Island residents, recently purchased the property. It is held in trust for them by a board of seven trustees.† In repairing it the object has been to restore it, as nearly as was possible, to its original condition and appearance. You will thus understand the reason for the altitude and the general unmodern style of the pulpit; you will perceive the explanation of the perhaps uncomfortable pews and the little doors which shut you in, the diminutive panes of glass in the windows, the quaint old gallery and the seating of the singers there. You will understand, too, why we are indisposed to give a fresh look to the outside of the house. There is no ecclesiastical organization whatever in connection with the building, nor any denominational color or control. The motive in the movement has been, first to preserve the old sanctuary as a historic relic of the Island and memorial of early mission work, and second to have it as a chapel for union religious services during the few weeks when summer visitors crowd the Island.

In watching the work the other day of setting up this old pulpit just where it used to stand and putting up its simple stairway on the same side where ran the former one, long since removed, many of the little work-marks and lines of sixty-five years ago, long hidden and concealed, were discovered. Here the outline and impact where a spindle had stood, here a small mortise where some absent tenon once fitted, here a circle mark worn into the wood by the long turning of a fastening button, and here in entire distinctness a scratch-awl mark made for some measurement by the carpenter of two generations ago—here they were, these little marks, still abiding long after the hands that made them had crumbled into dust and the tools had rusted away. And I could not but think of another kind of workmen who also long ago had wrought within these pulpit lines, and of the spiritual impact and marks which they had made. The truth preached from this old desk, "as nails fastened by the Master of assemblies," made its lines of impress on the souls of men and women which they carried through all their years, and which have passed over with them into the permanency of their eternal state to give significance and witness forever to The Old Mission Church.

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* General Howard, being on the island a few summers ago on a tour of inspection of the military posts, told me of the pleasure he had in seeing the old church.

† Of these trustees two are to be residents of the Island, and five are to be summer visitors owning or renting cottages. As at present constituted the board is as follows:
Residents of the Island—John D. Davis, Geo. T. Arnold.
Cottagers—H. M. Duffield, Detroit, Mich.; M. C. Williams, St. Louis, Mo.; F. S. Hanson, Chicago, Ill.; Walter Brooks, Detroit, Mich.; H. L. Jennes, Detroit, Mich.

THE VERMONTVILLE COLONY: ITS GENESIS AND HISTORY, WITH PERSONAL SKETCHES OF THE COLONISTS.

BY EDWARD W. BARBER.

Among Michigan towns and villages with an interesting early organization, not another one was more unique in its genesis, settlement and history than Vermontville. Founded by an organized colony of Vermonters, with Michigan, a church and a school in their minds, the land was purchased of the government in the names of selected trustees under a written compact, which set forth the plans, and purposes of the colonists. Only one person, the minister and leader, had ever seen Michigan. It was an ideal town and village, with a written constitution duly signed by each of the proposed colonists before the land was bought and its location known by any of them. They made the venture at random in an entirely unknown region, but they were men and women who believed in the guiding hand of Providence, and although more work than wealth fell to their lot, they builded even better than they knew.

THE PIONEER ERA.

After all, it was not dreams of great wealth, but desire for larger opportunities for themselves and their children, that caused these Vermonters to seek new homes in this beautiful peninsula of the great northwest. It was the era of the pioneers. The money age had scarcely dawned. Force was reckoned in terms of horse power; steam had barely commenced to haul feeble locomotives over strap rails spiked to stringers that were laid lengthwise of the roadbed; cross-ties and tee rails had not been thought of, and electricity was an untamed element of nature that flashed as lightning athwart the beclouded sky and caused people to say their prayers when the thunder pealed. The words oftenest used then were home, family, schools, education, churches, religion, virtue and morality; not, as now, gold, silver, riches, wealth, capital, interest, bonds, mortgages, stocks and dividends. No one expected to get a living without working for and earning it. Making money out of the labor of others had not become the overtopping ambition, except in the states where slavery existed. The atmosphere of life is now pervaded by money considerations. Life is not at all what it was to those typical pioneers. Their quest was for good land. Great cities are busy making and selling goods, and the growing villages cluster around large factories as their

life centers; while the agricultural village becomes smaller and less consequential. Nevertheless, the best brain and brawn is still born in the country. Society is diseased with a feverish craving for money; it is more than Heaven, and with it none fear Hell. Big figures with the dollar mark before them are the open sesame to social recognition and political preferment. Such names as Carnegie and Rockefeller are oftener printed than God and Christ. Gold-plating sanctifies moral rottenness; financial tanks, loaded with railroad, oil, gas and other stocks, to say nothing about the enormous quantity of water injected into them, outrank churches and universities in popular estimation. Cash is monarch; character secondary. Our great men are monopolists and millionaires. The pioneer age had no wealthy ruling class. The money age brings new, if not more dangerous, social and political conditions, as unlike those of sixty years ago as special privilege, monopoly and inequality are unlike freedom of opportunity for all, equal rights for all and special privileges for none. The money age means vast accumulations of wealth by a few, created and sustained by the toil of the many.

When this band of Vermontville pioneers entered the Thornapple valley sixty-one years ago, a new epoch was marked on the dial of progress. Why did they locate there? First, because their agents found in town 3 north of range 6 west a body of contiguous government land such as they wanted; and second, the Clinton and Kalamazoo canal had been surveyed along that valley less than a mile from the spot they selected for a village. The Erie canal was a great success, and civilization always follows the natural or artificial channels of commerce. Their canal was not built, but the railroad came thirty-three years—one generation—later. Before that time—the land was located in May, 1836—an occasional explorer, trapper or hunter may have been there; and, if so, on those few occasions only had been heard in the dense wilderness the voices of partly civilized men. But even those voices, if they had broken the savage solitude, had died away and left no echo. But with the pioneers came a change. They came to consecrate that region to civilization, came to build homes, came to build the schoolhouse and the church, came to clear away the wilderness, came to lay the first foundations of civilized society.

MAKING PROGRESS.

Year by year the columns of smoke rising from the stick and mud chimneys of humble log houses grew more frequent; year after year more of the wilderness was removed, as the stroke of the axe and the crash of falling timber echoed through the forest aisles; progress was slow but it was steady; every blow that was struck was along the line of improvement and stimulated hope and courage; and though one after another of

the first comers, worn out, fell into their last sleep; though strong men died and gentle women were forced to repress the longings for more attractive and refined surroundings—which longings are inherent in the nature of true women,—still their patience and their faith triumphed, and they accepted their deprivations and the manifold burdens of their hard toil without plaint. Year by year more cultivated flowers bloomed; the fruit trees they had planted grew and began to bear; one savagery after another was driven away, one new comfort after another was secured, until early in the fifties, on the discovery of gold in California and Australia, and from pouring large supplies of the precious money metal into the channels of commerce, better prices for all the products of toil were obtained and a new impetus was given to material prosperity; one by one the crudities of the early settlements gave way to modern comforts and adornments, and under the transformation that has been wrought, that first coming of sixty-one years ago seems like ancient history. In this country it can never be repeated. Those who did not participate in it can have no accurate knowledge of it. The people who do not revere the pioneers who blazed the trail through the wilderness and reared the first log temples therein are in sentiment a poor people indeed. We owe all that we have and are in this grand State of ours to those who

"Hewed the dark old woods away
And gave the virgin fields today."

However slight the respect men may have for the live, throbbing, pushing present in which the prick of a pin causes pain and a cruel word brings anguish, they have occasion for a good deal of reverence for the past. Out of the past came the present. Old aches and pains and struggles are forgotten in the glamour of enchantment that distance lends. Individual lives, social conditions, civic institutions, financial experiences, religious beliefs, home and country, immediate environment, and the broader sweep of world movements and national and racial destinies, are not present creations, but products of a long and prolific past. Former lives and ancestral types are merged in present personalities, and find expression in moral, social and political conditions, and in civic institutions. It has taken all of the past in every realm of nature, in every human love and thought and act to evolve the present. We are what we are in part because of the Mayflower, of Bunker Hill and Yorktown, and of the Erie canal which formed the first connecting water link between the east and the west along the parallel of New England and New York, as well as because of the immediate environments with which we are familiar. It is safe to say that but for the Erie canal, opened in 1826, there would have been no Vermont colony established at Vermontville in 1836; and I for one am here today as the

narrator of its birth and history, because such a colony had its beginning in the wilderness of Eaton county sixty-one years ago. Thus the past shapes the present, as the present moulds the future.

PAST AND PRESENT.

The heroic men who cut loose from old-world moorings near the beginning of the seventeenth century to plant new institutions in America because they had ideals that could not find expression in the stifling tyrannies that prevailed, did not separate themselves wholly from the past—they brought all they wanted of it with them—and used it in laying the foundations for a larger liberty, civil and religious, than the world had ever before known; nor did the New Englanders who came as pioneers to Michigan, here to make homes, settle towns, found villages and cities, build school houses and organize churches, divorce themselves from the habits of thought and social aims and customs of their immediate ancestors. They brought New England and New York with them to the west; into their statutes they copied the laws of the states they came from, with which they were familiar; and the Vermonters brought Vermont ideas and customs with them and planted them in an unbroken wilderness at Vermontville in 1836, for in May of that year the land was located for the colonists. The larger growth of freedom and independence in thought and action came from the transplanting to a new and broader arena of struggle and effort.

Fortunately for the spread of American ideas and institutions the pioneers have always been a hopeful, up-looking and on-looking people, desiring something better and willing to make the effort to find it, and they always found enough that was evil in the present to inspire them with hope and courage to work and fight for improved conditions for themselves and their children. If they denied freedom for others, because certain that their political methods and religious beliefs were the best for all, yet they claimed a large allowance of liberty for themselves, and would endure martyrdom rather than surrender the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, though not unwilling to compel others to worship as they worshipped. They were sincere, and the sentiment that led them to turn away from the tyrannies of the past and work out larger problems of civil and religious liberty was rooted in those fundamental ideas of equal rights and equal privileges for all before the law, which are yet to find fruition in that brotherhood of humanity which is the basic principle of christianity and the corner stone of American institutions, and holds men back on this continent from arrogating to themselves the right to rule others because of the accident of birth or the possession of wealth. He who worships at the shrine of wealth is not a true American, and though a

bastard aristocracy of proud flesh may rob the people of the fruits of their labor, yet it never founded a commonwealth or changed a savage wilderness into the homes of a civilized and prosperous community. This is the work of pioneers. Vice born to the purple is not worthy of human worship. The grandest crown ever worn on earth was a crown of thorns.

THE PIONEERS WE HONOR.

We honor true manhood and womanhood in recounting the deeds of our pioneers. This laudable pride of American ancestry should grow stronger with the lapse of years. To preserve in permanent records the names and efforts of the early settlers of Michigan is the commendable purpose of this society. We bring them together in one place, enroll them in the archives of the State, and make this the Valhalla of our heroes—not slain in battle, but who achieved the greater victories of peace—and in literature instead of architectural monuments, preserve the names of our pioneers. It is not a narration of the deeds of blood-stained and crime-stained rulers, but of the common people who settled a state and set in operation the forces that made it in sixty years the eighth in rank as to population and foremost in loyalty and enterprise in this American sisterhood. Such ancestral pride as that of the New Englander, one of whose ancestors had taken part in checking the tyranny of Andros' colonial government, is entirely justifiable. "The time will come, sir," he remarked, "when it will be accounted honorable to have descended from the men who settled this country."

Already such a time has come in Michigan. My purpose in presenting these thoughts is to stimulate the historic spirit among our people and awaken a livelier interest in the events of the past. In Europe family history is largely devoted to the record of inherited titles and landed property, but here there is nothing of the sort. We take no interest in the conferment of royal distinction upon some court favorite, worthy or unworthy, but in the founders of towns, villages and cities—the makers of Michigan—the builders of states and of the nation. A titled lineage is not an American inheritance, much as our snobs may ape the ways of old-world aristocracy, but an ancestry that kings despised and bigots persecuted. American history is the story of a people. We see as we study the past the pioneers as they walk the streets, sit with them at their frugal meals, hear them talk over the affairs of state and nation, note the firmness of their political and religious convictions, admire their assent to the rule of the majority without surrendering an iota of their own opinions, yet combined with a sense of social order in working out, by mutual action and reaction, the great problem of human liberty and religious toleration. To produce an orderly society out of all the conflict that abounds in nature and life required the discipline of centuries.

SETTLEMENTS IN MICHIGAN.

In Michigan except at a few points, such as Detroit, Monroe, Mt. Clemens, Mackinac and Sault Ste. Marie, we go back less than three-quarters of a century for the commencement of its settlement and civilization. An official list of the post offices in the United States of June 1, 1828, when John McLean, afterwards an eminent justice of the United States supreme court, was postmaster general, shows that there were only nine offices in that part of Michigan territory comprising the present State, namely: Ann Arbor, John Allen, postmaster; Detroit, James Abbott, postmaster; Monroe, Thomas M. Lumkin, postmaster; Mount Clemens, Alfred Ashley, postmaster; Mackinac, Jonathan N. Bailey, postmaster; Pontiac, Olmsted Chamberlin, postmaster; Sault de Ste. Marie, John Hulbert, postmaster; Tecumseh, Musgrove Evans, postmaster.

In 1831, on the first of April, according to a later official table, issued when William T. Barry was postmaster general, the number of post offices in Michigan had increased to sixty, and such present cities as Jackson (then called Jacksonopolis), with Isaiah W. Bennett, postmaster; Niles, Isaac Gray, postmaster, and Adrian, Addison J. Comstock, postmaster, appear in the list. Oakland county came to the front at that time with twelve post offices, Wayne following next with nine, Washtenaw and Lenawee six each, Macomb and Monroe five each, St. Clair four, Cass and St. Joseph three each, Berrien, Branch, Chippewa, Jackson, Hillsdale, Kalamazoo and Mackinac one each.

In the third tier of counties west of Oakland not a post office had been established seventy-six years ago. About this time a number of the southern counties of the State were named after members of President Jackson's administration, to wit: Jackson, Van Buren, Calhoun, Livingston, Ingham, Eaton, Cass, Branch, Barry and Berrien—Jackson receiving its name from the president, Calhoun from the vice president during his first term; Van Buren, secretary of state in the first and vice president the second term; Livingston, secretary of state; Ingham, secretary of the treasury; Eaton and Cass, secretaries of war; Branch, secretary of the navy; Barry, postmaster general; Berrien, attorney general.

PREPARATORY.

The surveyor antedated the pioneers, though first in the order of transition from savagery to civilization was the extinguishment of the Indian title, which was effected for Eaton county by the treaty of Saginaw in 1819, whereby, as appears in an exhaustive paper on the subject of the Indians of Michigan and the cession of their lands to the United States by treaties prepared by the late eminent President of this Society, Hon. Alpheus Felch, and printed in volume 26 of its "Collections," was nego-

tiated by Gen. Lewis Cass as commissioner with the Chippewas. The initial point or southeast corner of this cession is in the meridian line six miles south of the north line of Jackson county, thence west sixty miles to a point about four miles northeast of the present city of Kalamazoo, and thence northeasterly through the counties of Barry, Ionia, Montcalm and Isabella to the headwaters of Thunder Bay river in Montmorency county, and embracing all the land east of it not ceded by previous treaties. This cession included all of Eaton county. In 1825 the east, north and west boundaries of the county were surveyed by Lucius Lyon, one of Michigan's first two United States senators; the south boundary was surveyed by John Mullett in 1826, and the subdivisions during the same year by Orange Risden, who lived at Saline and was a representative from Washtenaw county in the legislature of 1838.

GENESIS OF "THE UNION COLONY."

In the fall of 1835 Rev. Sylvester Cochrane, a Congregational minister of East Poultney, Vermont, came to Michigan with a view to making a permanent location. He was the father of Lyman Cochrane, a prominent attorney of Detroit and a valuable member of the legislature, who died a few years ago. Mr. Cochrane found settlements so few and the inhabitants so widely scattered that it was impossible for them, except when gathered in villages, to have schools and enjoy religious privileges. Education and religion were needed at the start as essential to the orderly development of civilized society. He returned to Vermont, thought out the plan of a colony and began preparations for the execution of his project. The prevalence of the "Michigan fever," easily increased by accounts of the great lakes in the heart of the continent, the oak openings, the beautiful prairies and the vast wilderness of the wonderful peninsula, where the wild Indians still had happy hunting grounds, made it an easy matter to arouse the hereditary tendency of members of the Aryan race to move westward among enterprising Vermonters. A strong and earnest man, full of missionary zeal, he visited different places in Vermont and met and conferred with those who desired to emigrate. Early in the winter of 1835-6 a meeting was held in East Poultney, which was attended by a number of persons who had caught the western fever. The plan proposed by Mr. Cochrane was discussed, approved and the initiatory steps taken to carry it into effect. Subsequent meetings were held in Castleton, Vermont, and on the 27th day of March, 1836, the constitution of "The Union Colony" was formally adopted. This being an unusual and unique inception of a colony for the settlement of a Michigan village and town, the document is worthy of preservation in a volume of the State Pioneer and Historical Society. That it might not be lost to posterity it is recorded in the office of the

register of deeds of Eaton county. This fundamental declaration of principles and polity, with religion, education and association as its leading ideas carefully drawn, is styled,

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF UNION COLONY:

"WHEREAS, The enjoyment of the ordinances and institutions of the Gospel is in a great measure unknown in many parts of the western country; and

"WHEREAS, We believe that a pious and devoted emigration is to be one of the most efficient means, in the hands of God, in removing the moral darkness which hangs over a great portion of the valley of the Mississippi; and

"WHEREAS, We believe that a removal to the west may be a means of promoting our temporal interest, and we trust be made subservient to the advancement of Christ's kingdom;

"*We do therefore,* Form ourselves into an association or colony with the design of removing into some parts of the western country which shall hereafter be designated, and agree to bind ourselves to observe the following rules:

"1. The association or colony shall be known by the appellation or name of 'The Union Colony.'

"2. The Colony shall consist of those only who shall be admitted through a committee appointed for that purpose, and will subscribe their names to the articles and compact adopted by the colony.

"3. We hereby agree to make our arrangements for a removal as soon as our circumstances will permit—if possible, some time during the summer or fall of the present year, 1836.

"4. We agree, when we have arrived in the western country, to locate ourselves, if possible, in the same neighborhood with each other, and to form ourselves into such a community as will enable us to enjoy the same social and religious privileges which we leave behind.

"5. In order to accomplish this object, we solemnly pledge ourselves to do all that is in our power to carry with us the institutions of the Gospel, to support them with the means which God has given us, and to hand them down to our children.

"6. We do also agree that, for the benefit of our children and the rising generation, we will endeavor, so far as possible, to carry with and perpetuate among us the same literary privileges that we are permitted here to enjoy.

"7. We do also pledge ourselves that we will strictly and rigidly observe the holy Sabbath, neither laboring ourselves, nor permitting our children, or workmen, or beasts to desecrate this day of rest by any kind of labor or recreation.

"8. As ardent spirits have invariably proved the bane of every community into which they have been introduced, we solemnly pledge ourselves that we will neither buy, nor sell, nor use this article, except for medical purposes, and we will use all lawful means to keep it utterly out of the settlement.

"9. As we must necessarily endure many of those trials and privations which are incident to a settlement in a new country, we agree that we will do all in our power to befriend each other; we will esteem it not only a duty, but a privilege to sympathize with each other under all our trials, to do good and lend, hoping for nothing again, and to assist each other on all necessary occasions."

The above fundamental declarations, in the nature of a constitution, clearly set forth the secular and religious purposes of the Vermontville colonists, and they indicate the dominant New England ideas of sixty years ago. They are distinctively Puritan in character. Minister Cochrane was the leader of the flock into the western wilderness and, no doubt, they were drafted by him. But a plan of operations was needed to carry into effect these declarations, and hence a series of rules and regulations was adopted as a practical mode of procedure in purchasing and distributing the needed land among the colonists. This plan is set forth in a series of votes and resolutions herewith presented in full, which may be properly designated as a

CODE OF LAWS FOR THE COLONY.

"The following votes and resolutions have been passed at the regular meetings of the colony, and are binding upon its members:

"1. *Voted*, That a committee of two be appointed, whose duty it shall be to make inquiry concerning the character of individuals who may wish to unite with the colony, and no person shall be admitted without the consent of this committee. (S. Cochrane and I. C. Culver were appointed a committee for this purpose.)

"2. *Voted*, That three agents be appointed to go into the western country and select a suitable location for the use of the colony, and purchase the same. (Col. J. B. Scovill of Orwell, Deacon S. S. Church of Sudbury, and Wm. G. Henry of Bennington, were appointed a standing committee for this purpose.)

"3. *Voted*, That we hereby authorize our agents to purchase for the use of the colony three miles square, or 5,760 acres, and as much more as they may have funds to purchase.

"4. *Voted*, That the land, when purchased, be laid out by the agents so as to conform as nearly as the location and other circumstances will permit to the schedule adopted by the colony.

"5. *Voted*, That no individual member of the colony shall be allowed to take more than one farm lot of 160 acres, and one village lot of ten acres, within the limits of the settlement.

"6. *Voted*, That the agents be authorized to take a duplicate or certificate of the purchased lands in the name of the committee for raising funds; and the said committee shall hold the said lands in their possession until the first Monday in October, 1836, at which time the land shall be distributed among the settlers, according to some plan on which they may then agree; the village lots, however, may be taken up by the settlers when they first arrive, each one taking his choice of the unoccupied lots.

"7. *Voted*, That each individual shall be obligated to settle the lot which he takes by the first of October, 1837, and in case of delinquency in this respect both the village and the farm lot may be sold to some other person, in which case the purchase money shall be refunded by the agents of the colony, with interest from the time it was paid.

"8. *Voted*, That each of the settlers, when he unites with the colony, shall advance $212.50, for which he shall be entitled to a farm lot of 160 acres and a village lot of ten acres, to be assigned to him according to the rules of the colony; and if any settler shall find himself unable to advance this sum, he may pay in $106.25, for which he shall be entitled to a farm lot of eighty acres and one-half of a village lot; and in case no money is paid before the departure of the agents, those who are delinquent shall give a note to the committee for raising funds, payable on the 25th day of June next, with interest for three months.

"9. *Voted*, That each settler, when he receives a deed of his village lot, shall give a note to the agents of the colony, payable in two years from the first of September, 1836, for the sum of twenty-five dollars, and this sum shall be appropriated towards defraying the expenses of building a meeting-house for the use of the colony.

"10. *Voted*, That an eighty-acre lot be reserved for a parsonage, out of the purchase, to be selected by the agents.

"11. *Voted*, That our agents keep a regular bill of their necessary expenses, from the time they start until they have made a purchase and surveyed the village lots, and the colony pay one-half of said expenses.

"We, whose names are hereto annexed, do hereby pledge ourselves that we will willingly conform to all the articles and votes of the colony as contained above.

"The above and foregoing finally adopted March 28, 1836, at Castleton, Vt."

NAMES OF THE COLONISTS.

The signatures of forty-two persons are affixed to the foregoing compact, but we give the names of only the twenty-two who became actual residents of the village and town of Vermontville, with the former residence and occupation of each when stated, in the order they appear. Except where otherwise noted they were citizens of Vermont, from Addison, Bennington and Rutland counties:

Rev. Sylvester Cochrane, Poultney, clergyman.
Hiram J. Mears, Poultney, wheelwright.
Levi Merrill, Jr., Poultney, farmer.
Simon S. Church, Sudbury, farmer.
Jacob Fuller, Bennington, cooper.
Oren Dickinson, West Haven, farmer.
Elijah S. Mead, West Rutland, farmer.
Wait J. Squier, New Haven, farmer.
Stephen D. Scovell, Orwell, farmer.
Simeon McCotter, Orwell, cabinet-maker.

Walter S. Fairfield, Castleton, printer.
Sidney B. Gates, Brandon, farmer.
Daniel Barber, Benson, merchant.
Jay Hawkins, Castleton, farmer.
Martin S. Norton, Bennington, blacksmith.
Dewey H. Robinson, Bennington, physician.
Bazaleel Taft, Bennington, machinist.
Roger W. Griswold, Benson, farmer.
Edward H. Barber, Benson, farmer.
Wells R. Martin, Bennington, surveyor.
Charles Imus, Dorset, Vermont.
Willard Davis, Bellevue, Michigan.
George S. Browning, Bellevue, Michigan.
Oliver J. Stiles, Bellevue, Michigan.

Of these pioneer settlers Dr. Oliver J. Stiles settled in the village, remained but a short time and moved to New York; Charles Imus settled on the farm now owned by Chauncey H. Dwight, four miles from the village, commenced an improvement, sold out in two or three years and moved away; Bazaleel Taft settled on his village lot, remained there about two years, then moved to a farm in the town of Kalamo, where he lived many years until his death; and Elijah S. Mead built a log house on his village lot and lived there a short time until his wife died in April, 1837, when he left never to return. The rest of those named became permanent settlers and were identified with the growth, progress and character of Vermontville.

CONSIDERATIONS.

Among the miscellaneous papers preserved by S. S. Church and now in the possession of his son, E. P. Church, superintendent of the Michigan School for the Blind, is one which sets forth the "Considerations for locating a colony," probably prepared by Rev. Sylvester Cochrane. It also contains the names of thirty-two of the colonists and the sum contributed by each towards the purchase money of the land—in all $5,792.50.

At the outset of these "Considerations" the charge of Moses to the delegates from the twelve tribes of Israel who were sent to search the land of Canaan is referred to—Numbers 13, 17-20, namely:

"And Moses sent them to spy out the land of Canaan, and said unto them, Get you up this way southward, and go up into the mountain:

"And see the land, what it is; and the people that dwelleth therein, whether they be strong or weak, few or many:

"And what the land is that they dwell in, whether it be good or bad; and what cities they be that they dwell in, whether in tents, or in strongholds:

"And what the land is, whether it be fat or lean, whether there be wood therein or not; and be ye of good courage, and bring of the fruit of the land."

Of course the Vermonters were not freebooters like the ancient Israelites referred to, as they had put up the money to buy the land they wanted, and their faces, like those of their Aryan ancestors for forty centuries, were directed westward instead of southward; but their agents were asked to have in view, in selecting a location—"first consideration, a healthy place, with good water, realizing that life depends upon this; second, a rich and fertile soil, well watered, interspersed with wood and prairie if practicable; third, to be located on or near a water fall is of great service to a colony; fourth, consider the country around—is there a prospect of its being speedily settled—is it capable of supporting a dense population—is it where produce can be got to market—is the soil qualified for various productions, not only for grain of different kinds and fruits, but for the mulberry, cattle, horses and sheep; fifth, a situation where a canal or railroad may cross, or in the center of a county, will greatly increase the value of real estate; sixth, let it be near some navigable water, not compel one hundred and fifty souls to make a journey of one hundred and fifty miles through intolerable roads and get homesick before they see the place."

THE PROSPECTING PARTY.

April 2, 1836, S. S. Church and William G. Henry, members of the purchasing committee, left Vermont, met by appointment at Troy, New York, and started by stage for Michigan. Their first Sunday was spent in Auburn. In western New York Wait J. Squier, one of the colonists, joined them. These three pioneers to spy out the land went to Lewiston, near the mouth of Niagara river, intending to go through Canada to Detroit, but were advised not to make the attempt on account of the badness of the roads. Accepting this advice they went to Buffalo with the intention of taking a steamboat, but the harbor and lower end of Lake Erie being covered with ice, they continued their journey by stage to Erie, Pennsylvania. Arriving there they found the south shore of the lake was free from ice and that a boat would leave for Detroit in a day or two, on which they took passage. At Detroit they waited twenty-four hours for the stage to leave. It was an open wagon, the roads were horrible, and, besides paying fare, they worked their passage, carrying fence rails to pry the wagon out of the mud where the holes were deepest. Their objective point was the United States land office at Kalamazoo. Mr. Church stopped at Battle Creek, where his brothers-in-law, Judge Tolman W. and Moses Hall resided, for a much needed rest. Soon afterwards the committee met at Kalamazoo and began their search for a contiguous body of government land that would answer the purpose of the colonists. Failing to find such a tract as was wanted, Mr. Church returned to Battle Creek, procured a guide, and with one or two other

colonists who had arrived there, set out on an exploring tour; while Messrs. Squier and Henry went to Grand Rapids to look for a location in that part of the territory. The Church party explored Barry county as far as Middleville and from there passed up the Thornapple river some distance east of Hastings, without finding what they wanted, namely: a tract of government land of the quality and quantity needed in a solid body, unbroken by swamps or marshes and free from "catholes." The original intention to obtain a location in the oak openings was found to be impossible, as all the desirable land had been entered by settlers and speculators. In 1836 the fever of speculation in Michigan real estate was at its height, and dreams of rapidly acquired wealth by land-grabbers were abundant. They continued until the collapse of the bubble a year or two later. It was also the wild-cat money era. The outlook for the committee was discouraging. With the money of over thirty persons in their possession to be wisely invested, with the ideals of the colony uppermost and with each one of the investors interested in obtaining as good a quarter-section farm lot and ten-acre village lot as any of their fellow colonists, it is not surprising that the committee began to despair of success.

Returning again to Battle Creek Mr. Church, who was always on the alert for information, met Col. Barnes of Gull Prairie, who had helped survey Eaton county and was one of the original proprietors of Charlotte. From him he learned that the amount of land needed, if not taken within a short time, might be found in town 3 north of range 6 west. The next day by appointment they met at the Kalamazoo land office and obtained a plat which showed that only one parcel had been purchased in the township. A letter from Messrs. Squier and Henry stated that they were prospecting in the southwest part of Ionia county, with headquarters at Middleville. They had not found a desirable location on government land. Events began to focus on Vermontville.

PLANTING THE COLONY.

The committee were faithful to the trust reposed in them. They knew what they wanted, but thus far had failed to find it. In a narrative of the further steps taken to locate the colony, written by Mr. Church and printed in the Charlotte Republican several years ago, he says: "I repaired to Middleville and our company came in. They examined my plat and we concluded to go to Eaton county. The next morning I made out an application for land enough to cover the amount we wanted, sent one of our number to the land office with my application, while the rest of us went to Battle Creek to make arrangements to explore the town. Here we found two or three more of the newly arrived colonists. We were nearly two days procuring an outfit and getting to our destina-

tion. The third day we explored the town, running nearly every section line. All were satisfied with the land. We then went to Kalamazoo and on the 27th of May, 1836, I took up the amount of the colony purchase, also about twenty lots over and above that for members of the colony and others. We then returned to the purchase and selected the south half of section 21 for the village. W. J. Squier had his surveying implements with him, so that we were enabled to lay out the village, which we did agreeably to instructions. Those of us who were present selected our village lots and marked them on our plat."

The village was platted one mile and forty rods long east and west by half a mile north and south and was subdivided into thirty-six lots, fronting twenty rods in width on the east and west street, extending eighty rods north and south and containing ten acres each. The east and west street became the leading highway from Charlotte to Hastings, and later, after the location of the State capitol at Lansing, a part of the Lansing and Allegan State road. The farm lots were located around the village in all directions. By adopting this plan of settlement the colonists became near neighbors and enjoyed the benefits of society, school and religious meetings from the start. Among the colonists were a clergyman, two physicians and a blacksmith. West, in Castleton, just over the town line, a shoemaker, Joseph Rasey, had settled on a wild eighty acres, and to him with a side of sole leather and enough upper leather to shoe the family the boys would go every fall, after the frost had begun to bite, and have a pair of cowhide boots made for winter, going barefoot and enjoying an occasional stonebruise having been the summer custom; while north of the village three and a half miles, in the edge of Sunfield, lived O. M. Wells, a tailor, who brought his trade with him from New York, and to him the cloth for making Sunday clothes would be taken and cut into garments to be made up by a seamstress in the house. The nearest place to get a pound of saleratus or green tea was at Bellevue, also the post office, fourteen miles away, and most of the trading was done at Marshall, twenty-eight miles distant, C. P. Dibble & Co. being the favorite merchants. The nearest grist mill was at Bellevue and the nearest saw mill, owned by Oliver M. Hyde, afterwards a prominent citizen of Detroit and mayor of the city, was in Kalamo, seven miles distant. From there W. J. Squier drew the lumber to build the first frame house erected in the village or town in 1837-8.

While William G. Henry was a member of the committee that selected the location and was one of the original members of the colony, signing its constitution and by-laws at Castleton, Vermont, he did not settle in Vermontville, but in Grand Rapids, where he was for many years a prominent and highly esteemed citizen. He married Huldana Squier, sister of Wait J. Squier, who, as the record shows, was a leading colonist. Mr. and Mrs. Henry's oldest daughter, Annette Henry, mar-

ried Gen. Russell A. Alger, a prominent citizen of Detroit and of Michigan, and now Secretary of War for the United States. As Mr. Henry was instrumental in locating the Vermontville colony, gave his counsel and advice to its organization, and selected a village lot, although not one of its pioneer settlers, he is justly entitled to special and honorable mention.

THE VILLAGE PLAT.

The Marshall and Ionia road passed through the center of the village from south to north and became the first weekly mail route from Bellevue to Ionia, through the western part of Eaton county. A post office was established in 1840 with Dr. Dewey H. Robinson as the first postmaster. From each of the four central village lots about an acre was taken and set apart for a public square. In the original conveyance from the trustees who located the land one thirty-second part of this square was deeded to each colonist. By common consent the northwest quarter of the square was used as a site for the first log school house and a few years later for the academy building, the southwest quarter for the Congregational church, the northeast quarter for a Methodist church, and the southeast quarter was occupied for some years by hay scales and has been quite a place of resort for Canada thistles, which were introduced in 1837 in the Vermont rye straw used by W. J. Squier to pack his household goods for moving. With very few exceptions the original settlers have passed away, but the thistles still survive them.

The following diagram, with the names of the original selectors of village lots as of record in the office of the Eaton county register of deeds, gives a better idea of the plat than words can convey:

North.

West.	18 C. Imus.	17 Towslee.	16 Bascom.	15 Joy.	14 Parker.	13 Barber.	12 Hawkins.	11 Fairfield.	10 Morse.	9 Root.	8 Merrill.	7 Terrill.	6 Robinson-Fancher.	5 Clark.	4 Mears.	3 Warner-Bond.	2 J. Scoville.	1 M. P. Squire.	East.
	J. Hawkins.	Selden.	Taft.	Hoyt.	Norton-Warner.	J. Fuller.	Church.	Henry.	Warner.	Fowler.	Squire.	Moffitt.	McCotter.	Mead.	Scoville.	Martin.	Colver.	Cochran.	
	18	17	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	

Public square.

South.

Thus the "Union Colony" was planted. The actual fell far short of the ideal. Youthful imagination was disillusionised when living in the woods and clearing away the forests commenced. But few of the pastoral "considerations" presented in imitation of the ancient Hebrew example were realized. Barring the indigenous ague and fever, it was a healthy place; the water was good, the soil was rich and fertile but covered with heavy hardwood timber; there was no waterfall, only the sluggish Thornapple and Scipio winding through broad and miry bottom lands, with suckers, red horse and pickerel; all forest and no prairie; far away from the desired center of a county and from markets—fourteen miles from Charlotte, fourteen miles from Hastings, twenty-eight miles from Marshall and twenty-six miles from Ionia; no navigable water nearer than Lake Michigan and the surveyed Clinton and Kalamazoo canal that never materialized; never a mulberry, but wild grapes, plums and cranberries and the most horrible and roughest roads—roots, stumps, corduroys and mud of great depth and adhesiveness—that mortals ever traveled through this vale of tears. The panic of 1837 came; the Michigan fever abated; there was no sale for land at any price; and with a good deal of heroism these early settlers commenced the work of making homes in the wilderness.

THE FIRST BLOWS STRUCK.

Some of the colonists who went with the first prospecting party to spy out the land, among whom the names of W. J. Squier, W. S. Fairfield and Levi Merrill are mentioned, remained in the woods, and the latter part of May, 1836, went to work felling the forest trees, building log houses and shanties and clearing for crops a few acres of land. The first potatoes and corn were grown among the stumps and logs. Sometimes potatoes were cooked in the hot ashes of a burning log heap and green corn roasted by its live coals. No portion of southern Michigan was more heavily timbered, mostly beech and maple, with ash, oak, elm, cherry, basswood and black walnut interspersed. The winter of 1835-6 was the last one of centuries of savage solitude. Prior to the advent of these first settlers, except an occasional blow struck by some hunter, surveyor or nomadic Indian, no sound of a civilizing axe had disturbed the silence or awakened an echo in the forest. So in May, 1836, the work of transformation from an unknown and prehistoric past of wild animals and men to the known present and to a future, the nature of which none of us can guess, actually commenced. The era of the bark shanty and pole and brush wigwam of the Indian ended there and then. Log houses were built that summer by those who remained for themselves and their coming families, and a colony house was erected to shelter other settlers as they arrived. Log house raisings were frequent and all turned out to

help each other without expecting or desiring pay for the labor. Each house raising was a thank offering to the new and always welcome settler.

During that summer, 1836, Bazaleel Taft came with his family and settled on his village lot, but he moved to the town of Kalamo in a year or two and resided there the remainder of his life. Reuben Sanford, having purchased eighty acres of land adjoining the colony, also moved in that summer with his wife and only child, a daughter, living for awhile in an unoccupied shanty on the Colver village lot until his own log house was built, and though not a member of the colony, became the first permanent settler in the town. Soon after their arrival, while living in the shanty, a son, Henry Sanford, was born, and was the first white child born in Vermontville. Twenty-five years later, when the civil war came, he was one of the first of the Vermontville boys to enlist as a soldier, and he died in the service. During the fall Jacob Fuller and wife, Elijah S. Mead and wife, Jay Hawkins and wife with one child, Horace Hawkins, who still resides on a farm his father located, and W. S. Fairfield, arrived. March 24, 1837, Mrs. Elijah S. Mead died after a brief illness, at the age of 22 years, the first death in the colony. There was no physician to be had; womanly kindness and care did all that was possible for her, but in vain; and, disheartened, Mr. Mead moved back to Vermont.

Besides these families, several of the men who belonged to the colony came that year to inspect the purchase and make up their minds about moving. On the first Monday of October, the third day of the month, a large number assembled at the colony house, and after a prayer by Rev. Mr. Cochrane, proceeded to distribute the farm lands by lot, agreeably to the plan set forth in the articles of association adopted at Castleton, Vermont, the previous March. To meet the expenses incurred by the agents for locating the land a committee was appointed to make an assessment upon the farm lots which, because of their location, were the most desirable. This was agreed to and the sum of $400 raised for that purpose. Then it was voted to make the distribution by lot, and quoting S. S. Church again, "each one drew and was satisfied." In addition to the families already mentioned, several of the men who came in the fall remained, among them Oren Dickinson with two hired men, to make preparation for bringing their families the coming year. S. S. Church and W. J. Squier returned to Vermont that autumn for their families. About the middle of November, 1836, Mr. Church arrived in Battle Creek with his wife and six children, it having taken nine days to reach there from Detroit by wagon, and in January, 1837, they all moved to Vermontville and commenced housekeeping in the colony house. Mr. Squier returned with his family in April, 1837. In the fall of that year

several colonists had arrived, and among them Rev. Sylvester Cochrane with his wife and two children—Lyman Cochrane and Sarah Cochrane.

EARLY EXPERIENCE AND GROWTH.

The work of founding a new colony in the wilderness was begun. Only those who have had experience of pioneer life know what it means. After a few acres of land were cleared by each settler there was always enough to eat. At first provisions were scarce, and there was no certainty as to where a supply would come from. R. W. Griswold, soon after his arrival, started out to find something to eat with the horse team and wagon owned by Oren Dickinson. He drove to Climax, Kalamazoo county, where he found and purchased a load of wheat, had it ground in a grist mill at Verona, a few miles northeast of Battle Creek, and after a week's absence returned to the colony with the first load of flour, shorts and bran for the anxious pioneers.

But the women and men of that early period did not live by bread alone. Physically they needed food, shelter and raiment, but mentally they were sustained by an earnest purpose. Intelligent, courageous and devoted, deprived of many familiar comforts, yet willing to endure privations and hardships for the sake of an idea and to make life better worth living for their children, still they belonged to their time, were firmly established in their inherited political and religious opinions, and did not think the thoughts that women and men think today. Transplanted to the west with its broader horizons, even they slowly yet steadily outgrew themselves and their New England prejudices. In after years, as they went back to make their old Vermont homes a visit, they lost all desire to return. The old life and environments they had forsaken seemed pinched and narrower to them. Thus the west has uniformly brought an expansion and liberalization of American ideas. Men cannot separate themselves wholly from the traditions of the past, but amid new surroundings these traditions grow weaker with the lapse of time. They were fully up to their time, but it was a slow-moving era, and thoughts ran in wagon ruts instead of along electric wires.

By wagon road, canal and lake, and such horrid highways as Michigan then afforded, guided through the woods by blazed trees, it took three weeks to make the journey from Vermont to Vermontville if no time was lost, now made in thirty hours, yet fewer making it now than then; the postage on a letter was twenty-five cents; telegraphs and telephones were not invented; railroads were just beginning to revolutionize industrial and social conditions; nevertheless life, for the sake of home, family, virtue, morality, intelligence, kindness and love, and the refining influence of society, was no less worth living then than it is now; although, knowing the present, humanity could find but little external satisfaction

in the past of our immediate ancestors. Words cannot convey an accurate impression of the labor of the days that antedate reapers and mowers, when the sickle and the grain cradle, the scythe and the handrake were the implements of the harvest and hay fields—the days that antedate railroads, telegraphs and telephones, before steam and electricity became agencies for doing the world's work. To those of us who knew something of that early period it seems like a dream. Wherefore the changes? Because of the changes in the thoughts of men. Every new thing under the sun was first a thought before it became a fact. And thought is still moulding different conditions than those that now exist. The chief economic problem of the past was production; now, though men who cling to old thoughts are slow to see it, it is production and distribution. The present is no more stable than was the past. All human conditions are undergoing change. History is a record of the changes brought about by the thoughts and actions of men. Thought is best when there is the most of it, when it is freest, and refuses to run in established channels. All valuable history is a record of the doings of the people. Emerson asks: "What is all history but the work of ideas, a record of the incomputible energy which his infinite aspirations infuse into man? Has anything grand and lasting been done? Who did it? Plainly not any man, but all men; it was the prevalence and inundation of an idea." Thus the Vermontville colony was planted.

GETTING IN AND OUT.

Roads were horrible; sometimes impassable; when not raised eighteen inches to two feet above the surface by hauling logs across the driveway and rolling them close together, called corduroy, they were two feet below the surface in the mire, and even then not very solid. Often, as "In the days of Shamgar, the son of Anath in the days of Jael, the highways were unoccupied, and the travelers walked through the bye-ways." From Bellevue, through the woods for fourteen miles to the nearest postoffice, the road was of such a character as to make the last installment of the journey from New England to the colony the hardest part of the trip. It was merely underbrushed, trees on each side blazed with an axe to guide the traveler, and passing over many low and wet places, they soon became quagmires by being cut up by passing teams. A mile an hour was good time over them. Some families, when moving in, were compelled to camp out in the woods over night, and to accommodate them a shanty was built near a brook for shelter. From this fact the stream got the name of Shanty Brook, by which it is still known. In October, 1839, when my father, Edward H. Barber, moved in, with his wife, four boys, an ox team, wagon and cow, we left Bellevue a clear and frosty morning, before the sun was up, stopped long enough in the woods to eat a lunch, feed

the oxen and extract some milk from the brindle cow, and about nine o'clock in the evening arrived at the top of the hill in Vermontville, a rain storm having set in after dark at the close of the day and of Indian summer. The first log house at the top of the hill was owned by Sidney B. Gates, and he came out with a old-fashioned tin lantern and tallow dip to light and guide us to our destination, the house of Oren Dickinson, three-quarters of a mile distant. For a mile or two north of Bellevue the road had been chopped out four rods wide, and also for half a mile or so south of Vermontville. The rest of the way the track was through the woods, and sometimes hard to find on account of the fallen leaves. But we made a mile an hour that last one of eight days from Detroit, and three weeks from Benson, Vermont, and reached our stumpy Canaan at last.

In the spring the Thornapple river about a mile south of the village overflowed its broad bottom land, rendering it impassable for teams. In April, 1837, W. J. Squier arrived at the south bank of the river with his family just at night. The water was so high they could not cross. Learning of their arrival and knowing the situation, R. W. Griswold and W. S. Fairfield waded across with provisions and took them to an Indian wigwam not far away, where they stayed overnight. The next morning Mr. Griswold ferried Mrs. Squier and their youngest child across in a small dugout, or log canoe, a distance of about eighty rods. During the day the team and household goods were got over. To go to Bellevue to mill and return always required two days.

A WOLFISH SERENADE.

Wolves were plentiful, and it was an easy matter by giving a long human howl in the evening to start a wolfish serenade. In the fall of 1836 Oren Dickinson came to the colony with a horse team, his family not arriving until the spring of 1838, a year and a half later. The road then was but little more than a trail, just enough underbrush having been cut out to allow a team to pass. None of the mucky places had been corduroyed and the mudholes were deep. To drive a team through by daylight was oftener tried than accomplished. R. W. Griswold started from Vermontville early one morning to drive through to Bellevue. Night overtook him while yet in the woods, and in the darkness he could not follow the track, over which but few wagons had previously passed. He stopped the team and endeavored to find the roadway by getting down upon his knees and feeling with his hands for old wagon tracks, but in vain. It was as dark, he once said, "as a stack of black cats." Thinking that he might be within hailing distance of Bellevue he gave a loud halloo, and was answered by a prowling wolf. Again he shouted, and other wolves responded in different directions. They were cowardly whelps and sel-

dom attacked a person, yet none the less these voices of the night were unwelcome music to a lone traveler with a team in the dense woods and darkness. He unhitched the team, tied them to the wagon, seated himself in it, gun in hand, talked to the horses for company, and through the long night watches listened to his serenaders, whose performances culminated in a thrilling wolf chorus in the wilderness. When daylight came the next day the blazed trees on either side of the pioneer highway indicated the route out of the woods.

Such incidents, not being able to make fourteen miles by daylight with a pair of horses and a wagon, show better than words can describe the character of the roads the first settlers traveled over. In a few years they were improved so that the trip to Marshall, where most of the settlers sold their products and did their trading, could be made comfortably in a day, going there one day and returning the next, though when goods were to be purchased for the winter outfit for the family the trip and trade would consume three days. While Michigan roads are not the best in the world all the year round, the soil being too good and the frost sinking too deep to permit making firm and solid roadbeds at a cost rural communities can stand, yet they have improved greatly and should be improved more. The first settlers did a great deal of gratuitous work on them in the way of chopping bees to cut down the timber for the four rods width of the highways and letting the sun in to dry out the soil. Even then the wagon track was a line of curves to avoid big stumps for several years. A vast amount of labor was involved in making them passable evidences of civilization, for, as Dr. Bushnell says: "The road is the physical sign or symbol by which you will best understand any age or people. If they have no roads they are savages, for the road is a creation of man and a type of civilization."

Almost every year during the spring freshets the low lands along the Thornapple overflowed and were impassable. The river channel run close to the high bank on the south side, and north of it to high land again, towards the village, was about eighty roads of bottom and in some places almost bottomless. Sometimes cattle would wade to the bridge and cross over to the south side to feed during the day, returning at night. One morning they went across, among them a cow belonging to W. S. Fairfield. Towards night they crossed the bridge, homeward bound, and commenced traveling in single file over the log causeway. The water had risen so much during the day that some of the logs were afloat. As the cattle stepped on them they were easily displaced and those in the rear found it difficult to make the passage. The last one was Fairfield's milch cow. She struggled along, plunging into the water, swimming in deep places and here and there finding logs that had not floated, succeeded in making slow progress, until she was nearly exhausted. About half way

across were two big oak logs, nearly four feet in diameter, in the causeway, which were higher than the others and did float. The cow gained a position on these logs and would go no further. Poles were placed around her to keep her from falling off, feed and bedding were taken to her in a boat, she was milked twice a day and remained on these logs for several days until the water subsided.

THE PIONEER SPIRIT.

The Vermontville settlers inherited the pioneer spirit. With two or three exceptions they were Vermonters, and all were Yankees in fact and name. It has never been the habit of enterprising Yankees to wait for a region to get very old before leaving it. They did not wait until all of New England was settled before they commenced pushing west, and hence their influence has been large in all of the western country. The name New England was first given to the northeast corner of the United States by Captain John Smith, the daring navigator who explored the coast, and was subsequently adopted in the patent of King James, which created a council "for the planting, ordering and governing of New England." Of its six states, Massachusetts was first settled by Pilgrim and Puritan refugees of English stock. Rhode Island was founded by a young Baptist minister, Roger Williams, who fled there in 1636, only sixteen years after the first settlement was made at Plymouth, to escape persecution at the hands of the Puritans, who, though themselves religious refugees, had little toleration for anything except their own forms of belief and methods of government. Connecticut was settled by the English and Dutch almost simultaneously, but the former were the first to enter and cultivate the rich valley of the Connecticut river, and they held control. The earliest settlers of New Hampshire were fishermen, who, being once rebuked by a traveling minister for neglecting religion, answered: "Sir, you are mistaken; you think you are speaking to the people of Massachusetts Bay. Our main object in coming here was to catch fish." Maine was for a long time a mere hunting ground, and remained a part of Massachusetts until after the Revolution. Vermont was first explored by Champlain, the great Frenchman who founded Quebec and was the first governor of Michigan, was claimed by New York, for independence from which province the Ethan Allen Vermonters were ready to fight if necessary, and was not recognized as a separate colony until after the Revolutionary war.

The Champlain valley of Vermont was settled largely by men from Massachusetts and Connecticut. My grandfather, Daniel Barber, was the first permanent settler in the town of Benson, in 1783, and my grandmother, when they moved, carried her first babe, a daughter, in her arms on horseback from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, to their new home in a

dense wilderness. That daughter became the wife of Isaac Griswold of Benson and the mother of Roger W. Griswold and Daniel B. Griswold of Vermontville. So we trace the movements of our pioneers.

New England has grown the fastest in the west. Although two-fifths larger than Old England it contains only about six million inhabitants, and only those parts where mills and factories are engaged in money-spinning are densely populated. Connecticut and Massachusetts men, under the pioneership of Israel Putnam, crossed the Alleghanies into the Ohio valley and founded Marietta more than a hundred years ago, and mainly the sons of Connecticut planted new towns in the Western Reserve of Ohio early in the century. Vermonters moved up the Mohawk into western New York soon after the opening of the Erie canal in 1826, pushed westward into this great lake region, scattered themselves over northern Ohio, moved into Michigan and occupied northern Illinois at an early date. Such prominent United States Senators as Jacob M. Howard, Stephen A. Douglas and Matthew H. Carpenter were Vermonters by birth. But in no instance, so far as known, was a New England colony organized on the plan of the one that located in Vermontville.

ORGANIZING THE CHURCH.

Although much isolated from the rest of the world, these colonists had the advantage of good society and they provided themselves with religious privileges and a school for their children from the start. In February, 1837, a Congregational church with sixteen members was organized by Rev. S. Cochrane, its first pastor, and his duties extended over a period of five years. It would have been slim picking for the minister, no doubt, but for his working the land as did all the rest and some aid from the Home Missionary Society. We have an original subscription paper, dated Sept. 24, 1838, which says: "We, the subscribers, being desirous to sustain the preached gospel in this place, agree to pay the several sums annexed to our names respectively, to the support of the Rev'd S. Cochrane as our minister. Said sums to be paid in labor in chopping or clearing off his land, in cash or produce, as may best suit the subscribers, and as they may agree with the said Mr. Cochrane, two-thirds of said subscription to be paid by the fifteenth day of May next, and the other third by the first day of October, 1839."

The names, conditions of payment, and amounts on this paper are: S. S. Church, paid, $10; Warren Gray, in labor and team work, $6; H. J. Mears, in labor, $6; Jay Hawkins, in labor with team, $6; Jacob Fuller, in labor or cooperage, $5; Wait J. Squier in labor and team work, $10; S. D. Scovell, $10; Reuben Sanford, in produce, $5; Alexander and William Clark, $5; Martin & Robinson, in goods, $15; William P. Wilkinson, $1; M. S. Norton, $5; Sidney B. Gates, $5; George S. Browning,

$8; Oren Dickinson, $10; Levi Merrill, $5; Oliver J. Stiles, $10; Samuel S. Hoyt, $5; Roger W. Griswold, $5; W. S. Fairfield, $5; Charles Imus, in shoemaking, $5; F. Hawkins, $1; Wm. B. Fuller, $1.25; Joshua Blake, in work, $1; Peter Kinney, $1; E. O. Smith, $1.

Of these subscribers Samuel S. Hoyt and E. O. Smith resided in what afterwards became the town of Sunfield. Mr. Hoyt lived six miles north and his nearest neighbors in 1837 were in Vermontville. S. S. Church, in a sketch of the early settlements, says: "During this season, Samuel S. Hoyt, who lived six miles from any white inhabitant, and whose wife had not seen a white woman for several months at a time, brought his wife on an ox-sled to the colony, and after two or three weeks returned home, rejoicing in the possession of a fine daughter to cheer the loneliness of his forest home. Nor was this an isolated case. One from Chester occurred the same season, and not long after one from a remote part of our town."

THE SCHOOL AND ACADEMY.

In the summer of 1838 the first school was taught in a private house. In the fall of that year a log school house was erected on the northwest quarter of the public square, in which schools were regularly taught and the scholars uniformly whipped from three to four months in summer by a female teacher, and for three months in the winter by a male teacher. A rate bill was prepared by the school officers to raise the money to pay the teacher, and the wood was furnished pro rata by the patrons of the school. The teachers boarded around at the homes of the pupils, the length of time at each place determined by the number of scholars in the family. When there were but two rooms in a log house, one down stairs and the other up stairs, with hardly a spare corner, sleeping a teacher was more difficult than feeding him or her. An aristocratic log house would have two rooms on the ground floor, and that made matters pleasanter. However, all got along very well, and the petty annoyances were soon forgotten.

In 1843 an academical association was formed, the money raised by subscription and the materials procured to build an academy, the building to answer the double purpose of a school and meeting house. Finding it best to have a legal existence, the Vermontville Academical Association, with W. U. Benedict, Oren Dickinson, S. S. Church, Daniel Barber, W. J. Squier, M. S. Norton, D. H. Robinson and Levi Merrill for the first board of trustees, was incorporated by act of the State legislature April 28, 1846, and vested with "power to establish at or near the village of Vermontville, in the county of Eaton, an institution for the instruction and education of young persons." Nine trustees were provided for and the capital stock of ten thousand dollars was divided into one thousand shares of ten dollars each.

Prior to this act of incorporation, in the fall of 1844, the upper story of the academy building was completed, and Rev. W. U. Benedict, pastor of the church, taught for four months of the winter of 1844-5 the higher English branches and the languages. Mr. Benedict continued to teach in the academy for several successive winters and gave general satisfaction. The district school was also continued summer and winter until both were merged into a union school with two departments. In 1870 the present union school building was erected at a cost of about $12,000. The old academy was a well conducted and popular institution while under charge of Mr. Benedict, and scholars attended it from various parts of Eaton county and from Battle Creek for several winters.

A handbill for the winter term of 1849 has been preserved and is worth reproducing entire: "VERMONTVILLE ACADEMY!!—The Winter term of this Institution will commence October 9th, 1849, and continue 20 weeks under the superintendence of Rev. W. U. BENEDICT. Mr. B's success as a Teacher hitherto, and the location of this Institution, removed from everything that tends to divert the student's mind and draw off his attention from his studies, renders this a desirable Institution for those who wish to make improvement. The terms of tuition are:

For common English branches.....	$2.50 per quarter	
do Higher do do	3.00	do
do Languages.....	3.00	do

With a small charge for incidental expenses. Board can be obtained at from $1 to $1.25 a week. By order of the Trustees.

S. S. CHURCH, Clerk.

Vermontville, Aug. 10, '49."

In the winter of 1846-7 George N. Potter of the town of Benton, sheriff of the county for four years and recently State Senator, was one of the scholars, and he paid his board by slashing down the timber on several acres of land just north of the academy for W. S. Fairfield.

ORGANIZATION OF THE TOWNSHIP.

Sixty years ago, January 26, 1837, Michigan became a state. The political finessing of that period was devoted to the preservation of an equilibrium in the national government, so far as possible, between free and slave states, slavery having been one of the sacred compromises of the constitution. Arkansas, therefore, was admitted at the same time, statesmanship failing to discover until twenty years later that this Union could not exist half slave and half free.

The first census in which Eaton county and Vermontville appear was taken by the state in October, 1837, which disclosed a total population in Michigan of 175,025, Eaton county having 913 in three organized towns—Bellevue 413, Eaton, 330, and Vermontville 145. Each

of these town organizations at that time contained more than a single surveyed township. At the national census of 1840 the state had 212,216 inhabitants, Eaton county 2,379, and Vermontville. The county was laid out by act of the territorial legislature October 29, 1829, and at the same time organized into a single town named Green. The town of Bellevue, which at first embraced the entire county, was organized as "Belleville" in 1835. A subsequent act of the legislature, approved March 11, 1837, provided that "all that portion of the county of Eaton, designated in the United States survey as townships 3 and 4 north of range 6 west, and 3 and 4 north of range 5 west, be, and the same is, hereby set off and organized into a separate township by the name of Vermontville, and the first township meeting therein shall be held in said township." The last few words indicate that an election might be legally held in any one of the four surveyed towns that were organized into a township, for all were Vermontville. From this territory were afterwards formed the towns of Chester, March 21, 1839; Sunfield, February 16, 1842; and Roxand, March 13, 1843, thus leaving at the last named date town 3 north of range 6 west as the sole possessor of the name Vermontville.

The first election was held on the first Monday of April 1837. The record of that meeting of the electors, with the names of the officers chosen to set the wheels of local government in motion, are worth transcribing, as it shows the mode of coming into existence of a new civic entity when time was young in Michigan, namely:

"Agreeable to an act of the Legislature of the State of Michigan, passed Feb. 14, 1837, and approved March 11, 1837, organizing surveyed townships Nos. 3 and 4 north of range 6 west, and townships Nos. 3 and 4 north, of range 5 west, in Eaton county, in said State, a town, with township privileges, under the name of Vermontville, the electors met at the town-house in said Vermontville, agreeably to previous notice, on the first Monday in April, and organized said meeting by choosing Samuel Selden, Esq., moderator and S. S. Church township clerk, who administered the oath prescribed by law to each other, when proclamation was made of the organization of said meeting.

"2d. The ballots being taken for supervisor, Oren Dickinson was duly elected.

"3d. S. S. Church was then chosen township clerk.

"4th. S. S. Church, Samuel Selden, and John Hart were elected assessors.

"5th. Walter S. Fairfield was elected collector and constable.

"6th. Elected S. S. Church and Bazaleel Taft directors of the poor

"7th. Elected Oren Dickinson, Jay Hawkins, and Bazaleel Taft road commissioners.

"8th. Elected Franklin Hawkins poormaster.

"9th. Elected Reuben Sanford, Levi Merrill, Jr., and Sidney B. Gates fence viewers.

"10th. Elected Jacob Fuller, Harvey Williams and Samuel S. Hoyt overseers of highways.

"11th. Elected Oren Dickinson, John Hart and Levi Merrill school inspectors.

"12th Elected Samuel Selden, S. S. Church, Samuel S. Hoyt and Oren Dickinson justices of the peace.

"13th. Oren Dickinson for the term of one year, S. S. Church for two years, Samuel S. Hoyt for three years, and Samuel Selden for four years.

"14th. Voted, To raise the sum of two hundred dollars on the taxable property in said township, to be appropriated to building bridges and making roads in said township.

"15th. Voted, To raise the sum of two hundred dollars on the taxable property of said township for defraying the town expenses for the current year.

"16th. Voted, That cattle and horses be permitted to run at large in said town, but the owner to be liable for damages when they shall break over a decent fence, in which case the fence-viewers shall decide whether the fence is decent or not.

"17th. Voted, That hogs be permitted to run at large.

"18th. Voted, That Jay Hawkins, Jacob Fuller, S. S. Church and Samuel Selden be the board of inspectors of election.

"19th. Voted, To dissolve the meeting.

"The foregoing is a true record of the township meeting held on the first Monday in April, 1837, and the doings of said meeting.

Attest. S. S. CHURCH, Township Clerk."

Thus Vermontville was born. A memorandum shows that at a special election held April 3 and 4, 1837, to fill a vacancy in the legislature caused by the death of Ezra Convis, twelve votes were polled, all for Sands McCamly.

Of the foregoing town officers, Samuel S. Hoyt lived in Sunfield and Harvey Williams in Chester; the rest in Vermontville. Mr. Hoyt cleared up a large farm, sold out and moved away in a few years. Mr. Williams was county treasurer for several successive terms and state senator, residing in Charlotte, where he died. He was one of the best known and most reliable citizens of the county, and one of the earliest settlers in Chester.

IMMIGRATION.

As heretofore stated, the first settlement by members of the colony was made in 1836, but most of them came in 1837 and 1838, and my father, the last one to arrive, moved in with his family in October, 1839. For a number of years immigration was insignificant, the hard times that followed the panic of 1837 rendering real estate unsalable at any price, as there was no speculative interest in Michigan lands. The marvelous resources of the state were unavailable for human needs. Probably many of the settlers would have left but for the fact that all their previous savings were invested in wild lands and these would not bring anything in the market. In 1844, as appears by the assessment roll for that year, there were only fifty-one resident taxpayers in the town and village, namely: A. L. Armstrong, W. U. Benedict, George S. Browning, Daniel Barber, Edward H. Barber, Levi Brundage, John Barrett, Joshua Blake, Dudley F. Bullock, S. S. Church, William Clark, Nathan

Clifford, Oren Dickinson, Jonas Davis, Willard Davis, Lucy H. Dwight, W. S. Fairfield, Jacob Fuller, William B. Fuller, James A. Fuller, Hamilton Folger, Warren Gray, Sidney B. Gates, Roger W. Griswold, Jay Hawkins, Henry Haner, Aman Hooker, David Henderson, Isaac Hager, James Hager, W. F. Hawkins, Wells R. Martin, Hiram J. Mears, Simeon McCotter, Levi Merrill, Martin S. Norton, Dewey H. Robinson, Henry Robinson, Truman W. Rogers, Artemus Smith, Cephas Smith, Lovina Smith, Jason Smith, Philetus Sprague, Stephen D. Scoville, Lemuel Standish, Reuben Sanford, William B. Sherman, Wait J. Squier, Asa B. Warner and William W. Warner. Of this number five went away during the next three or four years.

Already the names of several of the pioneer settlers had disappeared, while others had taken their places. A. L. Armstrong made the first clearing in the town, east of the village, on the road to Charlotte; Mrs. Lucy H. Dwight, Jonas Davis, Henry Haner, W. F. Hawkins, William Clark, S. D. Scoville and W. W. Warner on the northeasterly sections; the Hagers in the extreme northwest corner; Artemas and Cephas Smith near the west line on the road to Hastings; Levi Brundage and William B. Sherman in the southwest, while Dudley F. Bullock was the first and at that time the only settler in the southeast part of the town. He lived on the farm where he located in the spring of 1840 for fifty-seven years, until he passed away in March, 1897, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

It has been my purpose, although it has somewhat lengthened this historical sketch, to put on record, for preservation in the permanent "Collections" of the State Pioneer and Historical Society, the names of the first settlers of the village and town of Vermontville—those who were chiefly instrumental in the transformation from a dense wilderness to a region of fruitful fields and civilized homes. The history of the people, of their labors and trials it is our effort to preserve. Our civilization is largely the product of the humble toilers whose names would otherwise be forgotten in the onrush of events. It required sturdy and continuous blows for years to fell and clear away the forests, and to change a savage wilderness into pleasant homes and fruitful fields.

"Cheerily, on the axe of labor,
Let the sunbeams dance,
Better than the flash of saber
Or the gleam of lance!
Strike! With every blow is given
Freer sun and sky,
And the long-hid earth to heaven
Looks, with wondering eye!"

Two generations of workers have entirely changed the physical, social

and moral conditions. Even religious opinions have broadened to keep in touch with the forward movement of the age. The people were too intelligent not to be progressive and keep abreast of the best thought of the time. To satisfy a Vermontville audience was a credit to any speaker. Among the counties of the state there is scarcely one that, in all respects, is better than Eaton. Heavily timbered, it was hard to subdue, but rewarded the effort. The beech and maple forests that still remain remind one of the sturdy labor of the past. Hills with far-reaching views, fertile intervales, bowlders of northern granite dropped here and there by the ice-sheet of a far away geologic period, flora and fauna the same as those of Vermont, show that the Vermonters were guided by what they knew, as well as by circumstances they could not control, in selecting a site for new homes in the wilderness. Above all else they wanted timber, and wore themselves out getting rid of it. No other spot in the state, by topography, soil, timber and products, is better entitled to the name Vermontville.

REMINISCENT.

It may be after years have passed that the names of these pioneers, though permanently preserved in the "Collections" of this Society, will cease to awaken interest, but so long as wood grows and water runs the results of their work will last. In a small village and town they played the drama of life, as it has been played under varying conditions in all the rural towns of Michigan. Great changes, like those hastened by steam and electricity, are linked with names that will be long remembered; but the many minor changes which, day by day and blow by blow, transform a wilderness from a savage to a civilized state, are not associated with a few immortal names; for the work is done by hosts of earnest men and women in the humbler walks of life; yet without the work of the humble toilers in forest and mine, in field and factory, the men at the top would be like castles in the air—no foundation to rest upon.

Life, to these early settlers, was externally primitive; the log cabin sheltered its joys and sorrows; yet it was not, though rude, unrefined. They were intelligent, representing the best of New England rural stock. The women were of superior quality, excellent housekeepers, and though into their lives came but little of outward beauty, they made the most of their meager opportunities. Heroic souls! with the single exception of Mrs. Browning-Griswold they are all gone, and angelic mother-love still watches over and protects their children.

It was an isolated life. In the village of Bellevue, fourteen miles distant, were the nearest stores, the postoffice and grist-mill. With but little to sell not much could be bought. At first, coon skins and black

salts were the principal cash products. George S. Browning gathered together all his marketable products one fall, took them to Marshall, sold them for fourteen dollars, and he was one of the thriftiest of the settlers. They lived on what the few acres of cleared land produced, bought tea, tobacco, spices and saleratus, the forests furnishing common pasturage for cattle from the time the snow melted in the spring until it fell again the next winter. Leeks came first, and by June the woods were carpeted with wild flowers. All the sugar came from the maples.

The village stretched out a mile long from east to west, with two rows of log houses fronting the street—one frame house built by W. J. Squier breaking the monotony—located from ten to forty rods apart, small structures, unadorned, low ceilings, bare walls, little space for furniture, often going up stairs on a ladder through a hole in one corner, a trap-door in the floor to get down cellar; but probably, as much contentment as usually falls to the lot of humankind, for there was hope ahead. The inside illumination of winter evenings radiated from huge fireplaces made of stone and clay, and the smoke passed up chimneys made of sticks that were plastered with mud on the inside. The floors were seldom sawed boards, but split out of white ash and spotted with axe and adz where laying on the round stringers with a hewed upper surface to make them as smooth as possible. The earliest shanties were roofed with peeled basswood bark, but the more aristocratic log houses which succeeded them were shingled with rived oak "shakes," and warping under the influence of the summer sun, while they shed a plain rain fairly well, they let the wind-driven snow sift in freely during the winter, which falling on beds and floor, made stepping out into it with bare feet in the morning a chilly experience. Doors were seldom fastened or buttoned on the inside; civilization not being so advanced as now, and education away from manual labor not having been the practice of the time, life and property were safe without bolts and bars. With a wooden ketch and latch on the inside and a buckskin string, fastened to the latch and passing through a hole in the door to the outside, where a wooden handle served the purpose of a knob, when the string was pulled in the door was locked, but usually "the latch string was out" night and day. Summers the boys went barefoot, and chasing cattle in the woods when nettles were abundant left many a sting; while for winter one pair of cow-hide boots was all that could be afforded; overcoats for them were garments of the future; and woolen underwear unthought of. Sometimes babies were rocked in an unpainted wooden cradle made by the village carpenter, and sometimes in a sap trough, which was thus made to do double duty in sweetening the home. Woolen yarn was spun and socks and mittens knit by the mother in the evenings by fire-light, tallow-light or lard-light, as the case might be. Shirts with linen bosoms and starched collars were not worn. The cloth for common wear was

called "hard times," and was rightly named. Summer hats were braided out of wheat or oat straw, and the braids sewed together and fashioned into hat-shape in the household, and caps for winter made out of heavy cloth by some seamstress who worked for fifty cents a day. Boys learned to help their mothers at housework, washing dishes, pounding clothes, getting vegetables ready for cooking, and being useful in various ways. Before tallow candles could be had, a strip of cotton flannel, put into an open dish of lard and resting on the edge of the dish, was lighted by a wisp of paper and furnished artificial light for unplastered walls and ceilings. Sometimes, however, the walls were papered with Weekly New York Tribunes, or the New York Express, or the Albany Evening Journal, depending upon what eastern sheet was the favorite of the head of the family. When beef cattle were raised and fattened, the tallow was carefully saved for candles, and preparing and dipping the wicks by hand into the melted fat, time and again until they reached the right size for use, was as regular an autumnal bit of work as making soap or maple sugar in the spring, or putting in a supply of potatoes and pork for winter. It was quite a trick to go into the woods and find the crotch of a tree of the right shape and size for a harrow and with axe and auger prepare it for use, while hunting a white oak knot for a beetle was an education in woodcraft, and making an axe-helve the acme of mechanical genius. Using the axe was the first thing to be learned, and then the handspike in the logging field. After the first few acres of land were cleared, so fertile and productive was the soil that food was abundant, but money was scarce and dear, and in all respects the home-life was of the strictest economy.

THE INDIANS.

With the Thornapple river for canoeing and fishing, and the forests for game and maple sugar, this had long been a favorite and favorable region for the Indians, and their bark shanties and pole and brush wigwams were quite common upon the high lands adjacent to that stream. They were never troublesome, though when the matter of moving the Pottawatomies to the Indian Territory came up there was something of an Indian scare, as they disliked to leave their old hunting grounds and were quite ugly in their talk and actions. The possibility of a raid on the settlement was discussed and the idea of building a block-house for defense was suggested. There was, however, no occasion for alarm.

Every season the settlers obtained vension and fish of the Indians, giving them in exchange salt pork, corn meal and wheat flour. Some of them remained in the vicinity for a number of years, making occasional visits to the village to sell furs and obtain supplies, until about 1860. One of them in particular liked to get trusted at the store, and was very

punctual in coming around to make payment and get trusted again. A noted Indian, who called himself a chief of the Pottawatomies in that part of the State, went by the name of Sawby, or Saaba, was very shrewd and was well known by all the settlers. Probably there was not a house he did not visit. He picked up all the slang and vulgarity that was in circulation and often used the unseemly words and phrases in the presence of ladies. All English seemed to be the same to him wherever picked up and whatever the meaning, and he did not improve on acquaintance. As he was in Vermontville often he became enamored with a bright young lady, Naomi Dickinson, and made proposals of marriage to her father, but rather after the manner of the politician than the lover. He proposed to buy rather than woo, and offered to give four ponies and twenty-five dollars for her, or five ponies and no money. When she objected to any such a deal, he said with disgust: "You no think me handsome." He was, however, very much in earnest and fears were expressed that he might attempt an abduction, but they were groundless. As the "white maiden" still lives and is unmarried it cannot be said by way of excuse that she never had an offer.

Besides the native Pottawatomies, several Indian families came from Canada and remained in the town for about a year. They were much more civilized than the natives, and in dress and habits imitated the whites. In addition to hunting and trapping, they took jobs of chopping and cut down many acres of timber. They talked good English. The squaws dressed neatly, and displayed much skill in needlework. They held religious meetings on Sunday, and frequently attended the regular Congregational services in the village. During their stay one of the squaws sickened and died. An Indian made a coffin for her and they desired for her a Christian burial. Rev. Mr. Day, a Methodist clergyman who had been a missionary in the northern part of the State, was in the vicinity at the time. He was sent for, and he came to the village meeting house and preached a funeral sermon through an interpreter. Several native Indians also attended the services. Vermontville people went with sleighs to their wigwams, brought the corpse and Indians to the place where the services were held, and after the sermon carried the remains with the Indian attendants to the burial plot and assisted at the final obsequies. An account of this incident, written by S. S. Church, says: "The corpse was clothed in a very nice white shroud, handsomely worked with scalloped edges."

Under all circumstances the Pottawatomies were friendly. One night, after dark, having been hunting cattle two or three miles southwest of the village, three of us, boys, arrived at the bank of the river where a band of Indians was encamped. The cattle had been started homeward, and the Indians told us they had crossed the river near by. The water was high and they rowed us across in a canoe. Darkness was intense,

but there was a cattle path that could be followed about a mile to the nearest clearing. When accustomed to the woods, getting through them in the night is not so difficult a task as it seems.

Once in a while an afternoon was spent at an Indian camp, practicing the bow and arrow with the young red-skins. On high land north of the Thornapple were a number of sunken graves, and the hackings on the trees suggested that it had been an old burial place. In the spring of 1841, while fishing or hunting cattle, on the south bank of the river, a beech tree was discovered that showed fresh cuttings in the smooth bark. An examination disclosed the outline of a canoe, in it an Indian with arm lifted and a fish spear in his hand pointing down the stream, as if to inform others that one or more of the band had gone down the river on a fishing trip. At all events, that was the interpretation we gave to the picture-writing at the time. The only domesticated animals the red men had were wolfish-looking dogs and the hardy French Canadian ponies, used mainly for packing and carrying their blankets and few cooking utensils on their journeyings from place to place.

WILD GAME AND A BEAR HUNT.

Wolves were plenty, but seldom committed any depredations. Like politicians, they were great howlers. Hunters rarely saw one in the woods, and they were caught in traps for the sake of the bounty of five dollars on each one that was killed. Deer and wild turkeys were abundant. In the fall coon-hunting was a common pastime, and the coon-dog that did not get his nose and mouth full of porcupine quills by attacking the wrong animal was a fortunate brute. The only early settler who ate coon meat was one Jason Smith, a bachelor or widower, who shantied by himself and lived a hermit's life. About almost every log house could be seen during the fall months numerous coon skins tacked onto a board, or box, or barn door, the inside exposed to the air and sunshine for drying and preparing for the peltry purchaser who was sure to come around and gather up all the deer skins, coon skins, and an occasional mink skin for the market. Of the emblems of the presidential campaign of 1840, log cabins and coon skins were plenty, but the hard cider was missing. Fifty cents for a coon skin was a good price. The wild turkey was the proudest and most aristocratic denizen of the forest, and with partridges and wild pigeons constituted the principal game birds. Pickerel, suckers, mullet, perch and bream were the fish in the rivers and lakes.

Of all the wild animals the bear was the boldest and most troublesome. The most toothsome morsel for Bruin was a young porker, and to steal a pig from a pen he would take great risks from dogs and rifles. From time to time pigs disappeared, and the tracks showed that taking them away must be the work of a bear. Forays were made on the pig pen of

R. W. Griswold, who lived nearly half a mile north of the east end of the village, his house facing miles of unbroken forest to the eastward. In these woods and a swamp not far away this depredator seemed to have his lair. One day, in 1839, he came out of the woods into the main street at the east end of the village. Mrs. Cochrane, the minister's wife, saw him passing down the hill in the road near where the old cheese factory now stands, and going towards the log house in which W. R. Martin then lived. Out in the road in front of the house she saw Henry J. Martin, a young boy, playing by himself as unconcernedly as if there were no bears in Vermontville. The bear was making towards him and Henry thought it was a dog. Mrs. Cochrane screamed, which startled the beast, and Mrs. Martin, looking out of the door, saw the impending danger to her boy, ran out into the road, caught him up in her arms and carried him into the house. For boy or man this was the closest known call among the first settlers.

The depredations of this animal were so frequent and numerous that finally a bear-hunt was organized for his capture. Rev. S. Cochrane was selected for captain, and all the men, boys, dogs and guns of the colony were mustered into the service. This was the most exciting of any early incident. A night or two before the hunt was determined upon the bear had made a successful raid upon R. W. Griswold's pig-pen. It was known where he crossed the road and plunged into the woods. About a section of land was surrounded, men with dogs and guns stationed at nearly uniform distances apart, and at a given signal, which was passed along the line, all were to march towards a common center. Soon the bear broke through the line and men and boys and dogs gave chase. W. J. Squier's big mastiff, Bonaparte—called "Bone" for brevity—was one of the first to overtake the fleeing bear and give fight. Smaller dogs would snap at his hind legs, but "Bone" tackled him at close quarters. When John Wager and Arthur W. Squier arrived the dog was getting the worst of the battle. Wager had W. S. Fairfield's musket, of the revolutionary pattern, and he jammed the butt of it into the bear's mouth to loosen his hold on the dog. The marks of the bear's teeth in the stock of the musket were evidence of the closeness of the conflict. The dogs were so excited that getting a safe shot at the bear was difficult, but finally Reuben Sanford gave him a bullet from a rifle, and two more shots ended his career. Loaded on poles, a procession was formed, and the hunters marched to the public square, about a mile, where the bear was dressed, the carcass cut into as many pieces as there were families, and Daniel Barber, being blindfolded in the name of Justice, as each piece of meat was touched by the minister called out the name of the person who should have it.

The bear had fed well and the meat was good. It had the flavor of the forest. The skin was sold, but the authorities do not agree as to

the price. One says four dollars, another seven dollars, and Mrs. Browning-Griswold of Battle Creek, the only surviving head of a family at that time now living in Michigan who was present, says the skin sold for eight dollars. All agree, however, that the money, probably seven dollars, was used to purchase the first installment of Sunday school books that was brought into the village. Back to this bear the Sunday school library of Vermontville can trace its financial origin.

An account of this bear hunt was written by Captain and Reverend Sylvester Cochrane, and printed in the Marshall (Mich.) Statesman, Seth Lewis editor and proprietor, of January 2, 1840, and a copy thereof has been kindly furnished by W. R. Lewis, son of the original founder, editor and proprietor, which is herewith given in full. Fortunately for the writer of early history the files of that paper have been carefully preserved, and this enables me to give the original description as written nearly fifty-eight years ago.

A BEAR HUNT.

"For a number of days, during the month of October, the inhabitants of Vermontville were annoyed by the visits of a bear. Almost every day he had the presumption to come out of the forest and present himself in the streets, and in one or two instances he even took the liberty to parade himself in an erect position in front of the houses, as if desirous to see what was going on within. The women and children were of course sufficiently alarmed. Those who were particularly exposed to his depredations began to feel that his visits were becoming quite too common—especially as he seldom left without seizing and carrying off one or more swine. Several attempts were made to capture him, but without success. It was seen that some more direct and efficient efforts must be made. Accordingly about 30 men and boys assembled, with all the dogs and guns that could be collected. The necessary arrangements were soon made, a circle was formed, including nearly a section of land, within which it was evident his bearship was lurking. At about 11 o'clock the watchword went around—'ALL READY'—and the hunters began to gather in. Long before the center was made, however, bruin was discovered. Fortunately at the point where he was first seen, his assailants had become considerably numerous. Supposing himself surrounded he immediately broke through the line and commenced a retreat; just at this moment the dogs were let loose, and a hot pursuit of dogs, men and boys commenced. He was, however, so harrassed and his progress so impeded by the dogs, that escape was impossible. After running about 100 rods he was overtaken by some of the gunners, when two or three rifle balls soon dispatched him. The conflict was now ended, and the forest echoed with the sound of victory—a procession was formed—the captured and slain enemy was taken up on the shoulders of his conquerors and borne in triumph to the village, where, after having been sufficiently viewed and admired by the ladies and children, he was dressed and cut into pieces; a portion of the meat was then distributed to each family in the village, and a resolution was passed that the avails of the skin should be appropriated to replenish the Sabbath School library. After this disposal of bruin the inhabitants returned to their homes, well satisfied with their day's work.

C."

OTHER BEAR INCIDENTS.

Another authentic bear adventure, in which Dudley F. Bullock, the earliest settler in the southeast quarter of the township, was an active participant, is worth relating. Mr. Bullock and his young wife lived about four miles from the village of Vermontville, where their nearest neighbors resided. The tramp of wild animals around their rude cabin, and the dolorous howling of wolves, after they had retired for the night, were not uncommon sounds. These were solemn serenades. Mrs. Bullock's father, Horace Howell, one of the pioneers of Calhoun county, desiring to know how his daughter and son-in-law were getting along in their forest home, made them a visit. He went out hunting one day and killed a deer within hailing distance of the log cabin. Wanting assistance he halloed for Mr. Bullock to come to his aid. While on the way, in answer to the call, he saw three bears descending a large leaning tree. Mr. Bullock tried to stop them by pounding on the trunk with a club, at the same time calling to Mr. Howell to come with his rifle. One of the bears, as if realizing the urgency of the situation, loosed his hold on the tree, and dropped like a big ball, nearly prostrating Mr. Bullock by hitting him as he fell. Acting promptly, for he was always cool in every situation, in spite of the surprise, Bullock dealt the bear such a heavy blow with the club he had in his hand that it broke, and losing his balance he fell upon the bear. Then it was a surprise party on both sides, and the scrambling, shouting and growling showed that neither man nor beast desired further or closer acquaintance. The frightened bear got out of the melee and made tracks into the forest, and Mr. Howell coming up the men turned their attention to the two spectators that were still up the tree and succeeded in killing both of them.

In the way of stirring adventure in hunting and killing a bear, Jonas Davis, an early settler in the village and town, a man who was always cool and deliberate, heads the list: In company with a number of Chester men, among them Amasa L. Jordan, a prominent citizen, a bear was surrounded in a swamp. It was a rainy day, and by the time the bear was discovered the powder in all the guns was wet and not one of them could be discharged. Apparently the bear was master of the situation. The guns would not go off, and there seemed nothing to prevent him from doing so. Letting him get away, however, without an attempt to capture him, was out of the question. The emergency required prompt action at close quarters. While the rest of the hunters attracted his attention in front and held him at bay, Mr. Davis quietly approached him from the rear, and with an axe struck him a stunning blow on the head that killed him. Later this same Mr. Jordan was shot and killed by one of his sons while they were out hunting together. They separ-

ated and after a while the son saw a dark object moving in the bushes and thinking it was a bear fired the fatal shot that killed his father.

On one occasion, early in the forties, my brother, John Carlos Barber, now of Battle Creek, was carrying through the woods to workmen on the sawmill their dinner, a portion of which was a big tin pail of steaming hot pork and beans. The road had been merely underbrushed, and when near some big oak trees about a hundred rods from the mill, he saw an old she bear cross the road some four rods ahead of him. Passing along he stopped a moment to see her tracks, when four cubs came along on her trail. One of them stopped a few feet distant from him, raised its head and snuffed the wafted odor of the pork and beans. Taking off his chip hat he swung it at the cub, halloed like a loon, and started on a keen run for the mill. The smelling cub, together with the other three cubs, started off on a lope into the woods. When he got to the mill he was so out of breath that he could hardly tell the men that he had seen five bears. Hiram Gridley of Kalamo, a millwright, who was at work on the mill, had a dog and gun, said his dog would follow them, and without stopping to eat dinner the men started to find the bears. On arriving at the place where they crossed the road, the tracks being plainly visible, the dog stuck his tail between his legs, run around yelping for about ten rods, and would go no further. Gridley was disgusted, saying, "D—n the dog, he is more scared than the boy was," when the prospective bear hunt was abandoned, and the men went back to the mill to save the pork and beans, and to talk over bear adventures and what might have happened if the dog had followed the trail.

Six miles south of Vermontville, on the road to Bellevue in the town of Kalamo, was the well-known tavern kept by Samuel Herring, a farmer as well as a landlord, a sturdy pioneer, better known in the west half of Eaton county than is any member of congress at the present time. His wife, "Aunt Debby," was equally well known in all the region roundabout. They came to Kalamo in 1838, lived together as husband and wife for seventy years. She died about six years before he did, and he passed away September 8, 1895, aged 98 years, 6 months and 6 days—probably the oldest living person in the county previous to his death. No man who lived outside of their town was better known by the Vermontville pioneers. Early one Sunday morning there was a great commotion and loud squealing in the log hog-pen near the house. Louis Herring, a son and hunter of wide repute, guessing rightly as to the cause of the disturbance, seized a rifle and rushed out of the door just as a full-grown bear was climbing out of the pen with a pig in his possession, when a bullet through his head, the result of Lou. Herring's quick and steady aim, put a stop to his pig-stealing career.

A WONDERFUL CHANGE.

One passing through that region now would not dream that less than sixty years ago it was a dense wilderness, inhabited by Indians, bears, wolves and deer. But Indians, bears, wolves, and deer have disappeared with the forests. They belonged to the untamed wilderness that the pioneers came to subdue and civilize. Most of the hunting that is done now is for votes. The fauna and flora of the country change with the change of its inhabitants. Still the hunter's life and the wildness of nature have charms for white men as well as for the Indian. There were expert riflemen among the early settlers. One of the best single shots was made by W. F. Hawkins. Two deer were standing side by side. He saw but one of them, drew a bead on that one with his long, old-fashioned, heavy, hand-made rifle, and the ball passed through and killed both of them. The last of the large game to disappear was the wild turkeys. They were lordly and wary birds. How much more appropriate for a national emblem than the savage eagle. No reminders of the early days are left. Generally but small tracts of the original forest remain in anything like their primitive condition. Probably the three hundred acres in nearly a square form, owned by my brother, Homer G. Barber, and myself, part of the land located by our father, Edward H. Barber, in 1836, and which the axe has never ravaged, or in which it has never been used except to save fallen timber, is one of the largest tracts of original forest in a solid body that can be found in Southern Michigan. One can go into that native woodland, and out of sight of a clearing in any direction, and does not have to draw upon imagination to realize how every acre in Vermontville appeared in the spring of 1836, before the sound of the axe and the crash of falling trees awakened to new life a savage wilderness for unnumbered centuries.

There were men with strong arms as well as stout hearts among the pioneers. The most stalwart wielder of the axe was a champion among men, and got himself much talked about. Perhaps William F. Hawkins was the foremost chopper. He could slash down an acre of average timber in a day. With long arms and tremendous sweep he made every stroke count. He would fell a tree with wonderful accuracy, seldom failing to hit the desired spot. Bore a hole with an auger in the trunk of a fallen tree, stick a wooden pin in the hole, and he would fell another tree, standing thirty to forty feet away, and hit the pin almost every time. His education was that of the eye and muscle. John Wager was another expert chopper. One winter, in the month of February, he chopped down into winrows ten acres of very heavy beech and maple timber for Jonas Davis in nineteen days. He was a slasher. When a boy got so that, chopping down a tree with his father, he could take the heart away from him, he was proud of his achievement, but did not dare to say much about it in

the presence of his hard-headed Vermont ancestor. The boy's place was to dig in, do the best he could, and say but little. A common maxim was—"A workman should be known by his chips." Axes were much discussed, the best weight for efficient use, the proper length of helve, and of the kinds used those made by Isaiah Blood of Hoosac Falls, New York, were a prime favorite. The axe followed the tomahawk, as the horse succeeded the deer, the dog the wolf, the swine the bear, and the cattle and sheep on the hills the many native denizens of the forest; and then, even the axe was supplanted by the saw for felling timber. The wild game of sixty years ago is gone forever, and if there be any happy hunting ground for the Indian it is in another sphere. It is my purpose to give the reader some idea of the conditions that existed in this region three score years ago, and this done, my purpose in presenting these details is accomplished.

THE LOST BOY INCIDENT.

One of the early incidents that caused great excitement and anxiety was a lost boy and the search for him in the early forties. Truman W. Rogers, an early settler, went with his wife and young children to visit relatives a few miles northeast of the village. It was through woods all the way. The next day he started back to Vermontville with his horse and wagon. Soon after he started his young son, Frank Rogers, not five years old, slipped out of the house and into the road unbeknown to his mother, evidently with the intention of finding his father and going back with him. As soon as he was missed search was made for him by the family, but he could not be found, nor any trace of him discovered. Night came on and he was still missing. The father was notified and he hastened back to his family. The few inhabitants then living in the neighborhood collected the next morning and searched the woods for him all through the day. Another night came and no trace of the lost boy had been discovered. News was sent to the colony and with each passing hour the excitement and anxiety grew more intense. Men and women gathered in knots and talked over the probabilities of his having been stolen by Indians or devoured by bears or wolves. All volunteered to prosecute the search. Women cooked victuals so that the men could take rations with them and lose no time. On the morning of the third day after his disappearance, the search was renewed systematically, and during the day traces of him were found, as where he had picked red raspberries along the edge of a swamp, and his cap where he had apparently laid down in the night. On arriving at the Ionia road, three to four miles from the house he had left his tracks were discovered, and the conclusion was reached that he had passed to the west of it. For the third day's quest the plan agreed upon was to rendezvous along the line of the road, from two to three miles north

of the village, early in the morning and march through the woods to the west near enough together so that no object could escape discovery. Deer were seen, but not a gun was fired. If the boy was found by any of the party one gun was to be fired, and if alive a second discharge was to follow. As daylight dawned the people began to gather. Reuben Sanford lived about three miles northwest of the village, by the highway, and a mile west of the Ionia road. He started early through the woods to the place for the search to begin. In the gloaming, before the sun was up, as he was passing through the dense forest, and the silence was as solemn as the occasion, he heard a faint noise like a child's voice. He stopped, listened intently, and heard these words: "Hoo-ah! Hoo-ah! You seen my pa?" Turning his eyes in the direction the voice came from, he saw the capless white head of the lost boy in the tall grass at the edge of a swamp. The boy was not afraid, and when spoken to said: "I've been to grandma's; where's my pa?" The idea of finding his father occupied his mind. When asked, later, if he had seen any of the men who were looking for him, he replied: "Yeth, but I didn't see my pa?" Sanford at once fired his rifle, and quickly loaded it and fired it again. The noise rang through the forest, and the father of the boy heard the reports, though nearly a mile away, and started on the run towards the point from which they came. The second report assured him and all who heard it that the boy was alive. Truman Rogers was but a few minutes in reaching the spot where Sanford and the boy were moving towards the place of rendezvous, a halloo and an answer informing him just where they were. As soon as Rogers reached them and grasped the lost boy in his arms the latter said to Sanford: "I've found my pa." It was a thrilling episode. Through the woods, as swiftly as a man could run, Rogers, with the boy in his arms, bore him to his sorrowing mother, and the three days of agony were ended. Leisurely men and boys scattered to their homes and labor, and Reuben Sanford was the proudest man in all that region. During the years that have passed since then there has been no greater joy for all the people than on the day the lost boy was found. For many years, grown to manhood, he lived in the town, married the daughter of Curtis Chappel and raised a family.

POLITICS OF THE COLONISTS.

Of the first settlers, all who came from Rutland and Addison counties, Vermont, were conservative whigs, while those who came from Bennington county were rock-rooted democrats. It would be a curious study to ascertain for how many generations the ancestors of the whigs had been whigs, and also for how long the ancestors of the democrats had been democrats. While there have been a few individual changes from one party to another, yet Vermonters have adhered to party names with wonderful tenacity from generation to generation. Heredity in politics was stronger

even than in religion. Later comers, early in the forties, like Artemas and Cephas Smith from Orwell, Rutland county, were whigs, and both Samuel and Henry Robinson, the latter the father of Sam. Robinson of Charlotte, who came from Bennington, were democrats. Still all were inoculated with the democratic idea, and every man in the village felt himself to be the equal, in the possession of all essential rights and privileges, of every other white man in the world. All were positive and assertive. It was expected as a matter of course that partisan politics would descend from sires to sons with unbroken regularity. Before a store was opened in 1853, and until he moved away, which included the first ten years of the village life, Norton's blacksmith shop was the place for general discussion. Politics, in their season, they talked with a good deal of heat; at other times the crops, planting, cultivating, harvesting, the merits and demerits of different tools and implements and methods, whose oxen had hauled the biggest logs, the latest letters from Vermont, the weather-signs and how they differed from those of New England, for every man then was his own weather bureau, and the last baby born in the colony. Theology was not much discussed, as all had inherited the same kind, and so nearly all the friction and fire was about party history, policy and leaders.

Dividing, as they did, according to the counties in Vermont they came from, the Barbers, Dickinson, Griswold, Fairfield, Squier, Mears, McCotter and others were dyed-in-the-wool whigs, admired Daniel Webster and worshiped Henry Clay; while Martin, the Robinsons, Norton, Browning, the Fullers, and a majority of the settlers on land outside of the colony purchase, were staunch democrats, swore by Andrew Jackson, later on loved Silas Wright, and hated Tippecanoe and Tyler too intensely. At first the solitary abolitionist was Willard Davis, and though one of the best educated and best read men in the town he was a political outcast. The head of each family took some favorite eastern weekly paper, like the New York Tribune or Express, the Albany Journal or Argus; but when it came to the religious weekly the New York Observer was the favorite and only paper, as it was true-blue in its orthodoxy and its application of religion to politics, and more especially to the ominous slavery question.

No magazines were taken—indeed, the magazine age had not arrived—but the papers were read thoroughly, then exchanged for the ones taken by the nearest neighbors, and so all were well informed as to public men and measures, as well as in regard to the larger world movements and events which the age of steam and electricity was then inaugurating. The early hope of the construction of the Clinton and Kalamazoo canal along the bottom land of the Thornapple river, where, it is said, the surveyors had found an eighty-mile stretch without a lock and the only question was feeders, was blasted by the collapse of all western enterprises which

followed the panic of 1837, and yet how often the relative advantages of railroads and canals were discussed, with the conclusion always in favor of the canal. The canal boat was conservative and did not jerk everything through and out of a country like the railway locomotive, but the horses and mules used to propel the boats would consume coarse grain and help to furnish a home market. This economic idea cropped out in politics, the broader concept of free and open markets with unrestricted exchange of products not finding general acceptance in Yankee land, and so the majority were whigs and protectionists and the minority democrats and free traders.

Before the slavery question came to the front as the dominant issue the colonists divided on the economic question, according to hereditary influence upon thought and party association, and many and hot were the discussions, generally held at Norton's blacksmith shop, on the paltry politics of the time. During a presidential campaign, the first one coming in 1840, the discussions were heated, and sometimes abusive epithets were indulged in by the brethren, which were sure to be condoned at a subsequent church meeting, when the apologies made to each other and the forgiveness asked were sincere; but the next partisan round was as hot as ever. Wells R. Martin and Martin S. Norton, the foremost upholders of the democratic cause, were fluent talkers, and Edward H. Barber was one of the most valiant and ready defenders of the whig party. The log-cabin, coon-skin and hard cider campaign of 1840 gave the whigs their first and only innings in Michigan, when they carried the state for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" and for "Woodbridge and Reform." Log cabins and coon-skins were familiar things, but the hard cider was merely a reminiscence of bygone days in New England.

In the presidential campaigns of 1844, 1848 and 1852 the whigs voted the whig ticket and the democrats voted the democratic ticket with undeviating regularity, although vital issues growing out of slavery and its aggressions were forming in the public mind, and the only thing they agreed upon was the dislike of the abolitionists. The last appearance of the whig party in a national campaign was in 1852. Already the anti-slavery movement was gathering force, though generally condemned. In 1844 the abolition vote for James G. Birney defeated Henry Clay in the state of New York and lost him the presidency. He was the favorite leader of the whigs; they were downcast over his defeat; and their hatred of the abolitionists was more intense than ever. In Vermontville, prior to 1852, there were but three abolitionists: Willard Davis, Alvah L. Armstrong and William B. Hopkins; but that year, by the arrival of Dr. Robert C. Kedzie, in February, they numbered four, all told. Soon thereafter came the great political upheaval of this century; the republican party was organized in 1854; and all the whigs, the free-soil democrats and the abolitionists became republicans.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BIBLE:

The year 1852 witnessed the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." At that time, Norton and the Robinsons having moved away, nearly all of the voters in the village were silver-gray whigs; they did not believe in slavery but adhered tenaciously to the compromises of the constitution; they read the New York Observer, and repeated with something akin to solemn awe, as if it was applicable to our time and conditions, the old saying, "Cursed be Canaan." When Dr. Kedzie came an aggressive abolitionist was introduced into society and the church. Willard Davis was strong and firm; Dr. Kedzie was sharp and incisive; together they made a full team. When it became known that Kedzie had voted for John P. Hale for president there was a good deal of feeling manifested. Here was a firebrand, and one on which the fire did not go out. A leading whig said to him one day: "Doc., *do* you believe a nigger is as good as a white man?" "That depends on how the white man behaves himself," was the prompt reply. No one, unfamiliar with the feelings and thoughts of that time, can realize how strong and antagonistic they were.

Soon after the Kedzie family had settled in the village, Mrs. Nancy H. Fairchild of Oberlin, Ohio, visited Mrs. Kedzie, in 1852, and brought with her the first copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that came into Vermontville. From a perspective of forty-five years we can form a tolerably accurate estimate of the influence of that wonderful book. Every great movement has its bible—is voiced in literature. Some one gives utterance to the formative sentiment of the time when great historic upheavals come and hastens their culmination. Thus Harriet Beecher Stowe's undying story, weaving the actual incidents of life among the lowly and the oppressed into the attractive form of a novel, became at once, on its appearance in a book, the gospel of the anti-slavery dispensation. It stirred the hearts of men and women to their depths, and profound convictions of the moral wrong and political degradation of slavery broke the crust of conservatism and destroyed that reverence for the compromises of the constitution upon which man-hunting and man-stealing securely rested for more than half a century.

Of the reception given to that epoch-making book in an isolated and intelligent community, where really strong moral natures slumbered underneath the crust of traditional politics—a book that still lives because in portraying a great wrong it appealed to the moral natures of men and women at a crucial period of American history and is as perennial as the desire for liberty and immortal as human rights—Prof. Kedzie, in a personal note to the writer, says: "Food and sleep and earthly cares had little hold on us till wife and I, in tears and choking sobs, had read that wonderful book. Before we had read much it leaked out that we had a book of wonderful pathos, and Frances A. Mears"—now Mrs. Fitz Steb-

bins of Vermontville—"filed her application to read the book next, but before she got it seven other applications were on file, and before she had read it there were thirty who spoke for the book. After it left our hands we saw no more of it for two years, and it came back the most worn and tattered book I ever saw." But it performed its mission and hastened the fusion of silver-gray whigs, free-soil democrats and abolitionists into a solid organization to resist and prevent the further aggressions and the extension of slavery.

Wherever read it had the same or a similar effect, though nowhere was it more marked than upon the conservative minds of these Vermonters. Of course there were political pachyderms who could not be reached and influenced. It may not be out of place for me to say in this connection that at the time "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was performing missionary work at Vermontville I was living in Detroit, working in a printing office, and boarding at Martin W. Burpee's on Fifth street, near Grand River avenue, and during the leisure evening hours read the book aloud to members of the family. One of the listeners was Miss Minerva Ellis, afterwards the wife of Dr. E. E. Ellis of Detroit. Often some pathetic incident brought tears to all eyes. Truth possesses power and pathos to overcome wrong, even when intrenched in precedent and law.

No other book of this century had so remarkable an influence in moulding public opinion and in controlling the thoughts and actions of all classes of people. It is related of President Lincoln that the first time he met Mrs. Stowe—it was in Washington during the civil war—he grasped her hand when introduced and in his big-hearted and spontaneous way said to her: "Is this the little woman who brought on the great war?" Leaving affairs of state to take care of themselves for the time, and unmindful of others present, he accompanied her to a seat in an alcove of the White House, and that hour's conversation between these two great and congenial souls, whose names are forever associated with the most eventful period of American history, is recorded only in that invisible realm where thought never dies.

In Vermontville, where each man and woman knew every other man and woman, and human foibles, failings and idiosyncrasies were much talked about, vastly more than they are now in this age of daily newspapers, the missionary work of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was very effective. Conservatism forgot about Canaan and its unhappy lot. The book became the gospel of a new political dispensation. Nevertheless, conservatism never surrenders gracefully. Memory of the flesh-pots lingers. One day a leading citizen came to Dr. Kedzie in great glee with copies of the New York Observer, which contained criticisms of Mrs. Stowe's book, and among the pious witticisms was this conundrum: "Which would you rather kiss, the Pope's toe or Harriet Beecher Stowe?" Some days later the Doctor was asked if he had looked over the papers and noticed what they said.

He replied, with more twinkles than usual in his eyes: "I cannot forget them, for wife complained about a dreadful smell coming from a certain cubby—it smelled awful micey—would I open it and see what was the matter? I opened it and found those New York Observers!" His questioner said nothing in reply, but the Doctor thought that the look on his face spelled "blasphemy." Such incidents indicate the sentiment of the time. It was like molten lava.

But events moved swiftly. Feeling was at fever heat. "Coming events cast their shadows before." Early in 1856, after nearly ten years' absence, I went back to Vermontville to reside. The political contest of that year opened early and in earnest. It was a part of my experience, in company with Willard Davis, a strong debater, and Doctor Kedzie, a sharp and incisive talker, to visit every schoolhouse in Vermontville, and many in Castleton, Woodland, Sunfield, Roxand, Chester and Kalamo, to take part in evening meetings for the discussion of the slavery question during the Fremont campaign. We went without thought of pay in money. The schoolhouse would be lighted and warmed, some farmer who lived close by would put out and feed the team, and often the good wife would have a lunch ready after the meeting, before we started for a drive home, sometimes ten to fourteen miles. A paid speaker was unknown. A principle stirred the hearts of the people, and the question of compensation in dollars and cents did not enter into the campaign. Politics had not become a profession. So rapid was the progress of events that, in 1856, Willard Davis, the despised abolitionist of 1852, was nominated for representative of the western district of Eaton county and Henry A. Shaw of Eaton Rapids for the eastern district. Both were elected, and both voted to make Zachariah Chandler United States senator at the session of 1857. In town, county and state the political transformation was complete. Not until 1860, however, did the nation declare that freedom was national and slavery sectional by the election of Abraham Lincoln.

THE CIVIL WAR.

The civil war came. Never were people more determined. Slavery was the aggressor. The first gun fired on Fort Sumter woke the nation from a long dream of peace and compromise with wrong. The first battle of Bull Run occurred. Holiday soldiers then began to change to veterans. Men of the North began to realize that it would be no mere child's play to conquer the men of the South. They, too, were Americans. One beautiful day in July, writes Prof. Kedzie, while he was looking over his beloved fruit trees in his amateur orchard, Mrs. Kedzie came out of the house and with tears in her eyes, said to him: "O Robert! our army is destroyed and the rebels are going into Washington!" This was the first news of that raw battle, which congressmen and other civilians went out

to see. The whole village was at once in a tumult of excitement. Seldom does it come to one's experience to see an entire community so profoundly stirred. The people gathered in groups to hear Ed. Hunter read the first wild rumors from the battlefield. A great deal was left for imagination and conjecture; but soon men realized that the nation was involved in a bloody and fratricidal conflict, and that no holiday excursion to the South, with military pomp and display, would settle the grave problem slavery had prepared for solution.

During the exciting events of 1861, getting the news as quickly as possible was a serious question. There was a horseback mail twice a week from Bellevue, which arrived quite regularly unless the Thornapple river was in flood; also a mail from Lansing by pony express along the "State Road," subject to the same conditions of weather. From Bellevue to Marshall was a daily stage and mail, and likewise from Charlotte to Jackson, but both terminals were fourteen miles distant. The great outside world was crowded with stirring events, and the people longed for daily communication with the news centers, and for the daily papers the same day that they were printed. A revolution had come which was one of the world's great heart-beats of progress. How to get the news from the seat of war was the problem to be solved. A daily mail none dreamed of as possible to obtain. What then? The Michigan Central railroad brought the Detroit dailies to Jackson and Humphrey & Hibbard's stage line delivered them in Charlotte late every afternoon, but then they were fourteen miles from the little village where all were hungry for war news. Finally a purse was made up and a boy hired to ride a pony to Charlotte and bring the Detroit morning papers with their precious burden of intelligence from the seat of war—whether the rebellion was being crushed and the Union safe from all assaults—and no one thought of retiring until the last item of war news was read aloud in the store at nine to twelve o'clock in the evening. Sometimes the stage was late in arriving at Charlotte and the hours for waiting seemed long until the boy came with the papers. Dr. Kedzie relates an incident which shows the intense eagerness for news that prevailed. He was walking up and down the street at midnight, listening for the patter of the pony's feet, when he met Edward H. Barber, who lived three-quarters of a mile away, treading the same beat and waiting for the boy to arrive. He asked: "Has the paper come?" "Not yet," the Doctor replied. "Well," was the disappointed response, "I believe I am the biggest old fool in the county, but I cannot sleep until I know how the war goes." There was a whole community of just such fools abroad that summer night, for the store always remained open until the papers arrived, and yet the extra anxiety that stirred the blood on that occasion was caused by rumors of Gen. Butler's skirmish at Big Bethel, where Major Theodore Winthrop, a young American author of great brilliancy and promise, then Butler's military secretary, was killed

while leading an assault on the Confederate line, June 10, 1861. The Atlantic Monthly, for which he wrote, was taken in Vermontville and hence his name was well known in that community.

Who that knew of them can forget the emotions that stirred the hearts of the people during the civil war? The spirit of patriotism came to them clothed in resurrectional brightness, like unto that which lights the footsteps of men along the pathway to the radiant realm of perfection and peace. Manhood broke the fetters of party and stood proudly erect, as in the early days of the Republic, and gave sublimity to American character. The price paid was great, sorrow and sacrifice in almost every household, yet ere the era of greed came with its blighting influence, great were the compensatory results. How the events of that crucial period, among a generation of men and women nearly all of whom have passed away, crowd upon the mind! War waves swept through the little village, then isolated from the electric pulse-beats of the time, though it was the center of trade for all of the surrounding towns, and its influence extended far beyond its territorial area. From almost every family there were one or more enlistments in the military service. The regiments that received the largest number of able-bodied soldiers from the town were the Second Michigan Cavalry and the Sixth and Twelfth Infantry, though in the Fifth Cavalry and Thirteenth Infantry the town was also represented. In many states of the South soldiers from Vermontville were buried, stretching from Maryland to Texas, and not one of them was charged with cowardice or desertion.

The year 1861 was the last year of my residence in the town, an election as clerk of Eaton county in 1860, as clerk of the house of representatives in the State legislature in 1861 and 1863, the appointment as Reading Clerk of the national house of representatives in 1864, as Supervisor of Internal Revenue for Michigan and Wisconsin in 1869 and as Third Assistant Postmaster General in 1873, taking me away permanently; still it is the one place on earth that has the associations and charms of home. But the stirring events of politics and of the civil war, among its positive and independent citizens, each one of whom possessed a strongly outlined individuality, are ended. The pioneers have made their last argument. Like them, the great leaders they argued for and against are also dead. In the greater issues of life and destiny, in the contemplation of which all the differences and prejudices of this mortal state seem inconsequential, they are reaping results of the lives lived here—reaping as they have sown.

FIRST STORE AND MERCHANTS.

The advent of a mercantile firm, with a general stock of dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, patent medicines, etc., was an important event in the economic life of the community. Until this occurred

in 1853 the trading had been done almost wholly in Bellevue, Marshall and Battle Creek. Hale & Frink—Warren S. Hale and William S. Frink—opened the store. Some years later, two or three years after the war, when looking over the Thornapple Valley, with reference to a line for the Grand River Valley railroad, in company with Amos Root of Jackson, we met Hale at Alaska, Kent county, where he was in the same business. He was a smooth and fluent talker. Frink was active and energetic, with a large endowment of hope and courage. He built a large store, modeled somewhat after the pictures of Noah's Ark, purchased big stocks of goods for the time, bought wild land on the school section and commenced improving it, and was financially swamped in a few years. Had the inflation of the war period come while he was in trade he would have become wealthy. From Michigan he went to Iowa, and thence to the far West, where "rolls the Oregon." A son born in 1856 he named Fremont, and a second one born in 1860 he called Lincoln. The firm of Frink & Barber came next—Homer G. Barber succeeding Hale in 1855—and were followed by D. F. Barber & Co. This firm did a prosperous business until 1863, when D. F. Barber sold out and moved away. The firm of Barber & Martin—Homer G. Barber and Henry J. Martin—was organized May 15, 1863, and conducted a prosperous business for ten years. On the dissolution of this firm Martin continued business with Mr. Downing for five years, under the firm name of Martin & Downing, and after that by himself to 1890. The old business, established in 1853, was continued by the firm of Barber, Hull & Ambrose, both Fred A. Hull and Chester A. Ambrose having been clerks in the old store. In 1883 Hull sold his interest to Sidney S. Rockwell, the firm of Barber, Ambrose & Rockwell was organized and still continues the business. Last year Chester A. Ambrose was elected treasurer of Eaton county on the silver ticket and has moved to Charlotte, the county seat.

For forty-two years Homer G. Barber has been in trade, and is the oldest merchant in continuous service in the county. In 1872 he started a private bank, which has been successfully managed ever since, W. C. Alsover, a son-in-law, looking after the details as cashier. In company with his son, Edward D. Barber, a hardware store is carried on, and he is a director in the Merchants National Bank at Charlotte. In the course of business several farms have fallen into their hands; he has the general care and supervision of three that he now owns, and looks after a large one of 525 acres owned in connection with E. W. Barber, land purchased of the government by their father, Edward H. Barber, in May, 1836. Though engaged in active business all his life, going to California in 1849, making the trip from New York around Cape Horn in the packet ship Sheridan, gathering gold enough to make a start in a successful business career, H. G. Barber has not neglected the larger fields of thought and literature, and has one of the best private libraries in that section of country. In 1870 he was

elected State senator from the Twentieth district, composed of Eaton and Barry counties. An independent thinker, belonging to no church and tied to no party, he has been and still is the foremost person of the second generation in promoting the welfare and giving tone and character to the religious life, social condition and business interests of the village and town. He has served officially in many capacities, as town clerk, justice of the peace, member of the township board, school inspector, postmaster, president and trustee of the village, school director and trustee of the Congregational society—making, all in all, probably the most active life of any citizen of the town or county.

Another general store was started in June, 1854, Wells R. Martin of Vermontville and John F. Hinman of Battle Creek being co-partners under the firm name of W. R. Martin & Co. In about a year Mr. Hinman was succeeded by Adonijah H. Proctor for two years, when the business of W. R. Martin & Co. passed, in 1859, to the new firm of Benedict & Martin—William H. Benedict and Henry J. Martin. Benedict's interest was purchased by Martin and the business continued by the latter until 1863, when the firm of Barber & Martin was organized and the stocks of the two stores consolidated. W. H. Benedict, son of Rev. W. U. Benedict, second pastor of the Congregational Church, acquired a knowledge of trade in the store of Chauncey M. Brewer at Marshall. After the dissolution of the firm of Benedict & Martin he engaged in the grocery business, and for over thirty years has been the leading grocer, grain, wool and provision dealer. He served one term as sheriff of the county, making an excellent record. Henry J. Martin is now a farmer. For thirty years he has been the leader of the Congregational choir, and for the lifetime of a generation has been active in matters relating to the religious, social and business interests of the community. Other merchants and traders were not identified with the early settlers, or makers of Vermontville. James Fleming, a Scotchman, opened a shoe shop in 1857, and still runs a boot and shoe store.

Until the country was cut up by railroads, Vermontville was the center of a large trade in a naturally rich agricultural region. In the leading store sales sometimes reached a thousand dollars a day. During the forty-four years since the first general store was opened, there have been fewer changes among the merchants than in most villages. At first, Hale & Frink talked of placing their stock in a board shanty on the hill opposite the residence of Daniel Barber. Naomi Dickinson, who lived near, said that would suit her exactly, as she could take the tongs and draw out the goods she wanted through the cracks and not bother the salesmen at all. But the firm occupied by common consent the lower story of the Academy instead of the shanty, and the small stock of staples then needed has grown to a business that requires a general assortment on hand worth at least twenty thousand dollars to keep pace with the demands of the com-

munity. The old Academy served the educational, religious, political, patriotic, civil and mercantile needs of the village for many years, and is now used as a chapel by the Congregational society, having entered the second half century in a good state of preservation. An excellent town hall, built of brick, one of the best for a village of its size in the State, with a lock-up for offenders to meet the requirements of a progressive civilization, now serves the secular purposes of the town, and there is no longer a mixture of religion, education, merchandise and politics under the same roof.

PHYSICIANS.

Among the colonists were two physicians, Dewey H. Robinson from Bennington, Vermont, and Oliver J. Stiles from the State of New York. Dr. Stiles first settled in Bellevue, Michigan, and was admitted to membership by a formal vote at a meeting held in Vermontville, January 26, 1838, and was the earliest resident physician. He remained but a year or two, then moved back to New York, and was lost sight of. Dr. Robinson was an original member of the colony, signing the compact in Vermont, and became a resident of the village in 1838. He was a very bright man, witty and sociable, quick tempered, a college graduate and a good physician. His wife, Olive Bigelow, was a daughter of Dr. William Bigelow of Bennington, well educated, and both were great favorites, especially with the young people of the settlement. Three children were born to them in Vermontville: William, the oldest, who married and died many years ago; Edmund Albert, at present living in Memphis, Tennessee, and an enthusiastic musician; and George Stephen Robinson, a bachelor, and a successful collar and cuff manufacturer at Troy, New York. He supports his mother, who is one of the three surviving pioneer women of the Colony, has educated one of the daughters of his oldest brother, and assisted the other brother in his musical career. The family remained in Vermontville until 1846, then moved to Marshall, Michigan, resided there about a year, and then went back to Bennington, Vermont. The Doctor was much broken in health from long rides through the woods over rough roads in all sorts of weather, with irregular sleep and meals, and died a few years later.

Obliged to furnish medicines, as there was no place where they were sold within a dozen to twenty-eight miles, quinine for chills and fever and calomel with jalap for heroic work, and epsom salts and castor oil for constant duty, his outfit was a trusty Canadian pony, with saddlebags to carry the drugs and instruments needed for a day on the road. Often the ride would take the entire day and extend well into the night. Particular about his food, the Doctor would not eat until he reached home, perhaps after an absence of twelve to fifteen hours, and his table was one of the most inviting of the village. Tired and hungry, the kind of life,

with its irregular habits, was not calculated to promote health and longevity. The minister could preach old sermons, but the doctor must be on hand with fresh prescriptions in every emergency, and his ride extended many miles in all directions. Of the pony it was said that he would thrive on maple browse and a nubbin of corn.

In 1840, when the mail route from Marshall to Ionia was established, Doctor Robinson was appointed the first postmaster, and his log house was more frequently visited than any other residence in the village. Prior to that year Bellevue was the nearest postoffice. The mail was not large, as the postage on a letter from Vermont was twenty-five cents, and sometimes raising the quarter of a dollar to pay Uncle Sam for bringing it was a difficult matter. Towards night, of the day the mail arrived from Bellevue, a representative from nearly every family in the village could be met at the postoffice, and every one knew who had received a message from the old New England home. These details are mentioned so that the reader of this narrative may realize the marked contrasts of the past with the present. A weekly mail, when not interrupted by the spring flood of the Thornapple river, with a paper or two for each family and an occasional letter, was the only connection with the outside world, and yet that was vastly better than for the first four years, with the postoffice fourteen miles distant.

Dr. Robinson and his wife were very popular with the young people. He had more books than any other settler. Among them were Walter Scott's novels and poems. In reading portions of the "Lady of the Lake" to young listeners he took great pleasure. "Ivanhoe" was a revelation of the age of romance and chivalry, of knights and ladies and tournaments, and was more attractive than Baxter's "Saints' Rest" or his "Call to the Unconverted," which were staple household literature of that time. With his books and brightness, his ready wit, and talk about men and events, Dr. Robinson had a marked influence upon the young people of the colony.

After he left in 1846, his successor was Dr. J. H. Palmer. He remained about three years. In 1849, on the discovery of gold in California, he caught the Argonaut fever, set out with a party to make the overland trip, and died of cholera at Independence, Missouri.

Then for nearly three years no physician resided in the village, the nearest one being at Hyde's Mill in Kalamo, seven miles distant. The next resident physician was Dr. Robert C. Kedzie, now Professor of Chemistry at the State Agricultural College. The family name is also associated with Kedzie's Grove in Lenawee county, which I find was an established postoffice in 1839, when there were but five other postoffices in that county. In February, 1852, he moved from Kalamazoo to Vermontville. His real wealth then consisted of pluck, character, education, profession, wife and a seven-months-old baby; his perishable wealth, two wagon loads

of household furniture, a small stock of medicine, a saddle-horse, and three dollars in cash. The family found shelter in the hospitable log house of Daniel Barber, until he could fit up and make habitable, the vacated log structure of Lemuel Standish, who had moved away, and one-half of his cash was invested in 7 by 9 window glass to keep out the weather. One day, hungering for "the meat that perisheth," he went to R. W. Griswold and asked him: "Can you lend me Noah's second son?" The reply came promptly: "Shem, Ham—by thunder, yes!—you shall have Noah's second son." Then in his whole-souled way he handed the Doctor a nice fat ham.

Looking backward, it seems clear that Dr. Kedzie added more to the life and character of the village than any other one person. He was born at Delhi, New York, January 28, 1823; came to Michigan in 1826 with his father, William Kedzie, after whom the Kedzie's Grove postoffice was named, and of which he was the first postmaster. The name of the office was afterward changed to Deerfield. His wife, Harriet Eliza Fairchild, was born at Brownhelm, Ohio, May 31, 1828, graduated at Oberlin college in the same class with the Doctor in 1847, and died December 17, 1891. They were married at Brownhelm, May 20, 1850. Their children: William Knowlton Kedzie, born in Kalamazoo, Mich., July 5, 1851, graduated at the Michigan Agricultural College in 1870, was assistant in chemistry there 1870-73; professor of chemistry in Kansas Agricultural College, 1873-78; resigned to accept the position of professor of chemistry in Oberlin College, Ohio, which he held for two years, when he returned home in poor health and died April 14, 1880. Robert Fairchild Kedzie, born in Vermontville, December 9, 1852, graduated from Michigan Agricultural College in 1871; assistant in chemistry there 1873-80; appointed professor of chemistry in the Mississippi Agricultural College in 1880, and died there February 13, 1882. Frank Stewart Kedzie, born in Vermontville, May 12, 1857, graduated at the Michigan Agricultural College in 1877; assistant in chemistry 1880-87; assistant professor 1887-90, and adjunct professor since 1890.

In 1852, when Dr. Kedzie came to Vermontville, most of the settlers lived in log houses, there being only six frame dwellings. The first one was built by Wait J. Squier in 1838; the second by W. S. Fairfield, which was a long time getting finished; the others by S. S. Church, Oren Dickinson, Rev. W. U. Benedict, and Simeon McCotter, with a shanty-like frame on the Cochrane village lot occupied by Rev. Seth Hardy, the Congregational minister. None of the other inhabitants lived in "ceiled houses," but in tabernacles built of rough logs.

Nine years of practice by Dr. Kedzie when the war came and with it the question, who shall go? The first call for seventy-five thousand three months' men, and the unfavorable results, opened optimistic eyes to the

fact that a tremendous struggle had begun. When the call for more soldiers came Dr. Kedzie felt that duty to an imperiled country was stronger than to the home circle. When the decision to go was reached no wife was more brave and faithful in helping her husband to get ready for service in camp and on battlefield than Mrs. Kedzie. He enlisted about thirty men for the Twelfth Michigan Infantry, who joined Company G, Captain Isaac M. Cravath of Lansing. Humorous incidents occurred. Dr. Kedzie asked Bob Hope to enlist, and he promised a reply in the evening, when he said: "I guess I won't go; Milo Deuel told me that when I went into battle I would have to wear two plow points hung in front and two in the rear, and if that's the way they rig soldiers I don't want to enlist." Commissioned assistant surgeon of the regiment January 15, 1862, Dr. Kedzie was promoted to surgeon April 25, 1862, after the battle of Shiloh, which occurred April 6 and 7; where he was taken prisoner while attending to the wounded, and resigned October 8, 1862. In January, 1863, he was appointed professor of chemistry in the Michigan Agricultural College, a position he still holds and honors. He was elected a representative in the state legislature for the first district of Ingham county in 1866, his object in taking the office being to promote the welfare of the Agricultural College.

The eleven years of Dr. Kedzie's residence in Vermontville were the best years in its intellectual life. An intelligent physician is brought every day into close association with the people. In organizing "The Antediluvian Society" he took the lead. Meetings were held at the houses of members, original papers read, and much interest aroused. It was like many of the clubs in villages and cities today. His library had a number of readable volumes. In selecting books for the Township Library, at that time an excellent institution, his knowledge and advice were of great value. Positive and keen, a lover of liberty and hater of shams, true to his friends and fond of the sports of the forest, no man had a stronger and better influence in moulding public opinion and in giving a healthy and manly tone to society during the decade that preceded the civil war.

In 1858, Almon A. Thompson, son of Uriah Thompson, born in Vermont and educated at Oberlin and Ann Arbor, came to Vermontville from Olivet, and for the first year was in partnership with Dr. Kedzie in practicing medicine. He made the village his home for nearly twelve years, and took a leading part in its social and intellectual life. He was a first-class man. September 24, 1862, he was commissioned assistant surgeon of the Twelfth Michigan Infantry; resigned January 28, 1863; was made assistant surgeon of the Eleventh Michigan Cavalry December 13, 1863, and was mustered out the service August 10, 1865. He resumed practice in Vermontville; was elected representative in the State legislature in 1868; was appointed United States consul at Goderich, Canada,

in 1871, through the influence of Senator Zachariah Chandler, and remained there until 1876; was consular agent at Stratford, Canada, for a short time; then settled in Flint, Michigan, where he recommenced and continued the practice of medicine until his death in 1893.

Albert Thompson, a brother of Almon A., began his career as a physician in Vermontville just before the civil war. He was appointed assistant surgeon of the Third Michigan Cavalry March 3, 1864; was promoted to surgeon October 4, 1864; and was mustered out February 12, 1866. After the war he resumed practice in Vermontville, then wisely turned his face westward; now resides in Colton, California, where he is practicing medicine and politics, and owns and edits a newspaper.

Vermontville, though a small village, furnished, with Dr. Joseph B. Griswold, now of Grand Rapids, Mich., four surgeons and assistant surgeons for the military service. While not a practicing physician in the town, he is entitled to honorable mention in this connection. September 2, 1861, when 19 years old, he enlisted in the Second Michigan Cavalry, and was discharged August 21, 1862, after having been in hospital for three months, on surgeon's certificate of disability. Recovering his health and studying medicine, he was commissioned assistant surgeon of the Fourth Michigan Infantry November 5, 1864; surgeon in January, 1866; and mustered out with the regiment June 12, 1866, at the age of 23 years. Near the close of the war the regiment was ordered to Texas, and Surgeon Griswold was appointed medical inspector of the Department of San Antonio, having charge of the military prison at that place in 1865-66, until mustered out of the service. Few, if any, volunteer regiments had so long a term of service for the government.

Since the war Dr. Griswold has been a prominent member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and of the Loyal Legion for Michigan. For fifteen years he has been a pension examiner; is a member and ex-president of the Grand Rapids Academy of Medicine; is now president of the Michigan State Medical Society; is a member of the National Association of Railway Surgeons; is also a member of the American Medical Association; an honorary member of the Minnesota State Medical Society, and consulting physician for the Alma Sanitarium. Born and educated in Vermontville, Dr. Joseph Bascom Griswold is entitled to honorable mention among its physicians, though his practice has been at Taylor's Falls, Minnesota, and Grand Rapids in this State.

William Parmenter, a well-educated physician, settled in Vermontville in 1864. Born in Tully, New York, he was educated at the Michigan University in Ann Arbor, practiced medicine in Iowa for four years and in Olivet, Michigan, for one year before he moved to the village where he now resides, having been in continuous practice for a third of a century, a much longer time than any other physician.

Phillip H. Green came to Vermontville as a boy with his father, Amos Green, and began life there on a wild farm in the northeast part of the town, obtained a good medical education by his own efforts, began practice in the village in 1870, and is still in the harness. Not having practiced anywhere else he is Vermontville's sole indigenous physician.

Charles J. Lane, of the eclectic school, came to Vermontville in 1871, was a successful practitioner for a number of years, and had many friends. He moved to Iowa and then returned to Michigan. His brother, W. H. Lane, is Judge of Probate for Calhoun county. His father was a pioneer of that county, living on a farm and keeping a hotel about half way between Bellevue and Marshall, on the principal highway from Vermontville out into the world for trade and markets. But few men were better known to the early settlers, outside of Vermontville, than was Mr. Lane.

In 1876, Charles S. Snell, a skillful homeopath, settled in the village, and has built up a fine practice.

From the planting of the Colony, Vermontville has been fortunate in the character and ability of its physicians. Mingling with the people in times of trial and sickness, of pain and sorrow, birth and death, the good physician is a potent factor in moulding public sentiment and in giving direction to the thoughts of those for whom he is called upon to minister. More than any other class, even the clergymen, he knows the life of the people.

We talk about the hardships of pioneer life, and yet these so-called hardships do not kill people half so fast as do the vices and luxuries of civilization. The pace that kills the quickest is born of wealth and idleness. The early necrology of Vermontville, young and old, was very small. S. S. Church kept a memorandum of the deaths in the town from its first settlement in 1836 to 1846, a period of ten years, which is worth transcribing, as it shows that pioneer life is conducive to health and life rather than to disease and death.

The first death, that of Mrs. Maria S. Mead, the young wife of Elijah Mead, one of the earliest colonists, occurred March 24, 1837, at the age of 22 years.

July 26, 1839, Eliza Hewitt Browning, aged one year.

August, 1839, Mary J. Gray.

In 1840, Alexander Clark, an old gentleman.

July 9, 1842, William Warner, another old man and settler in a shanty in the northeast part of the town.

July 6, 1842, Marietta Knapp, a beautiful girl, aged 15 years.

January 7, 1843, Ellen Mears, aged three years.

November 12, 1843, Mrs. David Henderson, aged 75 years.

In 1844, Mrs. Laura Gray, wife of Warren Gray.

August 9, 1844, Mrs. Maria Davis, wife of Jonas Davis.

May 9, 1845, Catherine Norton, daughter of Martin S. and Mary A. Norton.

August 22, 1845, Camilla Barber, daughter of Daniel Barber, and sister of Julius S. Barber of Coldwater, Michigan.

Deaths and funerals were rare during the first ten years of the Colony, and weddings were still rarer, but of births there were many, children coming to every family. The deaths of the three young and beautiful girls—Marietta Knapp, Catherine Norton and Camilla Barber—who were great favorites, caused profound sorrow. Half a century has not erased them from memory. Not the events of yesterday, but those of the long ago, leave the most durable impressions.

THE CHURCH AND THE MINISTERS.

Religion and education were the ideals of the Vermontville colonists. The Congregational polity was as natural to them as was the town meeting as the basis of civil government. Both were government by the people and suited their notions of independence and responsibility. The first minister and father of the Colony was Rev. Sylvester Cochrane, from Poultney, Vermont. The first meeting that was held in the wilderness he opened with prayer before the settlers drew lots for the choice of village locations and farms. Though they believed in Divine Guidance, they were none the less anxious for a good selection. On February 27, 1838, the First Congregational Church was organized with Mr. Cochrane as the pioneer pastor. He was a man of stalwart frame, of large and vigorous mental capacity, thoroughly imbued with the New England theology of sixty years ago and earlier, and in religious doctrine and thought as firm as the granite hills of his native State. He remained from 1837 to 1842, and afterwards for many years was pastor of a church at Northville, Michigan. The last part of his stay was not all "sweetness and light;" difficulties arose connected with building the Academy, and he never returned to visit the Colony he was instrumental in organizing. Still, after the troubles ended, he was always mentioned with great respect. The early meetings on Sunday in the log schoolhouse were peculiar to the time. In the summer came barefooted men, in shirt sleeves; wives and mothers in calico dresses, wearing shaker sun-bonnets, with babies in arms; children of all ages, with clean clothes and bare feet, smiling and happy; all assembling to hear the gospel preached twice and to attend Sunday school, and during the intermission to talk over various matters of interest to the young community, or if any one was absent to ascertain the reason. The stalwart minister offered prayer, read the Scriptures, gave out the hymn and all joined in singing, those who could keep time and tune as well as those who could not. Martin S. Norton or Willard Davis used the tuning fork to get the right pitch, and then the solid sermon of an hour, as stern and uncom-

promising as the decrees of fate. While earnest in his ministerial work, Mr. Cochrane did his full share in clearing the forest and raising crops for a living; making maple sugar in the spring, planting corn and potatoes, and doing whatsoever his hands found to do with all his might. I recall an amusing incident. In the spring of 1839, just as the sap was beginning to flow, having ordered a barrel for gathering it, of Jacob Fuller, the cooper, who lived at the west end of the village, nearly a mile away, Mr. Cochrane got up very early one morning, went for the barrel, found it outside of the log shop, and the cooper's family being still abed, put a stick into the bunghole, shouldered the barrel and marched home. On his arrival Mrs. Cochrane was getting breakfast, and was surprised to see him walk up to the house with a new barrel on his shoulders. She asked him where he had been. He told her. "Why, Sylvester, don't you know it is Sunday?" Then for the first time it dawned upon his mind that he had violated the third commandment, and his sorrow was intense. He went to the log schoolhouse as usual at meeting time, and with tears streaming from his eyes, confessed his fault. Somehow he had lost a day in counting time, and his reckoning, not his intention, was wrong. Of Mrs. Cochrane we remember but little. She was a gentle woman and accepted the privations of pioneer life cheerfully. It was an uphill struggle for the pioneer minister, and his Vermont dream of a rapidly-growing Colony in Michigan failed to materialize. They had two children; Lyman Cochrane became a well-known lawyer in Detroit, where he died several years ago, and of Sarah, the daughter, nothing is known. With the organization of the Colony and the early settlement of Vermontville, the name of Rev. Sylvester Cochrane, in all good works for the promotion of religion and education, is closely interwoven.

In 1842 Rev. William U. Benedict became pastor of the church and the first principal of the Academy, continuing his preaching and teaching for eight years. To him the children of the pioneer colonists are indebted for their education. He always took a great deal of pride in his scholars in after life. He was an excellent teacher, active and useful in every sphere of life, and as minister, teacher and citizen he filled every place assigned him with marked conscientiousness and ability. After he left the pastorate and became a successful farmer, he would go on Sunday to Oneida or to some other place to hold religious services. Until the close of his mortal life he never rested from his labors. To the Academy, where he taught for eight winters, he gave learning, enthusiasm and devotion. More than all others, he was the teacher of the children of the pioneers. To the church he brought a high type of Calvinistic theology, thoroughly in harmony with New England orthodoxy of that time. Without doubt religion and education are more largely indebted to Mr. Benedict because of his learning and energy, than

to any other occupant of the Congregational pulpit in Vermontville; certainly no other man is held in more grateful remembrance by those of the second generation who received most of their schooling under his tuition. He was born September, 1808, and died at Vermontville in October, 1875. His wife, Almira A. Benedict, one of the noblest and gentlest of the pioneer women, was born January, 1811, and died July, 1890. Children: William H. Benedict, born in 1835; Edwin Ellis Benedict, born in 1838; Sarah A. Benedict, born in 1841, and Anna M. Benedict, born in 1845, are living, married and have families; and Orville E. Benedict, born in 1851, is dead. These details are given here to perpetuate the names of the members of one of the worthiest pioneer families.

Rev. Seth Hardy was the next minister, and his pastorate lasted for three years. He was a man of fair ability, possessed a kindly spirit and good social qualities, and gave his best efforts to the work.

Rev. Charles Temple was the next pastor, filling the pulpit from 1854 to 1861. Born in Smyrna, Asia Minor, of missionary parents, he was a man of rare spirituality, as unlike the practical Yankee as a man could be; a preacher who found his themes in the New Testament rather than in the older Hebrew Bible; and he impressed everybody with the conviction of his sincerity of purpose and goodness of heart. He was without guile.

Rev. Orange H. Spoor came to the pastorate in 1861 and remained in charge until 1872. He graduated at Oberlin and was less conservative than the usual run of ministers of that date. It was during the stormy period of the civil war and of the reconstruction of the Union after the abolition of chattel slavery. He was active in social and civil life; an all-around pastor as well as a liberal thinker and preacher; loyal and patriotic to the core; and a sermonizer of great force and ability. Under his pastorate the society made rapid growth, and gave indications of breaking away from its earlier Calvinistic moorings and traditions. A commodious church edifice was built during the early part of his service, and he pushed forward the work with business tact and energy. Mr. Spoor now resides at Redlands, California, where he has become wealthy from the rise in value of orange lands and the cultivation of fruit.

Rev. J. Homer Parker was the seventh minister in the changeable order of succession, and this was his first pastorate. It lasted only a year and a quarter. He was young, bright, vivacious, entertaining, liked to play croquet, and possessed fine pulpit ability; was liberal in his views, persuasive in his speech, and gifted with considerable eloquence; but his new ways were not quite to the liking of the old heads with their fixed New England notions.

Rev. R. C. Bedford, another young man, followed, and occupied the pulpit for a year. Possessing a brilliant imagination and a fluent flow

of words he gilded his sermons with poetic ideas, and was a religious optimist—always finding good in the world.

Rev. T. Lincoln Brown succeeded, but for only a year. He, too, was a young man, but either the pulpit was too small for him, or he was too large for the pulpit, and so his stay was brief. The records show his service.

Rev. F. W. Dickinson occupied the pulpit from 1877 to 1880. He was a man of superior ability, pleasant in manner, an attractive speaker, and liberal in thought and utterance.

Rev. H. R. Williams was pastor from 1880 to 1886, and brought to the service of the church fair ability, was strictly orthodox in his views, never deviating therefrom, but was genial in his intercourse with all, and was an excellent pastor. The people liked him as a man, and that was the secret of his success.

Rev. David Beaton, now of Lincoln Park Church, Chicago, brought larger gifts of learning, thought and eloquence to the pulpit than perhaps any of his predecessors. His theology was broad and catholic; he led rather than followed the thought of the members of the church; and exalted good character and right conduct above the observance of stereotyped forms and adhesion to dogmatic beliefs. He filled the pulpit with marked ability for one year.

Rev. S. L. Smith was pastor for two years. His social qualities were his most striking characteristics; always genial and pleasant; and a preacher of fair ability. He is remembered as an agreeable minister on all occasions.

Rev. A. O. Cossar, a Scotchman by birth, education and character, occupied the pulpit for five years, from 1889 to 1894. He was an unusually deep thinker, very variable in the quality of his sermons, and might without injustice be called a professional preacher.

Rev. W. H. Spence was minister for about a year, when he left the pulpit temporarily to pursue a course of collegiate study with the idea of fitting himself for greater usefulness.

Rev. Frank J. Estabrook, son of an eminent professor at Olivet College and a former State Superintendent of Public Instruction, is now the pastor of this pioneer Congregational Church of Eaton county.

It is a problem, however, how long such a church, with the decadence of village life, business and wealth, can be self-supporting. Our farming population, upon which villages are wholly dependent, find in recent years the struggle to get ahead growing more and more severe, on account of unfavorable economic conditions, and villages become less thrifty and prosperous. There is a business side to religious societies and the support of the minister, as there is to marriage, the family, and all social and civil relations. The financial pressure is severely felt in small villages, and it is more difficult to raise money enough to pay the

minister and meet running expenses than it was thirty to forty years ago. Already the minister's pay is down to a hard times' limit. It cannot go much lower. The change is not an agreeable one to contemplate. Probably the school costs too much for the service it renders to society and the teacher is driving out the preacher.

Another thing: For men in the pulpit and on the rostrum audiences are growing more exacting. Once what the preacher said was accepted without much dissent, and more fault was found with his manner than matter. The time has come, however, when it is no idle work to so expound religious truth and set forth the hidden things that pertain to human life and destiny, as to meet and satisfy the demands of the hungry and progressive thought of the present and still more of the coming time. Not forms of belief, not the rigid creeds of a darker age, not stereotyped dogmas, do pews ask of pulpits, but rather simple goodness and truth that exalt, ennoble and purify human character. The village cannot afford to do without the church. Its abandonment would be followed by social and moral retrogression. And yet the question comes up, in view of the general decline of village prosperity under existing financial conditions, can the village much longer support the church and the minister? Already this is a serious problem.

From what has been said it may be superfluous to remark that the ministers had a marked influence, not only in the organization of the Vermontville Colony, but in the subsequent development and character of the village. The schoolhouse and the church—education and religion—were its corner stones, and right nobly, in spite of all conflicts and contentions, has their mission been fulfilled, and many helpful intellectual and moral influences been strengthened and preserved.

CHURCH DISCIPLINE AND TRIALS.

The records of church meetings and trials, kept by S. S. Church, clerk for over thirty years, are very full and accurate. He was a model scribe. An examination of these records shows that the Congregational Church was a prominent factor in the life of the young community. Of the heads of families all but two of the original colonists—Edward H. Barber and Jay Hawkins—were or became members. To a greater extent, probably, than any other village settlement in Michigan, the Vermontville Colony was composed of members of the church.

Citations and trials for unbrotherly remarks and conduct were of frequent occurrence, though a more orderly community could not be found. When complaint was made for some alleged offense, a committee was uniformly appointed to endeavor to reconcile the militant members. To give an idea of the character of these proceedings a transcript of the record in a case between Martin S. Norton and Wells R. Martin is worth

reproducing. The specifications in detail at a church meeting held January 18, 1847, are:

"1st. Br. Norton charges Br. Martin with lieing or prevarication with regard to Mrs. Martin's mother's coming to Vermontville.

"2d. With prevarication in regard to a statement made to Br. Robinson, coming from Br. W. J. Squier.

"3d. Charges him with a lie in a statement made to Br's Browning and Norton respecting Doct. Robinson's father, and his, Doct. Robinson's, two uncles.

"4th. Charges him with making a statement in the presence of Doct. Robinson, Br. Norton, and his son, respecting his wife's feelings concerning a certain piece of property—and afterwards denying statement.

"5th. Charges him with prevarication in a statement he made to Br. Browning in regard to the opinions of his neighbors, touching the matter of Br. Browning's acting as umpire or referee in the case of Br's Church and Norton."

The last specification refers to another difficulty that came before the church for adjudication and settlement. These matters seem strangely trivial now, but they stirred the little isolated society to its depths and provoked much earnest discussion. With a daily mail and newspapers to keep in touch with the live and throbbing outside world it is not probable they would have received any attention. They are only important now as showing the relation of the church to the social gossip and feeling of fifty years ago. The details were talked over and stirred the community as much as an embalmed beef court of inquiry stirs the people of a great nation today. None of these things, or the decision in regard to any of them, affected the social standing or business character of any of the parties an iota. They often grew out of unfounded suspicions or family misunderstandings and temporary quarrels. The period of fighting with blows had evolved into the period of fighting with words.

Mr. Martin, the defendant, was acquitted on the first, second, third and fifth specifications and convicted on the fourth. Then the clerk was ordered to furnish Bro. Martin with the decision in his case, and to inform him that the church will require a written confession on the next Sabbath. But the storm blew over. Explanations took the place of criminations. The sky cleared. March 26, 1847, W. R. Martin was chosen one of the delegates to represent the church at the Marshall conference.

The extent of these internal troubles is indicated by the proceedings of a single church meeting held May 4, 1847, when committees were appointed to adjust difficulties between brethren, if possible. First, Brothers Sprague and Merrill were appointed to visit Brothers Norton and Church on a mission of peace; second, Brothers Scovell and Merrill

were instructed to wait upon Brothers Norton and Martin and their families in the interest of peace and reconciliation; third, Brothers Dickinson and Fairfield were commissioned to call upon Brothers D. H. Robinson and W. R. Martin and try to bring about a settlement of their difficulties; fourth, Brothers W. Davis and Gray were selected to visit Brothers D. H. Robinson and Daniel Barber and the family of the latter, also Bro. Norton and family, in order to restore good fellowship; fifth, Brothers Porter and Merrill were designated to inquire into an alleged offense with which Bro. W. W. Warner was publicly charged; sixth, Brother Scovell was directed to ascertain the religious standing or state of Bro. Fonger; seventh, Bro. W. Gray was instructed to visit Bro. W. F. Hawkins and ascertain his spiritual state, and report to the church.

This seems to have been a general house-cleaning, or rather church-cleaning occasion. Scarcely a male member escaped during the first twenty years. Generally a winter revival would bring discordant members together again, after the confession of some wrong and asking pardon of each other. The organized church was always for peace and good will.

All sorts of questions were brought before the church for adjustment. As an example, under date of January 28, 1847, is a minute of charges preferred by Bro. Armstrong, "against Brethren Church, Norton, Martin, Barber, W. J. Squier, Dickinson and Robinson, that said brethren have wrongfully and unlawfully used their influence to retain and have retained money belonging to school district No. 2 of Vermontville." Besides the appointment of an investigating committee nothing came of this groundless charge, and later it was dismissed. Nowadays it would be a proper case for the civil court.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

Even political questions were not ignored. Slavery came to the front to vex the souls of silver-gray whigs and dyed-in-the-wool democrats. In the minutes of a meeting held January 2, 1847, Alvah L. Armstrong, one of the first three abolitionists in the town, made application for a letter of dismissal from the church on the ground "that he could no longer fellowship or commune with church members who took no action on the subject of slavery." His purpose was to unite with the Wesleyan Methodists, who proposed to organize an anti-slavery church in the town. There was hesitancy about granting him a letter of dismission and recommendation to the Methodist body, but finally a letter was voted him to the Wesleyan Methodist Church to be organized in the township of Vermontville, after amending the motion so as to include, "or to the Congregational Church of Olivet." The Olivet church, being an off-shoot of Oberlin, Ohio, was then thoroughly anti-slavery in sentiment.

This action caused much discussion. It was a new departure, grant-

ing a member of the church a letter of dismission and recommendation to the Wesleyan Methodists because the Vermontville church had taken no action in opposition to slavery, and so at a meeting held March 26, 1847, the church voted to send the following overture to the Marshall Conference, namely: "Resolved, that Marshall Conference be requested to give their advice and opinion for the benefit of the churches under its care, whether it is proper and right for churches to grant letters of dismission to members residing among us, for disaffection of any kind (say on the subject of slavery or any other cause), or whether it is proper to grant letters of full recommendation to churches not in correspondence with us."

At a subsequent meeting, held on Sunday, May 2, 1847, the church gave its first official expression on the slavery question by unanimously adopting the following: "Resolved, that as individuals and as a church, we regard the system of slavery, now existing in these United States, as a system of unrighteousness, alike opposed to the law of God and to the gospel of his Son, decidedly detrimental to the true interests of our country, and to the best interests of humanity; and that we do sincerely desire its speedy abandonment in every land under heaven." The offensive word "abolition" was carefully avoided, and the word "abandonment," which implied voluntary action on the part of the slaveholders, was used, and upon this "whipping of the devil around the stump" all could agree.

This presentation of the methods of church discipline, of the trial of members for unbrotherly remarks and conduct, of the constant watch over the sheep in the fold lest any of them go astray, of the action taken on the burning question of slavery that finally plunged this nation into a terrible civil war, is necessary in order to give an idea of the agitations and discussions in an isolated colony, made up of men with strong political and religious prejudices, as well as personal idiosyncransies, in which the church was the dominant factor.

AN ENOCH ARDEN CASE.

Life and experience in a rural town often repeat the tragedies and comedies that help to make up the world's literature and history. The pathos of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" has brought tears to many eyes, though it is read as a romance, and yet its counterpart is found in the history of Vermontville.

Among its pioneer settlers were three old men—Alexander Clark, William Warner and Daniel Hager. Some of their children were grown men and women when they settled in the wilderness. William Warner was the father of William Willis Warner, who married Harriet Bascom of Benson, Vermont, both of whom passed away several years since, and one of their sons, Charles J. Warner, is now a prosperous farmer in

the town. Another son of the elder Warner, Asa B. Warner, left about 1847, going to Buffalo, New York, to carve out for himself a different career than pioneer life and a home on a farm afforded. He also died many years ago.

Alexander Clark, who died and was buried in the village in 1840, before a cemetery had been located, was the father of William Clark, a life-long resident, but none of the family now reside there.

Daniel Hager settled in the extreme northwest corner of the town, on section six, in the year 1836. He was old and feeble in 1856, when Roger W. Griswold drove out to his farm and brought him to the village so that he might vote for John C. Fremont for President, and after dinner took him home again. Mr. Hager was born in Somerset county, Pennsylvania, and was the only settler in the town from that State.

The Daniel Hager family was a large one, seven sons and three daughters; the sons were John, Joseph, William, Daniel, James, Samuel and Isaac; and the three daughters were Mary, who married Joseph Cupp; Sarah, who married Josiah Wickum; and Joanna, who became the wife of Charles Galloway. John died soon after the family settled in the wilderness. They were of the solid type of Pennsylvania Germans, and at the present time there are several descendants who are thrifty farmers in Vermontville and Sunfield.

Jacob H. Hager, son of Henry Hager and nephew of Daniel Hager, senior, was best known as "Little Jake." In due time he married and settled on a piece of land of his own. Along in the fifties he left home for the West, and during the next few years was heard from occasionally in the Black Hills region, now a part of South Dakota. His wife, Anna Hager, a little and patient woman, remained on the forty-acre farm and did the best she could. It was a hard struggle. Every few weeks she would walk to the store in the village, about five miles, bring a little butter and a few dozen eggs, buy some tea and other necessaries, rest a while, and then walk back to the lonely home again. It was a life of self-denial and patient waiting, with an occasional ray of hope when a letter from Jacob was received. He had been away some eight years when the last one came. In it he stated that he would return as soon as he could close a business transaction that involved the collection of several thousand dollars. Nothing more was heard from him. Anna believed that he was dead; she married again, to a Mr. King, by whom she had one son, who, in 1897, is twenty-four years old.

More than thirty years passed after Jacob Hager was heard from the last time; both Mr. and Mrs. King were dead; but one day, in 1897, a letter came to Vermontville from the West inquiring if any persons by the name of Hager lived there. Nelson Hager, a son of Jacob and Anna, and a good farmer, lived near the village, and the letter informed him that his father was alive, but had lost all memory of the past, and could

give no information concerning his family or where he had formerly resided. By some means it had been ascertained that he once lived in Vermontville, Michigan, and would like to go back there and spend the rest of his days. Nelson sent the necessary funds to pay his fare and other expenses, and the first week in July, 1897, Jacob H. Hager returned, after an absence of thirty-eight years.

But Anna King, the wife who had been faithful so long as there seemed to be a hope that Jacob was living, had passed away, and so by the kindness of death escaped the tragedy of his return. If he had come back before her death the Enoch Arden parallel would have been nearly perfect; and Tennyson's pathetic poem, the scene of which was an English seaport village and the ocean in which unnumbered loves and hopes are buried, would have found an almost complete counterpart in the real life of Vermontville—the chief variation being an absent husband in the wilder regions farther west.

Jacob H. Hager had lost all his property, and his memory was so impaired that he could not recall the names of wife, children or relatives, or his former place of residence; but, at last, he found a home with his children, two sons of Anna Hager, born before he left them to go west. How often is real life as strange and pathetic as the most touching narrations of song and story!

NEWSPAPERS.

A Michigan village without a weekly paper to let some portion of the outside world know if its existence, and to peddle the local news for a dollar a year would be very unpretentious. Patent insides render this practicable. The first venture was made in 1879, when J. C. Worcester started the Vermontville Enterprise, which he conducted for a short time. He sold the office to J. C. Hoskins, who carried it on for two to three years, and disposed of it to Kendall Kittredge, previously the owner and editor of the Charlotte Republican. In about a year Kittredge sold the paper to F. M. Potter, who changed its name to the Vermontville Hawk, and continued its publication until 1885. The name and character were quite in harmony under Potter's management. He sold the paper to W. E. Holt and James H. Knox, who changed the name to the more civilized one of the Vermontville Echo. In 1887, Knox sold his interest to J. C. Sherman, and the firm name became Holt & Sherman. In 1892 Holt transferred his interest to his partner, J. C. Sherman, who took his youngest son, H. B. Sherman, into partnership, and the plant is now operated, mechanically and mentally, by J. C. Sherman & Son.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The Thornapple Valley was not a land flowing with milk and honey when these pioneers entered it in the last week of May, 1836, sixty-one

years ago. They found no figs and pomegranates ready to be plucked, nor the blossoms on any trees that bore edible fruit save the wild plum, though wild grapes grew along the river bottoms and ripened and sweetened with the autumnal frosts, and there was no milk, but occasional bee-trees, the hollow spaces of which near the tops were laden with honey. Finding a bee-tree and felling it so as to save the sweetness was quite an event in the young community. There were no prairies or marshes where natural grasses grew for the cattle. All the acres were covered with dense and heavy forests. In the spring and early summer the woods were carpeted with flowers; it was dark shade below; but there was sunshine above. When they settled down to the work of a lifetime, clearing the savage woods away, making homes for themselves and their children, and realized how far away they were from railroads, the newly-forming highways of the world's activity, with markets for their products nearly thirty miles distant, as they were all thrifty Yankees and wanted to gather in their share of western wealth from the rise in land values and the products of the soil, the prospect was not hopeful and cheerful.

Still, with few exceptions, this little band of men and women, in the heart of a dense wilderness, kept steadily at work until better and brighter days came to them ere they left the scene of their earthly labors and trials and passed to their final rest. They lived close to nature, and this of itself is an education. A home in the country is the best starting point in life. Nature herself decides against those who forsake her for the more artificial modes of society. Those who do so generally become puny and helpless, unless they can hire others to work and fight for them. It is a sagacious remark of President Eliot of Harvard that the survival of particular families in the United States—families so strong in character as to give them in some measure a natural leadership in the community—depends upon the maintenance of a home in the country. On its healthy hills the best brain and brawn of a nation are born and nurtured. But the old days cannot be reproduced or their experience repeated. There cannot be another Vermontville. A general characteristic of all its early settlers was their intense individuality. To leave New England, canal it to Buffalo, risk the lake voyage to Detroit, and then ox-team it to Eaton county, was not the work of effeminate men and women. It required real grit and the stiffest backbone. A man who had the stamina to settle in the wilderness of Central Michigan and hew out the surroundings of a new life possessed the qualities of both pioneership and leadership. Every individual Yankee who located there was capable of being a directing spirit in larger enterprises. But the greater opportunities, who then could discern them? Chicago was little else than a mudhole, and the modern Northwest was not even a dream. Being all leaders, there was a constant locking of horns, and the court of last resort, from which there was no appeal, was the dis-

cipline of the church. It was oftener resorted to than the civil tribunal of justice and jury. But if at times they were hot-tempered, they were sincere and just, and they helped to lay the foundations of a great State. Their work is ended. Their influence lives. For the preservation of our institutions their children's children will have more serious problems to solve than did those who assisted in their creation. It may be a dream, but none the less it seems a clear perception, that in the rural village, with intelligent co-operation in the cultivation of the soil, using the masterful forces of nature applied to machinery—each working for all and all for each—the practical Christianity of the Master of Nazareth will find complete exemplification, and the noblest types of American manhood and womanhood will be developed. Each higher stage of civilization is an ideal before it becomes real—an aspiration before a realization.

PERSONAL.

Pardon a few final words of a personal nature. For well-nigh fifty-eight years—fifty-eight next October—Michigan has been my home and Vermontville its Mecca. For farmers, upon whom prosperity rests, I know of no better county than Eaton. There, in the quiet village, with the kindred and friends of youth and manhood, this abandoned physical tenement of mine will be buried. It is the one place, more than any other, that has the charm of home. From boyhood I have been familiar with the growth of the State, with its forests and farms, its towns and cities, its magnificent lakes and prolific mines, and from newness and original fertility have noted its passage to oldness and that economic condition wherein the law of diminishing returns for labor and capital expended has become operative. At first it needed muscle to subdue it; now it needs applied science to insure prosperity. The successful farmer must know more things accurately and apply his knowledge, than is necessary to get along in any other occupation. Situated in the heart of a continent, surrounded by great waterways that furnish cheap transportation, the State has unsurpassed natural advantages for agriculture, manufactures and commerce when trade shall be unvexed by tolls and extortions in its passage from oceans to these inland seas.

What changes have already taken place! We who take note of its history have witnessed the disappearance of the Indian trail, the entrance and the exit of the stage-coach, the development of railways, and the advent of electricity. Forty-nine years ago this summer, I saw workmen stretching telegraph wires upon the new cross-sticks of the world along the line of the Michigan Central railroad at Marshall, when learning my trade in the Expounder printing office, and wondered how they could carry messages across continents, for then the idea of transmitting them under oceans was still in the womb of thought. Marvelous has

been the progress since then, and more wonderful revelations are yet to be made, especially in the control and discipline by the mind of genius of the hitherto wasted forces of nature.

But what else? I have noted an increase in population of the State from less than two hundred thousand, in scattered settlements of the southern portion of this beautiful peninsula, to nearly two and a half million, overspreading its entire area. I have beheld a complete economic revolution caused by labor-saving machinery—for I remember when only the sickle and cradle and scythe were used for cutting grain and hay—labor-saving machinery which should render getting a good living easier for all, and is forcing to the front for consideration the problem of equitable distribution, so as to prevent want and misery, pinched lives and starved souls, from invading the homes of wage-workers; and I realize that vaster are the responsibilities resting upon those who must solve the new problems, in the interest of social and industrial peace, of the welfare and happiness of all, and of the stability of blood-bought institutions, than ever came to our ancestors.

Even a State like ours, incalculably rich in natural resources, cannot yield comfort and happiness for all, under economic conditions, born of the spirit of the time when might made right, though changed from selfish force to selfish law, whereby people seek to live upon each other and not for each other. A change must come, or want, misery and crime will increase. The pioneers laid the foundation, the superstructure is in the care of their successors. The required social and industrial change is of an altruistic character; equal rights to natural opportunities for all; government taken care of by a self-reliant people, and not a dependent people taken care of by the government; no special privileges and no monopolies, and the application to every phase of public and private life and conduct of the ethical principles and political economy of the Golden Rule.

At its inception Vermontville was a co-operative colony in religion and education, as well as by purchase. For many years voluntary and cheerful aid and assistance of others was the rule, but for more than this the time was not ripe. Permanent industrial co-operation had at that period no place in human thought. Hand labor was aided only by hand-worked tools and implements. Steam-power was born, but society looked to water-power to operate mills and factories. Mind had not yet triumphed over muscle. Grain was cut with a cradle and the sheaves bound by hand; meadows were mown with the scythe and the hay gathered into winrows by the hand-rake; cornfields were cultivated with the hoe, and the ox-yoke was used to make animal power contribute to human welfare.

Narrating the history of Vermontville is for me a pleasure and not a task. Of the work of the earliest pioneers none can fully know except from experience. Living it over again is impossible. Nature's school

was a good one in which to gain a practical education. There has been great progress in Michigan. Will it continue? That depends upon the character of the people. Society moves forward or backward. It is never stationary. It is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized; or, sometimes, it ripens and rots, especially when its customs and covenants serve the few and oppress the many whose labor bears its burdens, and it does not bring emelioration for all its honest and willing workers. The settlement of a country, useful and honorable as the work may be, settles no social questions. As society becomes more complex the questions that arise become more difficult to solve. As yet, great as is the progress that has been made, but few questions touching inalienable human rights have been considered from the standpoint of equal rights for all. In the village community, among thoughful, conscientious, intelligent people, the problem is most likely to find a righteous solution, and to this end the early settlement of Vermontville contributes an important lesson. But the present is an era of new conditions, and

> "New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
> They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of Truth;
> Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! We ourselves must pilgrims be,
> Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
> Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key."

PERSONAL SKETCHES OF THE COLONISTS.

EDWARD HINMAN BARBER.

A "Genealogy of George H. Barbour" of Detroit—1635 to 1897—prepared by Fred Carlisle, supplemented by other information of a reliable character, shows that Thomas Barber, a pioneer settler at Windsor, Connecticut, was the American ancestor of the Vermontville Barbers. In 1634, an English expedition was fitted out, under the patronage of Sir Richard Salstonstall, to take possession of a grant of land made to him by the Massachusetts Bay Company in the Connecticut Valley. Says the Genealogy: "He placed the expedition in charge of Mr. Francis Stiles, a master carpenter of London, who, with twenty others, took passage on the ship 'Christian de Lo,' (Joseph White, master), March 16, 1634, which reached Boston Harbor the 20th of June following. Among the names appearing in the London Passenger Register was that of Thomas Barber, age 21."

June 16, 1635, after nearly a year's delay, caused by trouble with the established church of Massachusetts Bay, the Stiles party went up the

Connecticut River, and the early records of Windsor show that Thomas Barber was one of the settlers there in 1635. In 1637 he was enrolled as a sergeant under Major Stoughton and took part in several fights with the Pequot Indians. Later, under John Mason, he participated in an attack on the Pequot fort—known in history as the "Pequot massacre"—in which 77 white soldiers and 100 Nyantic and Naragansett warriors defeated 700 Pequots, captured and destroyed their fort, and only five or six escaped. Mason's account of this battle, published at Boston in 1737, refers to the part taken by Thomas Barber as follows: "He had entered the fort, and in going out of a wigwam encountered seven Indians. They fled, and we pursued to the end of a lane, but before we could reach them, they were met by Thomas Barber and Edward Pattison, who slew the entire seven—their muskets having been discharged."

In 1640 Thomas Barber married. His wife's surname does not appear in the church records of Windsor. Her given name was Jane or Joan, and there is some evidence that she was the daughter of a Dutch settler at Saybrook. One authority says: "The wife of, or she who became the wife of Thomas Barber, was the first white woman to land in Connecticut."

Second generation: Thomas Barber, second son of Thomas the immigrant, born in Windsor, July 14, 1644, and married Mary Phelps.

Third generation: John Barber, born in Windsor, November 1, 1664; married Mary Holcomb; settled in or near Worcester, Mass. According to the Worcester Antique Society's History, "John Barber was granted 10 acres of land near Worcester in 1686."

Fourth generation: Matthew Barber of Pittsfield, Mass., deacon of the Congregational church there as late as 1784. One account says he was "deacon of the church for forty years."

Fifth generation: Daniel Barber, born in Pittsfield, Mass., married Ruth Hinman; moved to Benson, Vermont, in 1783; his family being the first one to settle in that town.

Sixth generation: Edward H. Barber, the subject of this sketch, and Daniel Barber, his brother, pioneers of Vermontville, Eaton county, Michigan.

Edward H. Barber was born in Benson, Vermont, January 4, 1794. He was a man of slender build, fine mental organization, a nervous temperament, and a great reader. His integrity was never questioned. Better than any sermon ever preached was the remark made to me by Michael Monks, an Irishman of Vermontville, one day: "Edward, I hope you will be as honest a man as your father." Before coming to Michigan he was under-sheriff of Rutland county, Vermont. Business was brisk, as imprisonment for debt was a cruel law of the time, and Benson was a common runway to and across Lake Champlain for hard-pressed debtors. Many a good citizen of Michigan left New England between Saturday

night and Monday morning because he could not pay his debts. The debtor's cell was part of every county jail. The whipping post stood in every village for the punishment of petty offenders. In Benson it stood in front of the schoolhouse. I have a souvenir of that time in a cedar cane made of a portion of that by-gone penal institution.

Mr. Barber first came west on a prospecting trip in 1836, and purchased about 1,200 acres of land from the government, mostly in Vermontville. Among his ancestors Thomas Barber the second built the first saw-mill in Simsbury, Conn., Daniel Barber, his father, did the same thing in Benson, Vermont, and he put up the first saw-mill in Vermontville. In 1840 he was elected supervisor and held the office for six successive years.

Of the colonists he and Jay Hawkins were the only heads of families who did not belong to the Congregational church. They may have had more comfort and peace in life for this reason, as they escaped the possibility of church trials. Neither of them, however, was skeptical in regard to the truths of Christianity, but my father could not get religion in the usual way. Thoroughly conscientious and with a high ideal of what genuine religion required, he was "a Christian on the silent list" all his life. During a revival, when Rev. Mr. Lord was personally urging him to come out and profess to be a Christian, he said: "I wish with all my heart I was one. If I could only just swap sides." He was too honest to profess more than he saw was attained in practical life, and so never could "swap sides" by merely becoming a member of the church.

In politics a conservative whig, when the civil war came and the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter, all his conservatism disappeared, and he was earnestly in favor of putting down the rebellion and the abolition of slavery. He lived until the struggle ended in the triumph of the cause of national unity and freedom. This was for him a great gratification.

In 1826 he married Rebecca Griswold of Benson, Vermont, whose ancestry has been traced back to the time of the Norman conquest of England. She died in 1838. Four children were born to them in Benson; Edward W. Barber of Jackson, Homer G. Barber of Vermontville, and John Carlos Barber of Battle Creek; another son, Noel A. Barber, died in Marshall, Michigan in 1851. By a second marriage, in 1839, with Laura E. Root of Orwell, Vermont, there were five children, all born in Vermontville: Parthena E. Barber, widow of Willard H. Dickinson, of Vermontville, Albert M. Barber of Charlotte, Josiah W. Barber, deceased, Marshall F. Barber of Biwabick, Minnesota, and Vernon N. Barber, deceased. Josiah W. was a member of Company H, Sixth Michigan Infantry, in the civil war. He died in hospital and was buried at Carrolton, Louisiana.

DANIEL BARBER.

Youngest of the seven children of Daniel Barber and Ruth (Hinman) Barber, the first family to settle in Benson, Vermont, the subject of this sketch was born in that New England town December 16, 1799. The last male survivor of the Vermontville colony, he passed from earth at the home of his daughter, Mrs. William H. Benedict, in that village, April 12, 1897, at the advanced age of 97 years, 3 months and 27 days. He moved to Vermontville in 1838; and his genealogy is the same as that of Edward H. Barber.

Daniel Barber was one of the sturdiest of the pioneers. Of medium size, strong and active, always in good health, and very energetic, he was well adapted to pioneer life. His log house was among the best and his frame barn one of the first in the town. The raising was a progressive event in the colony. He was an active and efficient promoter of the religious and educational plans the "Union Colony" was organized to carry into effect in the wilderness. Calvinistic in his earlier belief, he grew broad and liberal in sentiment during his later years. Religion and education were twin ideals of New England faith and intelligence. The first log schoolhouse was also the place of worship, and after the "Academy" was built, church services, schools and town meetings were all held in the same building for more than twenty years.

Daniel Barber was the first citizen of Eaton county elected to the State Legislature, and the representative district was composed of Allegan, Barry and Eaton counties. The files of the Marshall Statesman show that the whig convention that nominated him was held at Yankee Springs, Barry county, October 2, 1839, and at the November election following he was chosen over Hon. Flavius J. Littlejohn of Allegan, the "Woodbridge and Reform" cry giving to the whigs their first and only Governor and Legislature in the State. The main traveled route to Detroit then was by private conveyance to Marshall, by stage from there to the west end of the Michigan Central railroad at Ann Arbor, and by strap rail and pigmy locomotive and cars the rest of the way. Of the members of that Legislature there were but two survivors on Mr. Barber's death—Col. Andrew T. McReynolds of Grand Rapids and Judge Dewitt C. Walker of Capac, St. Clair county.

During his long life Mr. Barber resided in but two places—thirty-nine years in Benson, Vermont, and fifty-nine years in Vermontville, Michigan. In 1883 he attended and took part in the centennial celebration of the settlement of his native town.

A few months before his death he attended the funeral of a fellow-pioneer of the Vermontville colony, and, standing alone, leaning on his staff, at the bier of Simeon McCotter, the last one of his male contemporaries, he gazed intently into the open coffin, lingered there more than a moment, dropped a silent tear as the thoughts of three-score

years of friendly association passed in quick review, and then in seeming loneliness sat down. He was then the only one left of the earliest pioneers. It was the final earthly meeting of two venerable men who had witnessed the passage of two and had outlived three more generations—one barely on the other shore, and the other one barely on this.

So far as known, Daniel Barber was the oldest Mason in the United States at the time of his death. He became a member in Vermont soon after his twenty-first birthday, in 1820, so that his membership covered a period of seventy-six years; and as an honorary member of the Vermontville lodge he took a deep interest in its meetings.

By his first marriage with Cynthia Dyer he had three children, Julius S. Barber of Coldwater, Mich., Daniel F. Barber of Chicago, and Camilla Barber who died in Vermontville—all born in Benson; and by a second marriage with Laura Dickinson two daughters, Mrs. William H. Benedict and Mrs. Isaac C. Griswold, who were born and still reside in Vermontville.

GEORGE SHEFFIELD BROWNING.

The records of the Union Colony show that at a duly called meeting of its members, held at the Colony House in Vermontville, January 26, 1838, it was voted to receive as members George S. Browning, Willard Davis and Oliver J. Stiles, upon their signing the articles of said colony. These were the last formal admissions to membership.

Mr. Browning was born January 8, 1811, in the town of Griswold, New London county, Connecticut, and married Frances Eliza Hewitt, born at North Stonington, same county and state, September 6, 1816, on the 24th of February, 1836. They left their eastern home for Michigan May 6, 1836, and were four weeks and one day making the journey to Bellevue, Eaton county, where they first located, and remained there about a year and a half before moving to Vermontville.

Locating first on a village lot, now part of the firm of C. J. Kroger, then on a farm south of and adjoining the original village plat, their home was always an attractive one for young people. Of the members of the colony who were heads of families, Mrs. Browning, now Mrs. Roger W. Griswold of Battle Creek, is the sole survivor living in Michigan. The kindest of neighbors, active in all religious and social work, they deserved and enjoyed the confidence and respect of the entire community.

Mr. Browning was a democrat, but not in any sense a politician, and was often elected to some local office by his whig fellow-citizens. He was literal and exact, though quite unconventional, in keeping his accounts. Among the early settlers in the town was an old man by the name of Whitney, who, with his aged wife, had to be aided by the town, as they were unable to work. Mr. Browning was poormaster, and Mrs. Whitney bothered him a great deal, and sometimes until his patience was

exhausted. When his account was presented to the town board for allowance it contained this item, which expressed his disgust as well as his claim: "Fussing with old mother Whitney one-half day, 50 cents." Of course it was allowed, after affording R. W. Griswold and others lots of fun, while the minister, Rev. W. U. Benedict, who was a member of the board, nearly split his sides with laughter.

Innovations he did not like, but what he was accustomed to accepted as a matter of course. After the civil war broke out and almost everything was taxed, he was assessed one dollar on his new carriage. No American had heard of such a tax before. It seemed to him like a penalty. Receiving notice from John Morris, deputy collector, to pay the tax at Charlotte before a certain date or suffer a penalty of fifty cents, he was quite warm over the annoyance and apparent injustice, saying: "I can stand it as long as the republicans can." Still, though not liking the new ways of getting money, though he always paid his share to support the church and the schools, he was a loyal and patriotic citizen. While all of the colonists were Yankees, it is not at all derogatory to Mr. Browning to say that he was a genuine Connecticut Yankee, and in all respects an excellent citizen.

Mr. and Mrs. Browning's children were all born in Vermontville. Martha F. Browning married Daniel R. Griswold, and resides in Battle Creek, Mich.; Charles H. Browning married Louisa Rude of Stonington, Conn., and is in business at Westerly, Rhode Island; Abbie S. Browning married Dr. C. A. Hamilton and her home is in Washington, D. C.; George W. Browning married Frances E. Luscomb of Bellevue, Mich., and is a furniture manufacturer at Holland, Mich. After Mr. Browning's death, Mrs. Browning married Roger W. Griswold of Vermontville.

SIMON SMITH CHURCH.

The members of the Vermontville colony possessed strongly marked individualities. Among them not one was more prominent and useful in local affairs, both civic and religious, than Deacon S. S. Church. He had the faculty of getting information from those with whom he came in contact. Slenderly built, with a light and fair complexion, a sensitive and nervous temperament, clean in thought and conduct, intelligent and conscientious, a ready conversationalist, a man of peace in the church and society, and apt in the discharge of clerical duties, most of the early records of the colony, without which this history could not have been so fully written, are in his plain and neat penmanship.

Born at Salisbury, Vermont, January 13, 1794, he received a good common school education, and taught in the rural districts of his native state for twenty terms. At one time he was teller of a bank in Middlebury, Vermont. March 11, 1819, he married Eliza Hall, sister of the late Tolman W. Hall and Moses Hall of Battle Creek, Michigan. About two

years after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Church went to Georgia, Hervey Hall, a brother of Mrs. Church, being a prominent business man at Columbus in that state. While there Mr. Church was engaged in the tin and hardware business. During his southern residence he obtained very full and accurate knowledge of the leading public men of that section, among them William H. Crawford, an eminent Georgian and a prominent candidate for president in Andrew Jackson's time. After a stay of four or five years in the South the family returned to Vermont, where for a number of years he followed different kinds of business, including farming, until he was appointed an agent of the Union Colony, organized in 1835-6 to locate in the Territory of Michigan. The prominent part he took in locating the colony is alluded to in foregoing pages of this history. In the winter of 1837, with his wife and six children, he moved to Vermontville; three more children were born there; and the nine reached mature life. One child, the first born, died in Georgia.

Active in the organization of the Congregational church, he was chosen one of its deacons at the formation of the society, and held the position until the close of his earthly life. He was also its clerk for about forty years. In all educational movements he took an active part, and was prominent in obtaining good schools. He was a charter member of the board of trustees of the Vermontville Academy, an institution that had a strong formative influence on the lives and characters of the first generation of young people of the village and surrounding country, giving them an impulse and inspiration that affected their subsequent careers.

Deacon Church was a man of strict integrity in his dealings with others; it seemed natural for him to be honest; while rather grave and serious in manner, he was not devoid of humor, or lacking in appreciation of wit and merriment; yet disliking coarseness and vulgarity; and he gave much time and unselfish devotion to the promotion of every good cause. His face was an index of clean thoughts and his language chaste and fluent. He was a good man, and Mrs. Church was a refined helpmeet for her husband and family, possessing those graces of character that exalt a wife and mother, and win the undying love and reverence of children.

The names of the nine children who lived in Vermontville are Frederick A. Church, born in Eatonton, Georgia, January 18, 1824, and died July 13, 1862, in Alabama, a soldier of the Union Army; Leroy Harvey Church, born in Sudbury, Vt., January 10, 1826, and died in Vermontville, October 11, 1854; Moses H. Church, born June 17, 1828, and died September 17, 1879; Daniel W. Church, born in Sudbury, Vt., November 21, 1830, now living in the State of Washington; Marian Church, born in Sudbury, Vt., May 6, 1833, and died at Vermontville, May 5, 1881; Edward P. Church, born in Orwell, Vt., December 12, 1835, now superintendent of the State School for the Blind at Lansing, Michigan; Mary Lois Church,

born in Vermontville, January 4, 1839, now Mrs. J. G. W. Cowles of Cleveland, Ohio; George Oscar Church, born May 16, 1841, now living in Nevada; Eliza Church, born January 21, 1843, now Mrs. Chilson of Vermontville.

Surely, in the minds of the surviving children linger many memories of a pleasant and sacred character. In all the relations of life Deacon Church was a model man and a worthy descendant of Captain Benjamin Church of early colonial times in New England, and was always firm and orthodox in his adherence to the faith and principles of the Pilgrim Fathers.

WILLARD DAVIS.

Under the subhead of "The Politics of the Colonists" reference is made to Mr. Davis. He was a persistent abolitionist, and always ready to debate the slavery question with whigs or democrats. With him the moral aspect of the great issue outweighed all legal compromises and obligations. A native of Princeton, Worcester county, Massachusetts, when he joined the colony he was living in Bellevue, Michigan. With the religious ideas of the colonists he was in harmony, but he differed with them all in politics, and stood alone. Well educated, a great reader, a strong debater, he liked vigorous rather than flowery literature, and withal did his own thinking. Of florid complexion, and strongly built, he was a typical son of the land of steady habits. His ancestors might have been of the same blood as the Roundheads who fought under Cromwell.

Mr. Davis was a positive character in the setting of as unique a personality as could be found in the region where he lived. Nature moulded him of granite, and made him rugged, unyielding and uncompromising on any point that involved principle or conviction. Slavery was wrong, and that was enough to control his political action. He had no rounded corners, and all his angles were salient.

Naturally such a man, in a community of hardheaded Vermonters, whose politics were as orthodox as their religion, encountered opposition, and the friction was often sharp, yet all respected him as honest and conscientious; but he was an innovator, a firebrand, and the local prophet of a new time. As an outspoken abolitionist, in a community made up mostly of silvery-gray whigs, who read the New York Observer and reverenced all ancient compromises, he had stormy sailing over the political sea for many years. The fathers recognized slavery, and an abolitionist would destroy their work. Next to his pictured majesty with cloven hoofs and horns, he was an enemy of society. But, finally, after the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, followed by the border-ruffian effort to force slavery into free territory, the conscience of the North was aroused, and Willard Davis found political sympathy. In 1854 he was

the only man in Vermontville who attended the meeting "under the oaks" in Jackson, where the republican party was formed to resist the aggressions of slavery. I met him on the highway as he was walking home from Charlotte, fourteen miles, and leaning on a fence rail listened to his narration of the events of that great fusion meeting. He was full of its spirit and purpose. In 1856 he was elected as representative in the State Legislature, and during the session of 1857 took a prominent position as a logical and forcible debater.

When the annual subscription paper for the minister came around, it uniformly received his signature, "W. Davis, $16," in a very precise handwriting, and always in ink. He made up his mind what was his fair proportion and adhered to it. Six hundred dollars was considered a fair sum for the minister. Incomes were small and accumulations slow, but life's satisfactions were many. It was a period of steady material progress, and there was much intellectual vigor in that isolated community.

Mr. Davis was a good friend and sturdy foe. His Puritanism was of the kind that "feared God, and feared nothing else." His wife, whose maiden name was Lydia P. Sutton, was a woman of unusual intelligence. Two sons were born in Vermontville. The eldest, George Davis, enlisted in the Union Army and died in the service. Frank P. Davis studied civil engineering, was employed on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, surveyed the Rocky Mountain division of the Canadian Pacific, was employed in the engineering department of the Nicaragua canal, and now resides in Washington, D. C. Willard Davis died in Vermontville.

OREN DICKINSON.

A man of rugged nature, slow of speech, of great physical endurance, and a persistent worker. In physical strength he surpassed any other colonist. Early and late, all his life, he was at work, and then would carefully read his newspapers far into the night. In Vermont he lived for years at Stony Point on Lake Champlain, and was engaged in transporting produce to and bringing back salt, flour and merchandise from Albany, New York, by the Champlain lake and canal. It is said of him that he would take a barrel of flour by the chimes and carry it up a steep hill from the boat landing to the warehouse. Later he was a farmer and lime manufacturer at West Haven, Vermont. In 1836 he left those stony acres and came to Vermontville, bringing with him Roger W. Griswold and William P. Wilkinson, both young men. The latter was a famous bass drummer at June trainings in Vermont, and he brought his drum with him. Settling in Castleton, Barry county, four miles west of Vermontville village, many a clear and still evening we could hear his stalwart drum-beats, laid on with all the old zest, as they were wafted over the tree-tops on vibrations of air he set in motion. To all who

heard them those drum-waves awakened New England memories; but both drum and drummer have passed away.

Mr. Dickinson brought the first span of horses to the colony, the same ones that R. W. Griswold drove to Bellevue the night he received a wolfish serenade, and also to Climax, Kalamazoo county, for the first load of provisions. For the first winter marsh grass was cut on a small upland swamp in the woods about a mile south of the Thornapple river. The first work was clearing a few acres of land and building a log house and a log barn, the family coming in 1838.

In several respects Oren Dickinson was a pioneer. He brought the first appleseeds, planted them in nursery rows, and set out the first orchard of any size in the town. At the first election, held on the first Monday of April, 1837, he was chosen supervisor and one of three highway commissioners. After that he held various town offices, was trustee of the Academy and of the church, and did his full share in supporting church and school, making no fuss, and going about the performance of every duty in a grave and taciturn manner.

The woods afforded summer pasturage for stock, and often, at nine o'clock in the evening, he could be heard driving the cows home to be milked, after having done a hard day's work at chopping, logging, making fences, or cultivating crops. One winter he took two double-team sleighloads of dressed hogs to Detroit, 130 miles, and sold them there for $2.50 per hundred pounds. His day's work done, he would sit down to read his favorite newspaper, the Albany Journal, by the light of a tallow-dip, as the single candle-power of that period of dim illumination was called, then go to bed and be up again by day-light to resume the steady round of labor. There was no "inglorious ease." It was a household of toil and progress, yet one of the jolliest places in the town for an evening's visit or a Thanksgiving dinner. Mrs. Dickinson, whose maiden name was Salome Barber, a sister of Edward H and Daniel Barber, probably did more hard work than any other woman in all that region of hard workers. Born in Benson, Vermont, in 1790, moving to Vermontville in 1838, always at home, using Sunday for rest, she lived on until time seemed to amount to nothing, and finally dropped into the final sleep at 95 years of age, painless and peaceful. Mr. Dickinson passed away a few years earlier.

Four children, born in Benson, Vermont, came with their parents to Vermontville—Naomi Barber Dickinson, the oldest pioneer of the second generation, still lives in the village; Marshall J. Dickinson served gallantly as major of the Second Michigan Cavalry during the civil war and died 1885; Hinman S. Dickinson is a leading farmer of Vermontville, and Williard H. Dickinson, the youngest, was born December 28, 1831, and died September 30, 1889. When the family record is closed all, no doubt, will be buried in the Vermontville cemetery.

ROGER W. GRISWOLD.

A young man, forceful, energetic, self-reliant and hopeful, coming to Vermontville in 1836, purchasing a wild 160 acres adjoining the north line of the village plat, building a log house and commencing to clear off the surrounding heavy timber at once, in the fall of 1838 Roger W. Griswold returned to Benson, Vermont, where he was born March 10, 1812, married Abigail Star Bascom, September 3, 1838, who was born in the same town October 11, 1816, and both left soon thereafter for their new home in Michigan.

A striking characteristic of the pioneers was an intense personality, no educational or other influences having reduced them to a "pale unanimity," and R. W. Griswold was one of the intensest. He was a natural leader, at the logging bee, in the church, at town meeting, in society—positive, prompt, decisive and aggressive—true as steel and full of grit; honest and plain-spoken; often locking horns with others, not in malice, but from positiveness of character; self-reliant in all emergencies; of sound practical judgment; generous and hospitable; proud of his wife and devoted to his family; his home especially attractive to young people who liked his off-hand ways—Vermontville would have been less a genuine Yankee village, transplanted in Michigan, without him.

An early impression of a Vermontville home was given by a small painting made by Mrs. Griswold and sent back to Benson early in 1839, with the log house, stumps, pole fence—all very realistic, as experience proved. She was a woman of superior mental and moral culture, as gentle and womanly without being passive and inert, as her husband was forceful and manly. Her influence was second to that of no other woman of the colony. She made the log house pleasant, and had the qualities to adorn a palace. She added refinement to pioneer life.

When there was something to be done Mr. Griswold took the lead. He did not wait for some one else to go ahead, but started himself. He had no theories to work out, for his was the practical Yankee genius of pushing ahead by energetic labor. If he did not like the Sunday sermon the minister was sure to be the first one told of it in an off-hand way. His likes and dislikes were openly expressed, and his welcome to his friends was cordial, outspoken and thoroughly unconventional. In 1839 he was a delegate to the whig convention at Yankee Springs to name a candidate for representative in the State Legislature, his object being the nomination of his uncle, Daniel Barber. When the convention was organized he set the movement going by saying: "I nominate Uncle Dan. for representative"—and Uncle Dan. was nominated and elected.

Reciprocity was a conspicuous element in Mr. Griswold's nature. He would take special pains to return a favor, and if denied a reasonable request did not forget it. On one occasion he went to a store in Marshall, asked credit for a pair of shoes for his wife, and was refused.

Thoroughly honest, the refusal nettled him. A few months later he received a draft for $100 from Vermont, and he took pains to go to the same store and inquire if any one wanted to buy a New York draft. In those wild-cat banking times such a piece of paper found a ready market. The storekeeper said he would take it. "No, sir; you can't have it. You would not trust me for a pair of shoes to keep my wife's feet off the ground, and you are too poor to buy my draft." Thus he got even, something he was quite sure to do sooner or later. No doubt this was the first and only time that credit was denied him in Michigan. He cleared a large farm in a few years, built the first brick residence in the town; and in all matters pertaining to the schools, the church, society, improvements, was a leader. As a man of action his name is thoroughly identified with the early history of the village and town. He was often called upon to fill local offices, and served as supervisor for several years. His first wife died June 26, 1871; several years later he married Mrs. Frances E. Browning, widow of George S. Browning, and died in Vermontville, May 31, 1886.

Six children by the first marriage were born in Vermontville: Harriet J. Griswold, widow of Albert W. Bacon, born May 9, 1840; Dr. Joseph B. Griswold, born June 21, 1842, a prominent physician in Grand Rapids, Mich.; Isaac S. Griswold, born October 14, 1846, a teacher in Hiawatha, Kansas; William M. Griswold, born June 27, 1848, a farmer on the old homestead in Vermontville; Carrie Adella Griswold, born February 11, 1854, married Rev. Joseph Homer Parker and resides in Kingfisher, Oklahoma; Mary Naomi Griswold, born May 17, 1856; died April 30, 1857.

JAY HAWKINS.

Whether of the same family or from the same place, the personality of each member of the colony was clear and distinct, but no one was more easily distinguishable in all respects from the rest than was Jay Hawkins. He was calm and unexcitable in speech and action, yet at times somewhat petulant, and always heeded the Scripture injunction to have moderation in all things, but he was an attentive reader and observer, and had clear views of men and events. He was careful and painstaking, and an agreeable man to talk with. During the latter part of his life, when his health was poor, he was always ready to converse in his quiet and intelligent way with man or boy, at shop or store, or by the roadside. If he failed to return home at night there was no worry as to his whereabouts, as he was sure to be at some house where well known, perhaps from three to five miles away. He always had his thinking cap on, whether walking leisurely to the village from his farm, or to a neighbor's house. Time seemed to be a convenience rather than a burden, and he was a slave to no necessity. Economy made his burden easy and yoke light.

A whig in politics, as were all the other settlers from Rutland county, Vermont, his convictions of what was right made him an opponent of slavery, but his natural conservatism held him to his party as long as it lived; still, his talks with Henry Hooker, son of Aman Hooker, a neighboring farmer, made Henry an abolitionist—probably the first one after the original four abolitionists mentioned under the subhead "Politics of the Colonists."

When Mr. Hawkins came to Vermontville he brought apple seeds, planted his own nursery, and from it set out an orchard on his farm east of the village. With a flock of sheep he took great pains, and was the first farmer to bring the average weight of fleeces up to seven pounds, increasing the weight from year to year. Never in a hurry, he did his own thinking, cared little for authority, was a good citizen in his own way, was a natural non-conformist in all respects, and did not belong to the church. So far as can be ascertained, his religious views were not known by any person, in or out of his family. Still, he was a careful observer of Sunday. His anti-slavery sentiments made him a republican on the dissolution of the whig party, and he was among the first to openly identify himself with the new political movement.

Jay Hawkins was born in Castleton, Vermont, June 27, 1802, and died in Vermontville, August 19, 1866. He married Lodica Plumley in 1831, and they moved to Vermontville the year the colony was located, arriving September 27, 1836. Mrs. Hawkins was born in New Haven, Connecticut, May 13, 1807, and went with her parents to Vermont when five years old and died in Vermontville, in 1886. She was an excellent woman, a good housekeeper, and taught the first school in what is now district No. 5 of Vermontville. They first settled in the village, and the elms in front of Dr. William Parmenter's residence were set out by Mr. Hawkins, but early he moved to the farm of 160 acres east of the village.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins had three children. Horace Hawkins, the oldest, was born in Vermont, May 6, 1832, and lives on a farm in Vermontville, part of which his father bought of the government. He has been a resident of the town the longest of any person now living, nearly sixty-one years. The second son, Daniel Webster Hawkins, came to Vermontville October 13, 1837, and was the first child born to a member of the colony in the village. He died October 5, 1858. Duane Hawkins was born in Vermontville, February 17, 1840, and resides on the farm that was owned and occupied by his father. He enlisted as a private soldier in Company B, Second Regiment of Michigan Cavalry, during the civil war; has held a number of local offices, and in 1880 was elected a representative in the State Legislature by the voters of the Second district of Eaton county.

The Jay Hawkins family have been identified with the village and

township from the first year that a settlement was made, and for a longer period than any other family members of which are now living. At the first election held on the first Monday of April, 1837, he was chosen one of the highway commissioners. Duane Hawkins was the pioneer child of the colony, and the first and only native-born citizen of the town elected a member of the State Legislature. From first to last, it can be truly said, the influence of the family has been exerted in behalf of temperance, morality and good citizenship.

WELLS ROE MARTIN.

His ancestral line antedates the revolutionary war. His grandfather was a soldier in Washington's army during the terrible winter at Valley Forge, and was a member of the garrison at West Point, the surrender of which to the British general, Sir Henry Clinton, was plotted by Benedict Arnold. Mr. Martin was born at Hoosac, New York, March 18, 1811, but lived in Bennington, Vermont, until 1838, when he moved to Vermontville, and resided there until his death in April, 1892.

In 1835 Wells R. Martin and Emily Robinson were married. She was born in Bennington, Vermont, March 31, 1816, and was a direct descendant of Samuel Robinson, who was born in Bristol, England, in 1668, and came to Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1703. His son, Samuel Robinson, was born at Cambridge in 1705; removed to Bennington, Vermont, in 1761, and was the first magistrate in that part of the Green Mountain state. Her grandfather and his brothers were revolutionary soldiers. Mrs. Martin died at Vermontville in December, 1885.

In the civil, educational, and religious affairs of the colony, Mr. Martin always took a prominent part. He was a fluent talker, and when on his feet could follow his line of thought clearly and give it a very accurate expression in words; but could not sit down and write it out afterwards in a manner at all satisfactory. Thoughts came to him more freely while making an extemporized speech than under any other condition. Though a democrat in politics, in a town with whig and republican majorities, and unswerving in his party allegiance, he served the people in various official positions, as supervisor, treasurer, clerk, justice of the peace, etc., holding the latter place at the time of his death. He was the first hotelkeeper in the village, entertaining travelers in the comfortable log-house he occupied as a dwelling, and licenses as a landlord are recorded as having been issued to him in the years 1846 and 1847 at two dollars per annum. The first small stock of goods offered for sale in the village was brought from Bellevue by W. R. Martin and S. D. Scovell, but that earliest experiment in merchandising was not repeated.

The village of Vermontville was incorporated by act of the legislature March 11, 1871, and at the second election, Mr. Martin was chosen president. Up to date party politics have not entered into the choice of vil-

lage officers. The spoils are meager. At the general election of 1848, he was chosen to represent Eaton county in the State Legislature, his competitor, on the whig ticket, having been Edward D. Lacey of Kalamo, father of Hon. E. S. Lacey, president of the Bankers' National Bank of Chicago. By a legislative act of March 16, 1847, the seat of government was removed from Detroit to Lansing, and as annual sessions were held prior to the adoption of the present constitution in 1850, Mr. Martin was a representative during the second session held in the new State capital. For many years he was a deacon of the Congregational church. As a pioneer, hotel-keeper, merchant, public officer, and private citizen, he lived an active life for the fifty-four years of his residence in Vermontville. At the time of his death, by the appointment of Governor Winans, he was agent for Eaton county of the State Public School at Coldwater, Michigan.

Mr. Martin was a natural leader in local affairs and in party politics. He was always ready to do his part in all matters that related to public interests and the general welfare. At religious meetings, caucuses, conventions, he was a regular attendant. Being well-informed and gifted with readiness of speech, he was the leading debater of all subjects that came up for action and decision. Of medium height and wiry frame, he had great endurance and was seldom laid up from sickness. The contour of his face and head reminded one of the portraits of Oliver Wendell Holmes. With both young and old he could talk entertainingly, and though he often encountered sharp antagonists and harsh things were said in the off-hand debates in the country store, he never lost his popularity or the respect of his fellowmen. From his occupations as landlord and merchant, his service for several terms as justice of the peace, and his excellent conversational powers, he was oftener seen on the street than any other one of the original settlers. At church meetings and revivals his fluency of speech, doing his best thinking on his feet and never hesitating for appropriate words, he was the same natural leader as in secular affairs. With him left out, Vermontville would have been without one of its worthiest spokesmen on all public occasions, and his services were always given without expectation of fee or reward. One of his sayings was: "If a man earns fifty cents a day and salts it down he will finally become rich." And yet he never tried the salting process.

Of Mr. and Mrs. Martin's three children, Henry J. Martin was born in Bennington, Vermont, January 6, 1837, came to Vermontville with his parents in 1838, and is still a resident of the village. In 1867 he married Martha E. Jones, a native of Virginia. Minnie R. Martin was born in Vermontville, March 27, 1839, and married Horace L. Curtis in 1858. Mr. Curtis is a native of Genesee county, New York, came to Vermontville in 1854, and both himself and wife still reside there. Harriet P.

Martin, born in Vermontville, May 4, 1841, married Dr. Almon A. Thompson, now deceased; is a resident of Flint, Michigan.

SIMEON McCOTTER.

With the exception of Daniel Barber, Simeon McCotter was the last male survivor of the Vermontville colonists, and was an excellent citizen. Physicially he was a stubbed man, short in stature, with a quick movement, a cabinet-maker by trade, and the workman who did all kinds of woodwork for the first settlers, from making a cradle for the newcomer into this life through the gateway of birth, to making a coffin for those who passed from this life through the gateway of death into the unseen world. His was the first work and the last for many, young and old, whose bodies lie in the rural cemetery. Indeed, he was a general utility man for all; working on houses and barns; on the schoolhouse; the first sawmill; the academy and the church; very useful at raisings, as he knew how to put things together; was active and ready to lend a helping hand on all occasions; and among the pioneers was a thoroughly useful citizen. How they would have got along without him, or some one else like him, is not clear. People always get along in some way, however, while they stay on earth; but the rendering of mutual services, for which compensation is given, makes life more comfortable and better worth living; and they would have got along in some manner of their own devising, as ingenious and inventive people always do, without such conveniences and utilities as Simeon McCotter's hands and tools put together.

While he owned an outside farm lot—a wild and heavily timbered eighty acres—he always lived in the village, on one of the ten-acre lots which fell to him in the raffle, when, after prayer by the minister, the colonists present cast lots for a choice among them; and, later, added three more adjacent lots of the same size, the forty acres constituting his farm and home during a married life of fifty-three years. Thoroughly honest, he never suspected or expected dishonesty in others, and so sometimes was victimized by sharp traders and unscrupulous buyers of articles he had to sell. As character endures, surely he is better off now than are those who cheated him. If time sometimes fails, eternity never does, to make things even.

Though born in Vermont, Mr. McCotter was the least of a Yankee in worldly shrewdness, or in driving a bargain, of any of the settlers. If he ever wronged another it was unintentional. He was a good man—a little too good to gather much of the spoils of this world from the labor of others—but he lived comfortably, worked faithfully, and filled out the eighty-seven years of his life as a useful citizen, an exemplary member of society and of the church, and an honest man, leaving pleasant memo-

ries only with those who knew him. He left his home free from debt; none of the family now reside in the town; and Simeon McCotter took with him the only permanent wealth a man can have when he leaves this world—a good character.

Still he had peculiarities. In walking he stepped quickly, did not raise his feet far from the ground, and frequently stubbed his toes in the rough and new country. One evening, carrying home with a neckyoke across his shoulders two pails of maple syrup from a sugar bush a mile away—sweetness that represented one or more days of hard labor—he stubbed his toe in the darkness on some plaguey root or other obstacle to smooth transit, fell down and spilled the precious stuff, which he intended to have sugared off at home. Rising to his feet and contemplating the extent of the disaster, he groaned in spirit so that a passer-by, D. F. Barber, could hear him, and said to himself in a deprecatory manner: "Well, stub your toe, McCotter, if you don't know any better;" and then went home a sadder man than when he left in the morning, though with a lighter burden; but patiently resumed sugar-making the next day. "Stub your toe, McCotter," became one of the sayings in the colony for several years, whenever any similar occurrence justified its use.

Simeon McCotter was born in Benson, Rutland county, Vermont, August 30, 1806; came to Vermontville as one of the original colonists, lived there until his death, November 15, 1893. He married Lucy Minerva Leveredge at Vermontville, April 1, 1840. She was born at Camillus, New York, April 20, 1819, and died in Vermontville, August 4, 1895. She was a model wife, homekeeper and mother.

They had four children, all born in Vermontville. Mary Jennette McCotter, born April 13, 1841; married Oscar Hadley July 4, 1857; died at Malvern Junction, Arkansas, in 1887. James Howard McCotter, born January 3, 1845; married Florence Baker in March, 1874; resides at Pontiac, Mich., where he is superintendent of D. M. Ferry & Company's seed farm, having fitted himself for the position as a student and graduate of the Michigan Agricultural College. Eliza McCotter, born October 20, 1849; married Fitz Hughes Gage of Olivet, Mich., October 20, 1886, and resides there at the present time, where her husband is a dealer in general merchandise. George Samuel McCotter, born May 30, 1851; married Caroline De Planta in 1875, and resides at Hudson, Mich.

HIRAM J. MEARS.

Here was a man with as few prongs or salient points of character and conduct, as any of the pioneers of Vermontville. He was even tempered, faithful in the performance of duty, fond of home and friends, in all respects an exemplary citizen, and willing to take events as they occurred, with very little outside fret or worry over the inevitable. He came

from Poultney, Vermont, and with his family moved to Vermontville in 1837. Of peaceable disposition and quiet ways, he seldom if ever engaged in strife and contention with others. He was the first wagon-maker. At that time it was common for each village to have its own blacksmith, shoemaker, cabinet-maker, cooper, tailor or tailoress, wagon-maker, etc., as well as doctor and minister, but the lawyer was a later need of litigant civilization; and to those engaged in the mechanical industries the farmers would give such jobs of work as they needed, paying partly at least in produce, chipping in cash enough to pay for the material used, and keeping running accounts each with the other, which would be looked over and settled once a year, unless procrastination let them run longer, especially if there was not much difference between debits and credits. Occasionally the settlements of these accounts caused sharp controversies, and unbrotherly remarks were made, which were apt to result in a church trial, as bringing suits before a justice of the peace was of rare occurrence; but Mr. Mears was a man of such quiet manner and proverbial fairness that disputes over his charges seldom if ever happened, though he had dealings with all of his fellow-colonists. He was a Christian on the peaceable list.

Mr. Mears' penmanship was good. He never sought for an office, but in 1838-40, and again in 1843, he served as town clerk. While he owned a farm, which he cultivated, he lived in the village from 1837 until his death in 1883, built a comfortable house chiefly by his own labor, set out in front along the twenty rods of street a row of sugar maples, now large trees; and those who see them and know the fact think kindly of him for this thoughtfulness of the future. While all were necessarily tree destroyers, he was also a tree conserver, and this beneficent work lives after him. His record is that of the quiet citizen, the good neighbor, and the upright man.

Mrs. Rhoda Mears, his wife, was a native of Vermont, a bright and active woman, a good conversationalist, and was well liked for her social qualities. She made the home, first a log house and then a comfortable frame dwelling, unusually attractive to young people. The oldest daughter, Mrs. Frances A. Stebbins, was a native of Vermont, and was a general favorite in the early days, of a community where girls were scarce and boys were plenty. The other children—Wallace C. Mears, Ellen Mears, Julia Mears, the second wife of George W. Squier, and Alice Mears—were born in Vermontville, and with the exception of Mrs. Stebbins and Eugene Mears, have passed from earth.

WAIT J. SQUIER.

The letter "J." in the name of this stalwart pioneer stood for Junior, and the interpolation by himself, when a young man, to distinguish him from his father, Wait Squier, senior, was characteristic of the original

methods of the man, and was a labor-saving as well as a convenient designation. The tallest and largest-framed of the colonists, he was in all respects the least modified Yankee, physically and mentally, among them. He was a typical pioneer. Born in Lanesboro, Massachusetts, when a young man he went with his father to New Haven, Vermont, and was a pioneer of two states—Vermont and Michigan. He married Abigail Powell, a native of the same western Massachusetts town, and the idea of a mismatch or a misfit never entered the mind of a person who knew them both. They lived in New Haven, where all their children were born, until they came to Michigan in the spring of 1837, and they added a larger number of inhabitants to the census of Vermontville in 1840 than any other family arrival. Physically the most conspicuous Yankee in the colony, he was also the most unique specimen of the genus homo among them. Kindness of heart and common sense ways, with many a remark that savored of nature rather than of grace, made him a favorite with the younger boys, and his wife was equally a favorite with all classes. Rugged New England qualities were prominent. Older persons of the second generation remember them well because of their points and angles of character and speech. The only legible records of this largest family that came from Vermont are found in some early justice of the peace docket and town books, or of the part taken in the church and academy work, and in the cemetery, as all of the name have disappeared from Vermontville in less than sixty years.

Mr. Squier was a member of the committee to select a location for the colony, and was on the ground when the first blow was struck in May, 1836. He was a surveyor, and having his instruments with him when it was determined where the colony should be plantd, he at once surveyed the village plat in the woods, as preliminary to carrying into effect the plan of settlement agreed upon at Castleton, Vermont. Being present when the scriptural casting of lots took place for the choice of village lots, he selected one of the most central locations, adjoining the public square on the east, and built the first frame house in the town, hauling the lumber through the woods from Hyde's mill, seven miles distant, in Kalamo. This sawmill was built by Oliver M. Hyde, afterwards a prominent citizen and mayor of Detroit, who was a large land-owner in the towns of Vermontville and Kalamo. Mr. Squier was not present when the town was organized and the first election was held in 1837, having returned to Vermont for his family, but in 1840 he was elected supervisor, and in 1848, 1849 and 1853 was chosen a justice of the peace.

One of the notable peculiarities of the early time was the general belief that, when a person became a justice of the peace he was qualified, as if some divine afflatus rested upon him and gave him wisdom to perform all the duties of the office, and some more, such as conveyancing, as well as taking the acknowledgment of deeds and mortgages, and even

the granting of a divorce. Could not the authority that performed the marriage ceremony do the unmarrying also? Justice Squier acted upon the theory that the power which makes can unmake—a theory which, if it had been adopted by the higher courts of this country, would have prevented many a hard exaction and grinding monopoly. While serving as justice of the peace, a Vermontville couple came before him to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and the ceremony was duly performed according to the statute in such cases made and provided. After trying the married relation—probably not wedded bliss—for a time, the parties concluded, and no doubt wisely, that separation from bed and board was the best course for them to take. So they appeared before Justice Squier again and stated their desire to separate. He had no guiding precedent. He was a court, had made them husband and wife, and the authority to annul his own marital function seemed right and proper. Ascertaining that the wife, at the date of the marriage, was under the lawful age for making the contract, he had an affidavit made to that effect, and declared the marriage null and void. A more effective divorce was never granted in Michigan. Nathaniel Lamb, the divorced husband, enlisted later in the volunteer army as a Union soldier, and was as honest, faithful and patriotic as if he had received a divorce from a court having jurisdiction. He died in the service, while the divorced wife is married for the third time and is in good circumstances. The legal right to a pension as a soldier's widow has not been raised. This divorce case is worth mentioning as a case of original jurisdiction, with the result as final and conclusive with all parties as any divorce ever granted by ecclesiastical, legislative or judicial authority. Had Justice Squier lived in the time of Henry VIII, he might have saved that erratic monarch a great deal of trouble in getting dematrimonialized.

Mrs. Squier died in Vermontville in 1860, at the age of 65 years, and Mr. Squier in 1869, aged 78 years. In naming their children, especially the boys, they selected the names of prominent persons. Dr. Arthur Wellesley Squier, the oldest, died at Whitehall, Michigan, in 1888, at the age of 73; the second, Manly Wallace Squier, died at Ionia, Michigan, at the age of 65; Catherine Helen died in Vermontville in 1888, at the age of 66; George Washington Squier resides in Charlotte, Michigan, to which place he moved on being elected treasurer of Eaton county; Cornelius Hamilton Squier died at Fort Laramie on the overland route to California, in 1850, at the age of 24; Henry Clay Squier, at one time a prosperous merchant in the island of Mauritius and well known in mercantile circles of London, England, died in Vermontville in 1881, about 54 years of age; Martin Luther Squier died in Lisbon, Dakota, in 1888, at the age of 61; Mrs. Clara Aurelia Vaughan resides in Charlotte, Michigan, with her brother, John Howard Squier, the youngest member of this typical pioneer family. When they were all at home they made a house full of

physically stalwart persons, the father and all the boys, with one exception, being six feet tall or over. But they scattered widely with the years, and none of the original family that came to Vermontville in 1837, or any of their descendants, now reside in the town. In the colony archives, the town and church records, and the cemetery, the family name is preserved.

LUCY HAMILTON DWIGHT.

Though not a member of the original Vermontville Colony, yet a pioneer, as an instance of a widow with a family of six children, three girls and three boys, the oldest twenty years of age, moving into the wilderness, settling upon a wild 160 acres of land, making an attractive home, and exercising a good influence upon the community in which they lived, Mrs. Dwight is worthy of special mention. Her management shows what a woman can do. Her husband, Peregrine Dwight, belonged to one of the most notable families of New England and of the United States, having been a direct descendant, of the sixth generation, of John Dwight, who came from Dedham, England, and was one of the first settlers in Dedham, Massachusetts, in the year 1629 or 1630. She was a daughter of Dr. Chauncey Hamilton of Brookfield, who married Mary Hubbard of Amherst, both in Massachusetts, and was born August 21, 1796. Peregrine Dwight was a farmer at Belchertown, Massachusetts, from 1815 to 1828, and from 1828 to 1842 at Niagara Falls, New York, where he died August 21 of the last named year. He was an earnest, austere, intelligent and religious man, a great reader, and well informed upon political and religious subjects. He had but moderate means; at Niagara Falls he worked a farm owned by Gen. Augustus S. Porter; and at his death left a widow and six children to be provided for, the oldest nineteen years of age, and the youngest an infant. An unimproved quarter section of land he owned in Barry county was traded for 160 acres in Vermontville, on which not a tree had been cut. In September, 1843, Mrs. Dwight moved to Vermontville with her family, to make in the unbroken wilderness a home for her household. The first dwelling, like those of the other first settlers, was built of unhewn logs, trees enough having been chopped down for a building-place. By good management, prudence and economy, there was steady prosperity under her care, and no family in the town was more highly esteemed. But few among the new-comers got along any better. Many men, as the heads of families, failed to do as well. The first rude home was made attractive by good words and works. In the true sense of the term Mrs. Dwight was a Christian woman. No one ever heard her complain of or find fault with others. "The Dwight girls," as the three daughters were familiarly called, were great favorites. In 1880, after eighty-three ripened years, at the resi-

dence of her son, George C. Dwight, in Vermontville, she passed quietly away of the infirmities of old age. During her life she had charity and kindness for all, and death was like going to sleep. There was no pain to indicate its coming. At night she passed into an easy slumber, which continued peacefully and quietly through the following day and another night until daybreak came, and then without a struggle awoke to "another morn than ours."

Three of her children were born in Belchertown, Massachusetts, namely: Martha Adelia Dwight, July 15, 1823, married Edward W. Barber, December 24, 1853, and now resides in Jackson, Michigan; Chauncey Hamilton Dwight, born September 25, 1825, married Rebecca De Graff March 31, 1856, and lives on a farm in Vermontville; Clarissa Ann Dwight, born January 14, 1828, now the wife of Sidney Seymour Rockwell, a member of the mercantile firm of Barber, Ambrose & Rockwell in Vermontville, to whom she was married February 19, 1856. The other three children were born at Niagara Falls, New York, as follows: George Clinton Dwight, July 14, 1831, married Margaret Gregg of Castleton, Michigan, February 14, 1860, now living on a farm in Vermontville; Lucy Clarissa Dwight, born February 10, 1834, married Homer G. Barber, a merchant and banker at Vermontville, March 23, 1853, and died at their home in that village May 1, 1893; and Edward Peregrine Dwight, born January 1, 1840, enlisted as a private soldier in Company G, Seventh Michigan Infantry, early during the war of the rebellion, and was killed in battle at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, August 5, 1862. His body lies with other unknown heroes of the war, and a memorial stone adorns the Vermontville cemetery.

OTHER COLONISTS.

Of other members of the colony, concerning whom there is insufficient obtainable data, for accurate personal and family sketches, only brief mention can be made. Walter S. Fairfield, one of the earliest settlers, was a printer, and before coming to Michigan owned and edited a newspaper at Castleton, Vermont. He anchored at the outset of pioneerage in the village of Bellevue, and was the first register of deeds for Eaton county. He copied from the Calhoun county records the deeds and mortgages covering lands in Eaton county that had been placed on record there during the time that Eaton was a part of Calhoun for all civic and legal purposes. He was a well-informed man, an easy talker on familiar subjects, strong in his prejudices, and unjust in his antagonisms. He died in Vermontville, February 15, 1860.

Stephen Decatur Scovell was one of the youngest members of the colony, a son of Josiah B. Scovell, one of its original promoters, and may be described as an energetic and erratic member of society and the

church. He figured considerably in church trials, and was as ready to forgive as he was to complain of the faults of others. He was not given to using a mental mirror that he might see himself as others saw him. He wanted others to toe the mark according to the gospel standard and the church discipline. He was a vigorous worker, and in a short time slashed down the timber and cleared off the large farm now owned by Ernest Sprague, in the northeast part of the town. He seldom missed church services or prayer meetings, as he liked to mix with people on all sorts of occasions. His widow, Mrs. Argalus Sprague, still lives in Vermontville, and is one of the worthiest of the pioneer wives and mothers. Mr. Scovell died in Vermontville.

Other settlers, who signed the original articles of association and came to Vermontville, but moved away and died in other places, were: Jacob Fuller, Sidney B. Gates, Charles Imus, Elijah S. Mead, Levi Merrill, Martin S. Norton, Dewey H. Robinson and Bazaleel Taft. Some of them remained only a year or two, while others, like Messrs. Fuller, Gates, Merrill, Norton and Robinson, were identified with the village and town for a number of years. Mr. Fuller moved to the town of Sunfield, Mr. Merrill to the town of Chester, Mr. Gates to the town of Roxand, and Mr. Taft to the town of Kalamo—all in Eaton county. About 1846, Mr. Norton moved to Marshall, Michigan, where he resumed work as a blacksmith, in partnership with Jacob Tanner, who afterwards became a farmer in the town of Carmel, Eaton county. In 1849, Mr. Norton went overland to California, settled in Grass Valley, was appointed postmaster there during Lincoln's first administration and held the office for twelve years. He died in Grass Valley several years since. His widow, whose maiden name was Mary Ann Sears, of Bennington, Vermont, still resides there. Dr. Robinson moved to Marshall, Michigan, in 1846, remained there a year or two, then returned to Bennington, his native town, and died a few years later.

None of the colonists—those who remained unto the last or those who moved away—ever realized their early hopes, desires, or dreams; for hewing out new homes in the wilderness was the hard work of a lifetime; yet they lived up to their ideals, embracing religion and education, as well as making homes for themselves and their children in a new country, with larger opportunities than existed in New England, more fully and completely than falls to the lot of most pioneers.

THE MICHIGAN PIONEERS.

Lo! each grateful generation never tires
  Weaving the past into prose and rhyme;
Praising the greater wisdom of the sires—
  Yet the world grows wiser all the time.

The world grows better with the flight of years.
  Not long since our fair and fruitful land
Was one vast wilderness, begirt with fears—
  Said to be a waste of swamp and sand.

In the dark forests, moaning as the wind
  Swept by, where roamed the wolf and bear, now
Grazes in the pastures, sweet with clover blooms,
  The kind, soft-eyed, and gentle Jersey cow.

Look o'er the fertile fields, the orchards see,
  Where once was naught but forest drear,
And ask whence these? This will the answer be:
  These crown the labor of the pioneer.

Each home the monument of some stout heart,
  That braved the perils of the savage wild,
Bore a noble, though a humble part—
  Unceasing effort until fortune smiled.

Not man alone the work and danger dared,
  To found a State on Michigan soil;
Mothers the sickness and the hardship shared—
  A weary round of unremitting toil.

And oft, from out the gloomy wilderness,
  Their thoughts to the eastern hill-homes turned;
And then resumed their cares with faithfulness,
  While for brighter scenes their true hearts yearned.

These mothers toiled from dawn until the west
  Was crimson with sunset's parting glow;
And so moved on unto the final rest,
  With hopes and dreams they alone could know.

Let others sing the deeds of fighting men;
  Of saints and martyrs in ages sere:
A humbler theme best suits my thought and pen—
The life and work of the pioneer.

For he who clears the land and makes it bloom,
  Underneath the summer's rain and sun,
Much better serves his country and his home
  Than heroes who have great battles won.

PART II

1898

MICHIGAN

PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MEETING JUNE 1 AND 2, 1898.

The twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society convened in the Senate chamber of the capitol at Lansing on Wednesday, June 1, 1898, at 2 o'clock p. m.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Hon. Cyrus G. Luce. The session was opened with prayer by Rev. R. C. Crawford, and singing "America" by the audience.

The following officers were present, viz.:

President—Hon. Cyrus G. Luce, Coldwater.

Treasurer—Benj. F. Davis, Lansing.

Recording and Corresponding Secretary—Geo. H. Greene, Lansing.

Executive Committee—Hon. Orlando M. Barnes, Lansing, and Dr. Robert C. Kedzie, Agricultural College.

Committee of Historians—L. D. Watkins, Manchester; Clarence M. Burton, Detroit; and Edward W. Barber, Jackson.

Vice-Presidents—Ralph Watson, Clinton county; C. B. Stebbins, Ingham; Albert F. Morehouse, Ionia; Benj. L. Baxter, Lenawee; Charles W. Barber, Livingston; Geo. H. Cannon, Macomb; Hon. John M. Norton, Oakland; Alonzo H. Owens, Shiawassee.

Among other members of the society who were present are the following: Col. Perrin V. Fox, Judge John W. Champlin, Hon. Geo. W. Thayer, Thomas Hefferan, John C. Buchanan, Mrs. Thomas D. Gilbert and Melvin D. Osband of Grand Rapids; Clarence M. Burton, Detroit; Mrs. Anna M. Burton, Hastings; Mrs. C. B. Grant, Dr. Wm. H. Haze, Mrs. John W. Longyear, Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney, and Mrs. Marion Turner, Lansing; Law-

rence S. Meech, Meridian; Isaac W. Bush, Howell; David B. Hale, Eaton Rapids; Judge D. C. Walker, Capac; Rev. R. C. Crawford, Byron, and others.

The president read his very able address, reviewing the early history and settlement of the State, and, in view of what the society had already accomplished in the past and what it can do in the future, made a strong plea that the State continue its aid that it has so freely given for the past twenty years.

The reports of the recording secretary, treasurer, and corresponding secretary were then read and on motion each was accepted and adopted.

Hon. Henry H. Holt, chairman of the Committee of Historians, being absent on account of sickness, there was no report from that committee, but in behalf of the committee the secretary reported that it had been faithfully at work and had secured nearly if not quite enough material for two additional volumes of collections.

A chorus choir of Industrial School boys then favored the audience with a piece entitled "The Nation's Call."

Memorial reports from the several counties were then called for, when the vice-president in each of the following counties, either in person or by letter, made a report, viz.: Branch, Harvey Haynes; Calhoun, John F. Hinman; Clinton, Ralph Watson; Eaton, Esek Pray; Genesee, Dr. Henry C. Fairbank; Huron, Erastus M. Stevens; Ingham, C. B. Stebbins; Ionia, Albert F. Morehouse; Kalamazoo, Henry Bishop; Kent, Wm. N. Cook; Lenawee, Benjamin L. Baxter; Livingston, Chas. W. Barber; Macomb, Geo. H. Cannon; Montcalm, Joseph P. Shoemaker; Muskegon, Henry H. Holt; Oakland, John M. Norton; Shiawassee, Alonzo H. Owens; St. Clair, Mrs. Helen W. Farrand; St. Joseph, Calvin H. Starr.

Music by C. W. Root, a song entitled "Far Away."

The president then announced the committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year as follows: Geo. W. Thayer of Grand Rapids; L. D. Watkins of Manchester, and John M. Norton of Rochester.

Clarence M. Burton of Detroit then read a very interesting paper, entitled "Detroit Under Cadillac."

Music by the boys from the Industrial School, a song, "The First Gun is Fired."

Five minute speeches were then called for and responded to by C. B. Stebbins, C. W. Barber, Albert F. Morehouse, M. D. Osband, Judge D. C. Walker, Geo. H. Cannon and Isaac W. Bush. Rev. Wm. H. Haze recited the old poem entitled "Twenty Years Ago, Tom."

Music, a song, "Out on the Deep," by Mr. Stalker.

The meeting then adjourned until evening at 7:30 o'clock.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The society met pursuant to adjournment and was called to order by the President. Prayer was offered by Rev. Wm. H. Osborne, followed by a solo entitled "Marching to Cuba," by Mrs. Davis.

A short paper entitled "Ludington and Pere Marquette's Grave," by R. H. Ellsworth of Ann Arbor, was read by Mrs. Nathan Judson.

A humorous quartette entitled "Call John" was then sung by Mr. and Mrs. Stone and Mr. and Mrs. Bailey.

Edward W. Barber of Jackson then read a very interesting paper entitled "The Passing of the Pioneers," which was followed by the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," by Mrs. Davis.

Geo. H. Cannon of Washington, Mich., read an article on the "Grand Portage Indian Reservation of Lake Superior," which was followed by music, "Hunters' Chorus," by Messrs. Cowley, Cooper, Starr and Smith.

Five minute speeches were then called for and responded to by Rev. R. C. Crawford, Judge D. C. Walker and Hon. John M. Norton.

Messrs. Cowley, Cooper, Starr and Smith then sang "Old Kentucky Home" and the meeting abjourned to Thursday morning at 9:30 o'clock.

THURSDAY MORNING.

The meeting was called to order at 9:30 o'clock by the President. Prayer was offered by Rev. Wm. H. Haze.

A select reading was then given by Mr. Stalker entitled "The Boys."

Judge D. C. Walker of Capac then read his paper on "Evolution in Religions, Morals and Civil Government in This Country During the Last Century." This was followed by two selections of music by Mrs. Stone entitled "Juanita" and "When You and I Were Young, Maggie."

Dr. Robert C. Kedzie of the Agricultural College read a paper entitled "The St. Joe's," in which he gave a vivid description of pioneer life in Lenawee county in 1826 and of the immense trains of movers through there a few years later to St. Joe county.

"History of Bruce Township" in Macomb county, by Geo. H. Cannon of Washington, Mich., was then read by him. This was followed by a song entitled "The Old Stepstone," by C. W. Root.

The committee on nominations, through its chairman, Geo. W. Thayer, made a report recommending the election of the following list of officers, which was adopted:

President—Hon. Cyrus G. Luce, Coldwater.

Recording and Corresponding Secretary—Geo. H. Greene, Lansing.

Treasurer—Benj. F. Davis, Lansing.

Executive Committee—Orlando M. Barnes, Lansing; Col. Perrin V. Fox, Grand Rapids, and Dr. Robert C. Kedzie, Agricultural College.

Committee of Historians—Henry H. Holt, Muskegon; Theron F. Giddings, Kalamazoo; L. D. Watkins, Manchester; Clarence M. Burton, Detroit; Edward W. Barber, Jackson, and Judge John W. Champlin, Grand Rapids.

Vice Presidents—One From Each County.
Allegan—Don C. Henderson, Allegan.
Barry—Mrs. Sarah E. Striker, Hastings.
Bay—Sanford M. Green, Bay City.
Berrien—Lewis H. Beeson, Niles.
Branch—Harvey Haynes, Coldwater.
Calhoun—John F. Hinman, Battle Creek.
Clare—Henry Woodruff, Farwell.
Clinton—Ralph Watson, South Riley.
Crawford—Dr. Oscar Palmer, Grayling.
Eaton—Esek Pray, Dimondale.
Emmet—Isaac D. Toll, Petoskey.
Genesee—Dr. Henry C. Fairbank, Flint.
Grand Traverse—Reuben Goodrich, Traverse City.
Gratiot—William S. Turck, Alma.
Hillsdale—C. T. Mitchell, Hillsdale.
Houghton—Thomas B. Dunstan, Hancock.
Huron—Erastus M. Stevens, Caseville.
Ingham—C. B. Stebbins, Lansing.
Ionia—Albert F. Morehouse, Portland.
Iosco—H. C. King, Oscoda.
Isabella—John E. Day, Mt. Pleasant.
Jackson—Josiah B. Frost, Jackson.
Kalamazoo—Henry Bishop, Kalamazoo.
Kent—Wm. N. Cook, Grand Rapids.
Lapeer—John Wright, Lapeer.
Livingston—Chas. W. Barber, Howell.
Macomb—Geo. H. Cannon, Washington.
Manistee—T. J. Ramsdell, Manistee.
Marquette—Peter White, Marquette.
Menominee—James A. Crozier, Menominee.
Monroe—John Davis, Monroe.
Montcalm—Joseph P. Shoemaker, Amsden.
Muskegon—Henry H. Holt, Muskegon.
Oakland—John M. Norton, Rochester.
Oceana—Enoch T. Mugford, Hart.
Otsego—Chas. F. Davis, Elmira.
Ottawa—
Saginaw—Chas. W. Grant, Saginaw, E. S.

Shiawassee—Alonzo H. Owens, Lennon.
St. Clair—Mrs. Helen W. Farrand, Port Huron.
St. Joseph—Gershom P. Doan, Mendon.
Tuscola—Wm. A. Heartt, Caro.
Van Buren—T. T. Lyon, South Haven.
Washtenaw—J. Q. A. Sessions, Ann Arbor.
Wayne—Fred Carlisle, Detroit.

A paper on "Early Days in Old Washtenaw County," by Claudius B. Seymour of Titusville, Pa., was read by Mrs. Nathan Judson, followed by a song entitled "The Rock of Liberty," by C. W. Root.

The meeting then adjourned to 2 o'clock p. m.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

The society met at 2 o'clock and was called to order by the President. Prayer was offered by Rev. Clarence F. Swift, followed by a song entitled "A Winter's Lullaby," by Miss Lemon.

Hon. O. M. Barnes, offered the following resolution, which on motion was adopted, and the Secretary directed to forward a copy to the family.

Resolved, That the members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society have heard with deep regret of the death of Hon. Daniel Striker, long a member of its Executive Committee, and we hereby tender our sympathies to the members of his family in their bereavement.

A paper entitled "The Days of Fife and Drum," by Charles Moore of Washington, D. C., was then read by Mrs. Nathan Judson.

A duet, "Beautiful Sunset," was sung by Mr. and Mrs. A. Hamlin Smith, followed by a song given by five little girls, entitled "Wake Up, Little Buttercups."

A paper on the "Reminiscences of Pioneer Life in Oakland County," by Mrs. Sarah E. Soper of Pontiac, was read by Mrs. Nathan Judson.

Five minute speeches were then called for and responded to by Rev. R. C. Crawford of Byron; Benjamin L. Baxter, Tecumseh; Ralph Watson South Riley; C. B. Stebbins, Lansing, and C. W. Barber, Howell.

A vote of thanks was extended to those who had given their time in the preparation of papers and to all who had aided in making the meeting a success.

Ex-Gov. Luce then spoke substantially as follows:

One or two things have occurred to me and I thought there was a little tendency on the part of several, not only those who spoke, but those that listened, to imagine or intimate that the world is not quite as good, not quite as noble as one hundred and fifty or sixty years ago. I don't want

this meeting to adjourn with a general recognition that the world is not growing better. I believe it is. In some respects it may be doubtful. We are a bright people and there never was a time in the history of the world where this is so generally recognized as in America. I will not talk about some things in which I wish we were different, but we have different ways of caring for the unfortunate than we had forty years ago. We had no place of caring for the insane and they were the terror of their families. Now we have five of these institutions—we take care of the insane, blind, deaf and dumb. We have the mute school, and as conducted today it is one of the most delightful places, one of the most delightful spots in the State.

You take the boys we used to send to Jackson; my heart was made sad upon seeing boys of 13 confined with hardened criminals. I had been elected a member of the legislature in '55 and one of the first things we did was to establish the Industrial School for Boys, and as good men as we have today, some of them, have come from that institution. Then the last thing we did we saw in homes in this State the feeble minded. The saddest thing in the world is the mother going about her work covering up the fact that she has a feeble minded child. The State has provided a place for its care. We have an Industrial Home for Girls, girls that have no home or that have bad homes, and upon these the angels look down with pity. I know a number of those girls who have gone out from that institution and made worthy women. Then we saw little children with no homes and the State became their guardian and provided a home at Coldwater. The world is on the whole growing better. Some pretty mean men live here, but on the whole don't go away with the belief that it is growing worse.

I have again been elected President of this association. I am not unmindful of your confidence. At the same time, I would say to you it is with great reluctance that I accept it, but I now expect to hold it for another year and will contribute what little I can in every way to the prosperity and interest of the association.

Miss Lemon then favored the audience with a solo entitled "Swing Song"

"Auld Lang Syne" was sung by the audience and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Wm. H. Haze.

The meeting then adjourned.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

BY EX-GOV. C. G. LUCE.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Michigan Pioneer Society:

We come together in this, our 24th annual meeting, under somewhat peculiar circumstances. In one respect we have come to a parting of the ways. For this reason, perhaps, it has been thought advisable by some members of the Executive Committee for the President to present a very brief review of the past history of the organization with some of the reasons why we think it should continue to exist. The very name it bears, "The Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society," indicates clearly its purpose, aim and object.

Michigan was settled in various localities at an early day, but those who came here prior to 1830 were mostly traders, trappers and speculators.

The men and women who have given to Michigan its character and institutions came to the Territory and State after the year 1832. For many reasons it required a vast amount of courage and energy to settle in the Territory of Michigan with a view of making it a permanent home. For a part of the discouraging outlook the government itself, or at least some of its agents, were largely responsible. In 1815 surveyors were sent to Michigan to spy out and plat the land. The report that they made has been extensively published, but, knowing Michigan as we know it now, it will bear reiteration. It enhances our estimate of the courage required and heroic efforts made to overcome the obstacles placed in the way of the early pioneers of Michigan. Here is a part of the discouraging official information which confronted them. It is found in Surveyor General Tiffin's reports to the Commissioner of United States Land Office on Nov. 30th, 1815. He says: "The surveyors who were sent to survey the military lands in Michigan Territory have been obliged to suspend their operations until the country shall be sufficiently frozen so as to bear man and beast. I annex a description of the country which has been sent to me, and which I am informed all these surveyors concur in. It was only yesterday received. Here is what they say. "The country on the Indiana boundary line from the mouth of the Great Auglaize river running thence north for about 50 miles is low, wet and mostly worthless. Going north and easterly the number and extent of the swamps increase with the addition of numerous lakes from twenty chains to two or three miles across. In addition many of the lakes have extensive marshes adjoining, their margins sometimes thickly covered with a species of pine called tamarack,

and other places covered with a coarse, high grass, and uniformly covered with from six inches to three feet of water. The margins of these lakes are not the only places where swamps are found, for they are interspersed throughout the whole country and filled with water as above stated. The intermediate space between the swamps and lakes, which is probably nearly one-half of the country, is, with a very few exceptions, a poor, barren, sandy desert on which scarcely any vegetation grows, except very small and scrubby oaks. In many places that part which may be called dry land is composed of little short sand hills forming a kind of deep basins, the bottom of many of which are composed of marshes similar to those above described. In approaching the eastern part of the military lands the country does not contain so many swamps and lakes, but the extreme sterility and barrenness of the soil continues the same. Taking the country all together, so far as has been explored, and to all appearances, together with the information received, the balance is as bad. There would not be more than one acre in a hundred, if there would be one out of a thousand, that would in any case admit of cultivation." But with the above description of the country staring them in the face, men and women flocked to Michigan by the thousands, for the purpose of founding permanent homes for themselves and their children after the year 1832 until the Territory was admitted to the Union in 1837, and indeed for many years thereafter.

These pioneers brought with them the Christian civilization that was landed on Plymouth Rock from the Mayflower; they established homes; they built schoolhouses and churches; they felled and cleared away the forests; they turned the furrows and forced the soil to give forth; they drained the swamps, and many of them are the most fertile portions of this fair State; they constructed roads; they bridged rivers; they established institutions; they did all these things and many more. And now Michigan in all that makes a state renowned, happy and prosperous stands well in the front ranks. In reaching this proud position each individual and each little community has made a record. These things have not been done by any one overshadowing power. The experience of each individual has been different from that of other individuals. In all cases individuals and communities have struggled to overcome obstacles which were by nature or conditions placed in their path. Men and women everywhere have thought that in honor of the memory of the heroic dead, and in the interest of those who follow the poineers, a record should be gathered of the deeds performed, of the struggles and triumphs in the past. It was believed that the influence would aid in stimulating a loftier patriotism if young men and women could be made to realize what the surrounding conditions prepared for them to enjoy had cost their ancestors. It certainly will incline to give them a higher estimate of their

blessings and privileges, as well as the duties these impose. This opinion took strong hold of our people many years ago. Even the southern half of the State had scarcely cleared away the surplus forests before the question arose how to preserve the local history that had been so often made at great cost. Our people were not ignorant of the great difficulties encountered by the students of history in securing reliable records of nations which have at times risen to a high state of civilization. We knew that wise men had searched diligently for months, and even years, to ascertain some one single reliable fact in the history of nations that had gone before us. And whatever may be the future of our own State and country, we desire to place posterity in possession of all the facts in relation to what we were doing here in Michigan in the nineteenth century. How best to preserve the record began to be discussed soon after the year 1850. This discussion culminated in an act of the legislature approved April 25th, 1873. In accordance with the provisions of this act and a joint resolution approved April 15th, 1873, this society was organized. By the authority given it became a quasi State institution. Through the authority given by the law-making power of the State it was organized and has existed for more than a quarter of a century, and when the new capitol was constructed quarters were provided for it the same as for any other department of the State government. It has discharged its duties, as I believe, faithfully and well as contemplated by the act. And it is no flattery to the living or the dead to say that there have been enrolled among the members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society many of the best, most patriotic and generous citizens who have ever honored the commonwealth by a residence within its borders. The men and women who have made this society what it is have performed their important duties as a labor of love. Save the Secretary alone, none of the officers do or ever have received compensation for services rendered. Still, the legislature has appropriated, year after year, since the society was placed in working order, from $1,000 to $2,500 annually. The greater part of this money has been used to pay for the publication of annual reports. These books contain a vast amount of the early history of the Territory and of the State, and of the several localities within the State. They give us much of early Indian history; they tell us of the historic characters that gave to Michigan its institutions and moulded its early policy. For the publication of much of this no other provisions are made. They give us the details in the early settlement of localities. When the reports are published they belong to the State like other publications. When sold the State receives the money. Many of these reports are exchanged for other valuable publications, which become a part of our State Library. For all these reasons members of the society had reason to expect that the State would continue to contribute to its expenses

as it had done for nearly a quarter of a century prior to 1897 and 1898. For these two years no appropriation was made. No reports will or can be published, although ample material has been procured. While, with the exception named, none of the officers have received compensation for services, yet actual expenses of the President, Executive Committee and Committee of Historians have been paid. Now not only the work that falls to these officials is done gratuitously, but they are paying their own expenses. They may continue to do this, but the Secretary cannot, and the State Printer certainly will not, do their work for nothing. The work of the Pioneer Society is continuous. We are constantly making history. Events that are occurring today will be poineer history fifty years from now, so that the legitimate work of this association goes on and on. Nearly one-half of the State is yet in a pioneer condition, and local history will still be worth recording, and will be found more interesting than now when our grandchildren are old and worn. In view of what this society has done in the past, in view of what it can and ought to do in the future, I do not believe that the people of this State desire that it shall languish or die. Nor do I believe that they expect or desire that a few men shall contribute to its entire support. If this is what is wanted, it will be fairer to repeal the act which authorized its existence than it will to starve it to death for the want of funds.

REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Lansing, June 1, 1898.

To the Officers and Members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

I beg leave to submit herewith my nineteenth annual report as your Corresponding Secretary. There has been about the usual amount of correspondence as in previous years. I have endeavored to answer promptly all inquiries requiring a reply, some of which have required considerable time in searching for the material to embody in the reply. Soon after our meeting of last year I informed all the Vice Presidents of their election, and again, about four weeks ago, sent them a communication requesting them to be prepared to make a memorial report for their county at this meeting. Notices of this meeting have been forwarded to each of the members of the society and to many of the leading newspapers of the State.

Among the deceased members for the year are some of the most prominent and honored citizens of our State.

The list, so far as I have been able to ascertain, is as follows:

No.	Name.	Residence.	Born.	Died.	Age.	Came to Michigan.
47	Henry H. Smith	Jackson	Dec. 9, 1809	May 14, 1898	88	1835
90	Samuel T. Douglass	Grosse Isle	Feb. 28, 1814	Mar. 28, 1898	84	1837
286	Helen M. Jenison	Lansing	Nov. 29, 1830	Nov. 15, 1897	67	1840
441	William F. Jenison	Eagle	Dec 19, 1812	June 14, 1897	84	1837
470	Nancy DeGraff Toll	Monroe	Sept. 18, 1797	Mar. 27, 1898	100	1834
497	Mrs. Eliza Wiswell	Neptune, La	Aug. 5, 1810	Dec. 20, 1897	87	1843
503	Rev. Thomas H. Jacokes	Eaton Rapids	Oct. 20, 1820	April 30, 1898	78	1832
527	George V. N. Lothrop	Detroit	Aug. 8, 1817	July 12, 1897	80	1839
551	Goodenough Townsend	Davison	Oct. 18, 1812	Feb. 9, 1898	85	1836
553	George W. Parks	Lansing	Oct. 11, 1831	June 24, 1897	65	1855
642	Enos Goodrich	Fostoria	Aug. 11, 1813	Sept. 16, 1897	84	1836
746	Daniel Striker	Hastings	April 9, 1835	April 12, 1898	63	1835
818	Francis I. Clark	Flat Rock	Sept. 9, 1819	Nov. 29. 1897	78	1835
876	Wm. H. Sweet	Saginaw	Oct. 13, 1819	Feb. 16, 1898	80	1850

All of which is respectfully submitted.

GEORGE H. GREENE,
Corresponding Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Lansing, June 1, 1898.

To the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

I herewith submit my annual report as follows:

Benj. F. Davis, Treasurer, in account with the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, from June 2, 1897, to June 1, 1898.

RECEIPTS.

To balance on hand June 2, 1897	$315 32
Amount received on account of membership fees	38 00
Amount received on account of sale of vols. 1 & 2	6 00
Total	$359 32

DISBURSEMENTS.

By amount for binding 1,000 copies of vol. 27	$156 50
Postage and express	22 20
Expenses of annual meeting, 1897	14 00
Expenses of Committee of Historians	3 90
Total	$196 60
Balance on hand June 1, 1898	$162 72

All of which is respectfully submitted.

B. F. DAVIS,
Treasurer.

REPORT OF MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

BARRY COUNTY.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Baker, Charles G	Assyria	Feb. 4, 1898	.....	Resident of Assyria since 1842.
Baldwin, Simon N	Hastings	March 9, 1898	76	Resident of Michigan 35 years.
Barber, John	Cressy	Oct. 25, 1897	70	Resident of Cressy 50 years.
Bare, Mrs	.....	.....	68	
Barnes, Warner O	Hickory Corners	March 18, 1898	75	Resident of Hickory Corners 62 years.
Bates, Mrs. Deloren	Irving	Sept. 17, 1897	82	Resident of Irving 30 years.
Baulch, George	Baltimore	Dec. 5, 1897	77	
Baulch, Joseph	Baltimore	June	82	
Belson, Christmas	Rutland	July 14, 1897	72	Resident of Michigan 43 years.
Branney, Mrs. Robert	Johnstown	Dec., 1897	72	Resident of Michigan 40 years.
Brooks, Levi	Barry	Jan. 26, 1898	80	
Brownell, H. B	Prairieville	.....	.....	Lived in Michigan many years.
Burgduf, Jacob	Rutland	.....	76	Lived in county many years.
Byington, Mrs. Betsey	Hickory Corners	March 11, 1898	89	Lived in county many years.
Cole, Benjamin	Hastings	June 23, 1897	69	Lived in county many years.
Crawford, Jacob	Irving	.....	83	
Crothers, Charles W	Hastings	Aug. 26, 1897	62	Lived in county 46 years.
Erway, Eli	Rutland	Aug. 15, 1897	75	Lived in county 31 years.
Forbes, Hortense Wood	Carlton	Feb. 27, 1898	58	Lived in county 53 years.
Fowler, Mrs. Charles	Maple Grove	.....	70	
Freer, Esther	.....	.....	66	
Granger, Mrs. Margaret	Baltimore	March 20, 1898	63	Lived in county 46 years.
Hindmarch, Mrs. Julia E.	Castleton	Dec. 14, 1897	71	Lived in county 45 years.
Jenkins, Mrs. Frank	Shultz	Oct. 5, 1897	75	A native of England.
Jones, Henry	Hastings	Sept. 12, 1897	72	An old resident of Hastings.
Lewis, Adam	Orangeville	Aug. 14, 1897	.....	Resided in Orangeville 45 years.
Lyons, Mrs. Henry	Johnstown	July 17, 1897	71	Resided in county many years.
Martin, Solomon	County farm	.....	80	Resided in county 35 years.
McBain, Alexander	Delton	Feb. 14, 1898	72	Resided in county many years.
McCarty, George P	Hastings	June 4, 1897	57	Resided in Michigan 53 years.
McIlwain, Mrs. Susan R	Barry	July 25, 1897	56	Resided in county 49 years.
Myers, Mrs. Eliza M	Hastings	Nov. 28, 1897	85	Resided in county 42 years.
Newton, Mrs. William	.....	June 5, 1897	83	Resided in county many years.
Norris, Charles J	Barryville	March 23, 1898	68	Resided in county 50 years.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Otis, Philander	Rutland	June 1, 1897	73	Resided in county 43 years.
Polley, Lucian	Barry	Feb. 20, 1898	85	Resided in county 52 years.
Potter, Stephen	Yankee Springs	Oct. 5, 1897	79	
Rich, Jason	Hastings		62	Resided in city 50 years.
Rogers, Philetus	Prairieville	Jan. 6, 1898	81	Resided in county 46 years.
Roush, Mr. John	Hastings	Aug. 2, 1897	63	
Schmelcher, Jacob	Irving	Dec. 2, 1897	90	Lived in county 44 years.
Shedd, Mrs. Mary F.	Hastings	June 20, 1897,	79	Lived in county many years.
Shultz, Joseph	Hastings	Nov. 26, 1897	72	
Smith, Martin	Rutland		80	
Stanton, Mrs. Rebecca		June 2, 1897	90	
Stillwell, William	Castleton	June 4, 1897	81	Lived in Michigan 59 years.
Stimpson, Amsey	Parmelee	Sept. 12, 1897		
Sutherland, Mrs. Myron	Hastings	Aug. 26, 1897	65	An old resident of Castleton.
Tinkler, Martin	Hastings township	Aug. 2, 1897	84	Resided in Hastings 50 years.
Warner, William	Dowling	Nov. 7, 1897	76	One of the oldest pioneers.
Yarger, Mrs. Margaret	Carlton	Feb. 8, 1898	74	Lived in county 41 years.

BARNUM.—Mrs. H. E. Barnum died at the home of her daughter in Hastings.

Mrs. Harriet Barnum was one of the very earliest pioneers of the county. She taught the first school in Woodland at the age of 14. She married at an early age, and after five children were born she was left a widow with but small means to rear her family. Patiently she took up the task and lived to see them grow up into manhood and womanhood honored and respected.

BECKWITH.—Charles Beckwith died at his home in Hastings February 26, 1898, aged 71 years.

Deceased was born in Norfolk, Ohio, and was a hero of two wars. In 1846 he enlisted with Company C, 15th U. S., and served until the war closed, being in the battles of Chapultepec, Molino del Rey and other important contests during that war.

At the close of the Mexican war he returned home, and was married to Miss Esther Palmer in the autumn of 1852. Soon after his marriage he moved to Clarksfield, Ohio, where their daughter Cora was born.

In 1864 they moved to Rutland township, Barry county, settling on a farm.

In February, 1865, he answered his country's call and enlisted in the great Civil war under Capt. John Clark, Company I, 7th Michigan Cavalry, and served faithfully till the end of the war. In 1875 the family moved to Hastings, where they have since resided.

Bristol.—Elias Bristol, one of the first settlers of Johnstown, died August 6, 1897, at the age of 86 years.

The deceased was born in New York state. He first came to Michigan in 1836, and took up some land from the government, where some of the Bristol family now live. At that time the government land office was located at Ionia. He went on foot through the woods, lodging nights with different camps of Indians.

He returned to his home in New York the same fall, coming back to Michigan in 1839 and lived at Adrian. Here he had the misfortune to be burned out, and returned to New York the same year.

In 1861 he came a third time to this State and located at Niles, moving to Barry county in 1863, where he lived until his death.

Bristol.—Wm. P. Bristol, a pioneer of Johnstown, died January 17, 1898, aged 96 years. Sturdy, honest, industrious, frugal and temperate, he lived to see generations come and go, his children grow to manhood and womanhood in honor and influence. Mr. Bristol was a native of Dutchess county, New York, and there he married Deborah Marshall January 25, 1826. In the fall of 1837, he with his wife and five children, came to Johnstown, where he has lived ever since. He resided on the one farm, his homestead, sixty-four years.

Dewey.—Albert C. Dewey, aged 81 years, died December 3, 1897, at the home of his brother, Levi M. Dewey, in Johnstown.

Deceased was born in New York state, and came to Michigan in 1836 and settled in Calhoun county. In 1849 he went overland to California. He spent the winter of '49-'50 on the Sandwich Islands. In 1853 he started back to Michigan by the way of the Isthmus of Panama, and afterward, in 1854, he settled in Johnstown, where he has lived ever since.

Downing.—Cyrus A. Downing died in Nashville, aged 85 years. He was hale and hearty all his life up to a few months prior to his demise. He was born in Maintz, Cayuga county, N. Y. He came to the Territory of Michigan the year before its admission into the Union as a State, making the whole journey by team and wagon, first locating at Albion, which at that time consisted of but one store, one frame and two log houses, and he lived where now are the suburbs of that thriving city. During his residence there he was married to Cynthia Luce of Orleans county, New York, the marriage occurring on September 5th, 1838. In the fall of '51 they removed to Castleton township, this county, where they resided until '84, when they moved to the village.

Fuller.—Reuben Fuller, a native of Hastings, and one of the very first children born in that section, died at Butterworth hospital, Grand Rapids,

November 7, 1897, aged 53 years. At the outbreak of the rebellion he enlisted in the 65th Illinois Infantry and served until mustered out.

GILLASPIE.—Rev. I. M. B. Gillaspie, aged 60 years, died in Hastings November 13, 1897. He lived in and near Hastings for 50 years. He served three years in the Eleventh Michigan Infantry during the war. He was a minister for thirty years, occupying the pulpit in the Baptist church of Hastings for a year and a half.

HINE.—John Hine, aged 63 years, died at his home in Hope, February 21, 1898. Mr. Hine was one of the pioneers of Hope township. Moving to Michigan when it was almost a wilderness, he pre-empted of the government the land upon which he lived at the time of his death.

HOUGHTALIN.—Henry Houghtalin died at his home in Baltimore September 27, 1897, aged 62 years. Deceased was born in Livingston county, New York, and had lived in Barry county 47 years. He was for a term sheriff of the county.

KAHLER.—Nicholas Kahler was born in Warzenbach Kurhaszen, Germany, February 27, 1829, and died January 9, 1898, aged 68 years.

Mr. Kahler came to America in 1848 and located in Delaware. Later he moved to Elba, New York, where he married Miss Margaretha Dunkalman, who has since shared his joys and sorrows. The family moved to Michigan, arriving at Battle Creek March 2, 1855. They located on section 3 in Prairieville township, and have remained there the past 43 years. They were among the earliest settlers in Barry township, and Mr. Kahler assisted in cutting roads through the forest to furnish an outlet for the scanty inhabitants. Through persistent toil and economy he succeeded in amassing a snug fortune.

STRIKER.—Hon. Daniel Striker, aged 63 years, died of heart failure at his residence in Hastings April 12, 1898. Mr. Striker was one of the early settlers of Barry county, and one of the useful, prominent and vigorous business men of the section. He was also a most active and valued member of the State Pioneer and Historical Society, and a memorial, suitable to the man and position he occupied, appears elsewhere in this volume.

SWEEZEY.—Hon. James A. Sweezey died in Hastings, aged 69 years.

Deceased was a native of Long Island, being born in the township of Brook Haven. His father was a seaman for 20 years, being in command of a vessel most of the time. Young James, when only 16 years of age, studied the science of navigation, and for two years followed the sea, where the physical exertions required gave him that powerful physique that stood him so well in later years. In 1851 Mr. Sweezey settled in

Hastings and at the time of his death was the oldest practitioner at the bar, we believe, in the county. In 1856 he was elected prosecuting attorney, which office he held four terms. In 1863 he was elected to the State Legislature and was reelected to the same office at the expiration of his term. In 1864 he was elected Regent of the University and held that position for eight years. He was again elected Prosecuting Attorney in 1892-4.

Towne.—Amos C. Towne, one of Prairieville's best known citizens, died August 25, 1897, aged 79 years. Mr. Towne was born in Bakersfield, Franklin county, Vermont. As a young man he was active, progressive and ambitious, and by perseverance, hard work and strict integrity laid the foundation for a successful life and an honorable career. Receiving his education in a district school, by teaching during the winter months he earned the money to pay his own expenses through a five years' course in Alexandria Seminary, from which institution he graduated before he had reached his 21st year.

In September, 1850, he was married to Miss Abina M. Pendill, of Byron, N. Y., and in 1855 they came to Barry county, settling upon a piece of land—a part of the present farm of 200 acres, which is one of the best in the county. No better tribute to his honor, and the confidence and esteem in which he was held among his friends and neighbors, can be paid than to say that for nearly 20 years he was elected supervisor of Prairieville township, and in 1874-75 was elected as Representative in the State Legislature from this county.

Wright.—Dr. A. J. Wright died February 11, 1898, aged 56 years. Deceased was born in Warren county, Pennsylvania. When 14 years of age he came to Michigan with his parents and settled in Chester, Eaton county. A few years later he returned to his native State, where he remained until 1861. After preparing for the medical profession he located in Carlton in 1863, where he continuously practiced up to the time of his death.

BRANCH COUNTY.

BY HARVEY HAYNES.

Ball.—Thaddeus Ball, an old pioneer of Branch county, died at his home in Quincy township October 14, 1897. He had lived more than the alloted time of man, and witnessed Branch county transformed from a wilderness to what it is at present. His life was one of great activity, and by his efforts he had contributed largely to the development and prosperity of the county.

Mr. Ball was born in Steuben, Oneida county, N. Y., October 29, 1813. He came to Michigan in 1836 and entered his first 80 acres of land from the government. Returning to New York in 1840 he married Catherine Folts and settled upon the homestead where he has resided since and where he died.

BENNETT.—Hiram Harrison Bennett was born in Chemung county, New York, on August 10th, 1815. In 1835 his father's family removed to Rollin, Lenawee county, Michigan. In 1837 he married Caroline Holmes and in 1845 he moved with his family to the little settlement of "Dayburg," in the township of Butler, Branch county, buying a piece of woodland which he cleared and farmed like other pioneers of those days. Largely by his religious activity the First Baptist church of Butler was organized the next year after his arrival in town, Hiram being elected its first deacon, a position he held until the church disbanded in 1874. He was also active in the organization of the fourth school district and was elected its first director, which position he held several years. At various times he was also elected supervisor, justice of the peace and township clerk twice in that township.

CARD.—Silas N. Card died June 19, 1897. He was born in Binghampton county, Vt., June 25, 1812. In 1836 he came to Michigan, settling near Branch. The following year, May 7, 1837, he was united in marriage to Susan B. Cole, who lived near Syracuse, N. Y. For twenty-two years Mr. Card and family resided in Bethel and Ovid townships, and for over twenty years of this time he served in the capacity of justice of the peace.

FISK.—Abram Canfield Fisk, a pioneer of Branch county, died at his residence on East Chicago street, Coldwater, September 27, 1897. His death was not unexpected, for he had been gradually failing for several weeks, and the end was peaceful and painless. He had lived more than the alloted time of man, and his life had been one of great activity, and his efforts contributed largely to the development and prosperity of the county.

Mr. Fisk came to Coldwater in September, 1835, with only his hands, his energy and his courage to win a place in life, and he succeeded to a marked degree in the accomplishment of his purpose. He became possessed of one of the finest farms and homes in the county, which is conspicuous for its beauty. His love for a thoroughbred horse always amounted almost to a passion, and he gave to the world some of its finest specimens.

Mr. Fisk was born in Penfield, Monroe county, N. Y., February 19th, 1815. He came to Coldwater September 7, 1835. He secured sufficient money by manual labor in one year to take up and enter forty acres of

government land. He married Catherine, daughter of Rev. Francis Smith, September 3, 1836, and settled upon the homestead in 1840, where he has resided since and where he died. His wife died July 12, 1881. He married Ellenor, daughter of James Fisk, in 1884, who survives him.

GRAY.—Darwin L. Gray died at his home in Algansee township, May 1, 1897, aged 75 years. Mr Gray was one of the early pioneers of Branch county, having been a resident of the county for 61 years and of the State about 70 years. He was born in Ashfield, Franklin county, Mass. In 1827 he emigrated with his father to Washtenaw county, where he remained nearly eight years, when he removed to Toledo, Ohio. After a residence of nearly two years there, he came to Branch county, and settled in Algansee, where he has since resided. In 1869 Mr. Gray was married to Mrs. Julia A. Fales, daughter of Benjamin Archer, Esq., one of the honored dead who went to do battle in our country's defense.

GREEN.—E. C. S. Green died at his residence in Gilead, Tuesday evening, August 10, 1897, aged 72 years. The deceased was born in Tyre, N. Y., and came to Michigan with his parents in 1841. He was united in marriage with Miss Nancy M. Keyes, July 16, 1850. Mrs. Green died February 28, 1861, and April 15, 1863, Mr. Green married Miss Lydia H. Thurston, who survives him.

SPRAGUE.—The dawn of last Sabbath, October 24, 1897, rose upon the sunset of life for Dr. Wm. B. Sprague, and between the morning and evening of his existence more than a century of time had elapsed. The weight of years had rested lightly upon him until but a few months ago, when the burden became too heavy, and with an abiding faith, a mind serene, and the consciousness that the "everlasting arms were underneath" he willingly went home to his Father's mansion. He had lived to see the open prairie, where Coldwater stands, adorned with a beautiful city. He came here a young man, and after his work was completed and the evening shadows of life fell about him, he lived the life of a country gentleman, with his books and papers, and his presence always reminded one of the courtly gentlemen of the olden time, whose knightly bearing was as simple and graceful as it was noble and grand.

Dr. Sprague was born at Malta, N. Y., February 28, 1797. He was a graduate of the medical college of Fairfield, N. Y. He married Miss Mary Smith at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., in 1831, and they came to live in Coldwater in 1835. He was identified with the early history of the city, and was honored my many local offices, besides being chosen to the State Legislature in 1846.

The Doctor was born before the close of Washington's administration

and consequently had lived under every President of the United States. Five children were born to him—Francis, Mary, Phebe, Sophia and Emma—the four sisters still living. His wife died many years ago, and since that time he has lived with his son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Burdick, at the old homestead. As a pleasant feature to relate, his friends enjoyed recalling how the Sabbath day figured conspicuously in certain events of his life. He was born on Sunday, attained his majority on Sunday, celebrated his 100th birthday on Sunday and on Sunday he died. He was truly a "Sunday child."

WOODARD.—Mrs. Bernetty Woodard, whose earthly life was extended beyond the horizon of a century, died at the home of her son-in-law, Jeremiah Lockwood, in Ovid township, October 22, 1897, aged 102 years. August 14, 1895, her many friends congratulated her upon her attainment of one hundred years of life. She was born in Bedford, N. Y., August 14, 1795, and her maiden name was Bernetty Seely. At the age of 22 years she was united in marriage with Archibald Woodard, at Bainbridge, N. Y., on the 5th of November, 1817. Together they went to Pennsylvania in 1837, and came to Branch county in 1840. Mr. Woodard died March 28, 1864. Since that time she has lived with Mr. Lockwood. One sister, at Bainbridge, now 85 years old, and one daughter, Mrs. Matilda Sprague, 79 years of age, of Bronson, survive her.

CALHOUN COUNTY.

BY JOHN F. HINMAN.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Adams, Jane	Battle Creek	Nov. 1, 1897	77	
Aldrich, Mrs. Luretta	Battle Creek	Mar. 15, 1898	47	
Allen, James	Albion	Nov. 24, 1897	67	
Allen, Rev. Lyman	Marshall	Feb. 11, 1898	89	A minister of the gospel for half a century.
Allen, Mrs. Samuel	Tekonsha	Nov. 8, 1897	64	Came to U. S. in 1848.
Allison, John	Sheridan	Sept. 7, 1897	52	Lived in Michigan 25 years.
Alton, Sylvia	Marshall	Mar., 1898	84	
Amsden, Mrs. Harriet	Albion	May 16, 1898	67	
Arnold, Mrs. J. B.	Fredonia	Jan. 22, 1898	68	
Babcock, Joseph	Battle Creek	Oct. 24, 1897	62	
Babcock, Uriah	Newton	Feb. 9, 1898	63	
Baldwin, Mrs. G. W	Albion	July 6, 1897	68	
Ball, D. O	Albion	Oct. 7, 1897	65	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Bascomb, Francis Louisa	Albion	April 15, 1898	52	Many years a resident of township.
Bates, Mrs. Anna	Marshall	Dec. 1, 1897	58	Was a continuous resident of county nearly 50 years.
Bathrick, Dr. F. W.	Battle Creek	Sept. 20, 1897	63	For 30 years a leading physician of the city.
Beardslee, Mrs. Charlotte	Battle Creek	Oct. 1, 1897	78	
Benham, John H.	Homer	Jan. 5, 1898	70	A pioneer with a large acquaintance.
Bennett, Mrs. Cyril	Clarendon	Feb. 13, 1898	50	
Benson, Mrs. Lydia A.	Battle Creek	April 5, 1898	71	
Betzold, Mrs. Clara	Battle Creek	Mar. 20, 1898	78	
Bickford, Mrs. Darius	Marshall	Sept. 25, 1897	73	One of the oldest pioneers of the county.
Billings, Mrs. Abbey	Marshall	Nov. 15, 1897	72	
Black, Mrs. Mary	Albion	April 21, 1898	53	
Bodine, Mrs. Wm	Battle Creek	Mar. 30, 1898	87	
Boughton, Bradley	Battle Creek		70	Resident of Marshall since 1837.
Boughton, James	Battle Creek	Feb. 3, 1898	59	Cashier of First National Bank.
Bowers, Mrs. Tacy	Marshall	Feb. 17, 1898	61	
Boyd, Mrs. Agnes	Sheridan	Oct. 29, 1897	85	
Boyd, Mrs. David	Sheridan	Feb. 9, 1898	62	
Boyd, Hubert	Albion	Oct. 11, 1897	43	
Brainard, John H.	Homer	Feb. 3, 1898	80	
Brand, Mrs. Benjamin	Fredonia	Nov. 9, 1897	47	
Brookins, James H	Battle Creek	Mar. 24, 1898	78	
Brooks, Joel	Albion	Dec. 18, 1897	86	
Bullock, Martin	Albion	Feb. 28, 1898	60	A resident of city over 30 years.
Burkle, Jacob	Marshall	Nov. 17, 1897	70	
Buskirk, Stephen	Albion	Aug. 12, 1897	77	
Carr, Mrs. Hattie	Albion	April 20, 1898	52	
Carr, Mrs. Sarah K.	Battle Creek	Mar. 13, 1898	58	
Clapp, Wm. C.	Homer	May 6, 1898	45	
Clark, Catharine	Homer	April 9, 1898	82	
Clark, Mrs. Sarah N.	Albion	Sept. 22, 1897	80	
Clute, Mrs. Alanzan	Lee	July 9, 1897		
Coats, Spencer	Battle Creek	April 22, 1898	83	
Cole, Charity	Albion	Nov. 18, 1897	84	
Cole, Wm.	Bedford	Dec. 16, 1897	70	A well known resident, killed by a tree.
Colony, Elizabeth	Battle Creek	July 25, 1897	77	
Cooper, Mrs. Mary M.	Marshall	Mar. 14, 1898	68	
Corliss, Clinton B.	Albion	April 18, 1898	74	For 16 years janitor of Albion College.
Cornell, Mary	Albion	Nov. 6, 1897	79	
Cornell, Thomas A.	Battle Creek	July 4, 1897		
Cox, Mrs. Cynthia	Emmet	Feb. 13, 1898	62	
Cox, Mrs. Eleanor B.	Battle Creek	Feb. 12, 1898	85	
Craig, Wm.	Battle Creek	Aug. 2, 1897	79	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Crane, Mrs. Tryphena	Battle Creek	Oct. 9, 1897	57	
Crosby, C. H.	Battle Creek	Oct. 31, 1897	76	
Crothers, Mrs. Geo	Battle Creek	April 29, 1898	75	
Dennis, James	Concord	Nov. 11, 1897	72	
Doig, Mrs. James	Battle Creek	Mar. 15, 1898	44	
Dolph, Mrs. Mary	Clarendon	June 9, 1897	56	A resident of the county all her life.
Doud, Mrs. Anna	Battle Creek	Sept. 20, 1897	88	
Douding, James	Marshall	April 22, 1898	66	
Doughty, Thomas	Clarendon	Mar. 19, 1898	70	Deceased was a shipbuilder, and in 1862 assisted in the construction of the Monitor, a type of war vessel which has revolutionized naval warfare.
Dutton, Chas	Albion	June 22, 1897	65	
Dwinell, Henry L	Battle Creek	Sept. 18, 1897	86	A resident of county many years.
Edmonds, Geo	Battle Creek	May 15, 1898	58	
Ellis, Chas. L	Battle Creek	Sept. 25, 1897	42	
Elwood, Mrs. Elvira	Newton	April 20, 1898	50	
Errington, Mrs. Geo	Pennfield	Sept. 15, 1897	71	
Encke, E. H	Albion	June 22, 1897	79	Lived on the farm since 1855.
Fairchild, Mrs. Ruth	Albion	July 6, 1897	89	
Fale, Joseph	Athens	Oct. 10, 1897	76	
Ferguson, Mrs. Wm. A	Albion	Dec. 28, 1897	69	
Fish, Sylvia	Marshall	Mar. 24, 1898	84	
Fisher, Mrs. Myrta C.	Battle Creek	Feb. 9, 1898	38	
Flinn, Mrs. Ella	Battle Creek	Sept. 18, 1897	.....	
Fluke, Mrs. Mary A	Albion	April 18, 1898	73	
Foley, Keirner	Homer	Mar. 3, 1898	84	Born in Ireland; came to U. S. in 1837 and settled in Michigan.
Fonda, Cornelius	Battle Creek	Nov. 6, 1897	88	
Foote, Ambrose S	Battle Creek,	Aug. 15, 1897	.....	Once owner of hotel in in Nashville.
Foster, Wm. H	Battle Creek	Oct. 21, 1897	79	
Francisca, "Sister"	Marshall	Feb. 27, 1898	50	
Gibbs, Mrs. Ann	Homer	Feb. 17, 1898	82	Came overland to Michigan from New York in 1836.
Giles, Mrs. S. M	Battle Creek	July 2, 1897	72	A resident of city many years.
Glover, C. S	Marshall	April 1, 1898	83	
Godfrey, Mrs. Miranda	Emmet	Nov. 13, 1897	55	
Gordon, Benjamin F	Tekonsha	Oct. 21, 1897	.....	An old pensione r.
Goucher, Mrs. Frank	Convis	Feb. 6, 1898	46	
Greene, Mrs. James	Battle Creek	Mar. 16, 1898	58	
Griffs, Alanson	Albion	Nov. 12, 1897	85	A resident of Michigan 65 years.
Hadwin, Mark	Newton	Oct. 1, 1897	.....	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Hamilton, Mrs. Wm.	Albion	Aug. 25, 1897	74	Resided on the farm where she died 36 years.
Haney, Wm	Bedford	Mar. 16, 1898	66	
Harris, John W	Battle Creek	Nov. 19, 1897	45	
Hart, Lafayette	Battle Creek	Mar. 20, 1898	56	
Harwood, Wm	Rice Creek	Sept. 22, 1897	78	
Hatch, DeAlton P.	Homer	Mar., 1898	65	
Hickling, Isaac	Battle Creek	Aug. 9. 1897	74	
Hickman, John E.	Battle Creek	Mar. 21, 1898	75	
Hill, Mrs. Lucy E.	Marshall	Aug. 2, 1897	77	A resident of Homer 50 years.
Hinchman, Mrs. T. B.	Bedford	Mar. 18, 1898	88	
Hiscock, Mrs. Jane	Battle Creek	Mar. 6, 1898	87	
Hoffman, Mrs. Mary	Emmet	Mar. 25, 1898	70	
Hoskins, Levi	LeRoy	Feb. 26, 1898	83	
Howard, John	Homer	Aug. 30, 1897	.....	
Howe, J. L.	Battle Creek	Aug. 27, 1897	69	
Howell, Horace	Battle Creek	July 10, 1897	66	An old resident of the city.
Hughes, A.	Concord	June 12, 1897	75	
Hulbert, Mrs. Jane	Battle Creek	April 25. 1898	77	
Hungerford, C. H.	Battle Creek	Aug. 5, 1897	52	
Hunsberger, Rev. Aaron	Albion	June 2, 1897	.....	A retired M. E. minister and book canvasser.
Ink, Edmund	Albion	June 22, 1897	79	Lived in the community 30 years.
Iven, Richard	Emmet	May 21, 1898	80	
Jackson, Matilda	Lee	Feb. 13, 1898	.....	
Johnson, Mrs. H. J.	Battle Creek	Mar. 1, 1898	49	
Johnson, Mrs. Mary A.	Marshall	Nov. 30, 1897	89	For 64 years she lived in the old home.
Johnson, Thomas	Bedford	Nov. 19. 1897	48	
Kern, Aaron	Homer	Aug. 3, 1897	57	All but 4 years of his life were spent in Homer.
Keys, William	Marshall	Sept. 3, 1897	77	Had been a resident of Tekonsha half a century.
King, Mrs. Mary	Marshall	Feb. 16, 1898	78	
King, Mrs. P. S.	Marshall	Sept. 7, 1897	88	
Kipp, Thomas	Marshall	June 5, 1897	86	A pioneer of Marshall.
Knight, Mrs. Sarah	Battle Creek	Oct. 9, 1897	90	
Knight, Thomas	Marshall	Nov. 26, 1897	64	Was murdered at night; no clue ever found.
Lake, Chester	Battle Creek	April 16, 1898	71	
Laker, Albert	Homer	Feb. 4, 1898	52	
Laker, Mrs. Albert	Homer	Jan. 28, 1898	55	A resident of Michigan since 1851.
Lamont, David	Sheridan	Sept. 29, 1897	85	Located in township in 1846.
Lang, Mrs. Catherine	Emmet	May 29, 1898	71	
Leach, Mrs. Elizabeth	Battle Creek	Feb. 20, 1898	82	
Lester, Mrs. E. G.	Albion	Sept. 9, 1897	93	Many years a resident of city.
Lewis, Mrs. Augusta	Albion	June 2, 1897	65	A resident of Albion since 1861.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Long, Frederick H.	Lee	Jan. 14, 1898	49	
Lothridge, Mrs. Mary A.	Battle Creek	Nov. 24, 1897	84	
Lutz, Mrs. Michael	Newton	Oct. 3, 1897	61	
Manka, Frederick	Sheridan	Aug. 15, 1897	73	
Mann, Mrs. Manlius	Marshall	Aug. 10, 1897	85	Lived in Marshall since 1836.
Markham, Guy	Eckford	June 26, 1897	77	Lived in the township since 1860.
Marsh, Lathrop	Albion	May 17, 1898	83	Lived in this locality for more than fifty years.
Marshall, Mrs. S. W.	Albion	Nov. 11, 1897	48	
McAllister, J. W.	Battle Creek	Sept. 27, 1897	60	
McClurg, Mrs. Mary	Battle Creek	Mar. 27, 1897	53	
McCollum, Mrs. Jane	Battle Creek	Aug. 27, 1897	81	One of the early pioneers of Battle Creek.
McCormick, Mrs. Mary	Battle Creek	Mar. 15, 1898	50	
McFarland, Mrs. M.	Battle Creek	Nov. 21, 1897	77	
McGuinney, John	Athens	April 14, 1898	55	A veteran of the war of 1861.
McIntire, Mrs. Maria	Battle Creek	June 1, 1897	68	
McKinney, Albert	Battle Creek	Mar. 24, 1898	78	
Metcalf, Mrs. Helen	Battle Creek	Feb. 26, 1898	64	
Miller, Russell	Marshall	July 18, 1897	.....	
Moore, George P.	Newton	Mar. 7, 1898	76	
Moore, Mr. Marion	Albion	May 22, 1898	48	
Moore, Mrs. Mary	Albion	May 25, 1898	75	
Mott, Lafayette	Emmet	May 17, 1898	70	
Mowen, Jacob	Battle Creek	Oct. 9, 1897	80	
Muffly, Margaret A.	Albion	Oct. 9, 1897	71	
Nichols, Mrs. Edwin C.	Battle Creek	July 21, 1897	.....	Lived in Battle Creek the greater share of her life.
Nichols, Orson A.	Bedford	Oct. 18, 1897	.....	
Northrop, Mrs. Deborah	Battle Creek	Oct. 9, 1897	80	
Otto, Charles	Athens	April 11, 1898	59	
O'Hara, Mrs. Thomas	Albion	Mar. 10, 1898	60	
Osborn, Charles	Battle Creek	Feb. 18, 1898	50	
Ostrander, Peter	Albion	Dec. 9, 1897	75	Lived in Michigan 21 years.
Outman, David	Convis	Mar. 3, 1898	75	A resident of the township 40 years.
Paddock, Stephen	Battle Creek	April 27, 1898	72	
Pasco, Mrs. Martha A.	Battle Creek	May 13, 1898	76	
Perrine, Mrs. Isabelle	Tekonsha	Oct. 12, 1897	94	
Phelps, H. Egbert	Marshall	Mar. 16, 1898	73	He came to the State in 1832
Phillips, Mrs. John	Marengo	Nov. 16, 1897	76	
Pond, J. E.	Marshall	April 18, 1898	78	A pioneer indeed; an early settler of Marshall.
Porr, Charles	Marshall	Feb. 11, 1898	73	
Potter, Mrs. Eliza T.	Battle Creek	May 8, 1898	72	
Pratt, Harry	Athens	Oct. 8, 1897	83	
Pretzell, Frank	Albion	Oct. 10, 1897	50	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Pryor, Samuel	Albion	June 28, 1897	74	A resident of Albion 64 years.
Putnum, O. H	Eckford	Nov. 11, 1897	83	Died while on a hunting trip up north.
Raftery, John J	Albion	June 1, 1897	67	Had been a resident of Albion for 30 years.
Reed, W. Taber	Albion	Dec. 29, 1897	59	Came to Michigan in 1845.
Reese, Albert	Battle Creek	Nov. 25, 1897	83	
Richey, Anson	Eckford	Mar. 17, 1898	61	He was born in the township.
Rickett, Mrs. Eliza	Marshall	May 26, 1898	72	Settled in Marshall in 1855.
Robertson, Mary Cornell	Albion	Nov. 6, 1897	79	A resident of Michigan since 1843.
Robinson, Mrs. B. C	Marshall	Feb. 26, 1898	85	
Roemish, Theodore	Battle Creek	Oct. 12, 1897	59	
Rosecrants, Mrs. A. J	Marshall	April 18, 1898	35	
Ross, Ezra	Battle Creek	April 28, 1898	68	
Ruth, Mrs.	Marshall	July 25, 1897	81	
Saunders, Mrs. H. S	Newton	Sept. 17, 1897	71	An old resident of the township.
Sawtell, Mrs. Esther	Bedford	May 4, 1898	76	
Schuff, Jacob	Battle Creek	Mar. 10, 1898	65	
Scott, James	Battle Creek	Nov. 24, 1897	88	
Shafer, Mrs. Belle A	Battle Creek	Sept. 15, 1897	56	
Shafer, Mrs. John H	Battle Creek	May 23, 1898	58	
Shafer, Mrs. Amy	Newton	April 25, 1898	76	
Sharpsteen, Mrs. A	Convis	Sept. 10, 1897	64	Settled on the farm where she died in 1849.
Shepard, Mrs. David	Battle Creek	April 20, 1898	77	
Sherman, E. J	Clarendon	Mar. 21, 1898	74	
Skinkle, John C	Athens	Mar. 14, 1898	82	An old resident who had lived there many years.
Smith, Mrs. John W	Battle Creek	Mar. 6, 1898	60	
Smith, Samuel H	Homer	May 17, 1898	77	A resident of Michigan 29 years.
Southwell, Mrs. Mary	Clarendon	April 2, 1898	70	Settled in Homer in 1834.
Squire, Mrs. Daniel	Battle Creek	June 26, 1897	74	
Squire, Silas	Albion	Mar. 10, 1898	80	
Starkey, Mrs. Deborah	Battle Creek	May 3, 1898	49	
Stevens, Francis	Homer	Oct. 20, 1897	77	A resident of Michigan since 1855.
Streeter, Miss Carrie	Battle Creek	July 6, 1897	.....	A well known clerk of the city.
Sturgis, Mrs. Matilda	Marshall	Feb. 14, 1898	80	
Sutherland, H. S	Battle Creek	Mar. 1, 1898	44	
Taggart, Mrs. Wm	LeRoy	Oct. 9, 1897	63	
TenEyck, John	Newton	Mar. 1, 1898	44	
Thomas, Mrs. Jud	Albion	Dec. 20, 1897	54	
Thunder, James	Fredonia	June 15, 1897	63	A native of England; came to U. S. in 1834.
Titman, Mrs. Mary	Albion	Dec. 3, 1897	65	Came to Michigan in 1865.
Tousley, Mrs. H. E	Homer	Aug. 31, 1897	85	She resided in Homer 33 years.
Townsend, Mrs. Miles	Marshall	April 4, 1898	54	
Treadwell, Mrs. Anna B	Marshall	Mar. 10, 1898	78	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Underwood, Mrs. Chester	Marshall	Feb. 2, 1898	73	One of the first settlers of the township.
Vanbertheusen, Chas.	Homer	July 16, 1897	60	Served in U. S. navy in war of 1861.
Van Ness, Mrs. Alvira	Marshall	June 3, 1897	54	Lived in Marshall 25 years.
Van Tassell, Mrs. A.	Battle Creek	Aug. 22, 1897	85	
Van Voorhes, Marie	Fredonia	Mar. 20, 1898	73	A resident of Michigan 52 years.
Wagner, Daniel	Lee	April 9, 1898	71	Been a resident of county 62 years.
Wagner, Mrs. John	Lee	May 28, 1898	.....	
Wagner, Reubin	Convis	Nov. 21, 1897	.....	
Walworth, Reuben C.	Battle Creek	April 27, 1898	67	
Walz, Mrs. Barbara	Marshall	Dec. 21, 1898	73	
Ward, Robert	Marshall	Aug. 6, 1897	.....	A well known clothier of Marshall.
Warner, Prof. Jno. A.	LeRoy	April 18, 1898	51	
Watkins, Mrs. Sally	Athens	Feb. 6, 1898	95	
Watrous, Wm. P.	LeRoy	April 23, 1898	74	
Watts, Mrs. James	Homer	June 4, 1897	76	Lived on the farm since 1872.
Weeks, Mrs. J. H.	Battle Creek	Feb. 13, 1897	53	
Wheelock, Mrs. Frank R.	Battle Creek	July 19, 1897	.....	
Whitney, H. W.	Albion	Aug. 31, 1897	77	A resident since 1870.
Wightman, Peter	Emmet	Mar. 21, 1897	83	
Williams, Daniel E.	Tekonsha	Sept. 13, 1897	70	Settled in Michigan in 1857.
Wixon, E. W.	Homer	Dec. 14, 1897	.....	
Wooley, Thomas	Homer	Feb. 10, 1898	79	
Worthington, Jas. L.	Albion	April 6, 1898	71	
Wright, Mrs. Josiah	Albion	Mar. 3, 1898	76	Lived in the city 33 years.
Yarsdorfer, Mrs.	Marshall	Feb. 17, 1898	67	
Young, Mrs. David	Battle Creek	Jan. 14, 1898	73	Lived in township nearly 50 years.
Young, Edward	Marengo	Jan. 26, 1898	78	
Young, Mrs. Mary	Battle Creek	Mar. 7, 1898	75	

BLAIR.—Mary Ellen Blair died at her home in Homer, August 19, 1897, aged 58 years.

She was a daughter of Dr. G. W. and Mrs. B. C. Blair. She was born in Homer, October 3, 1838, and all her life had been a resident of the village. She was a graduate of the Homer Academy when Rev. Bela Fancher was principal. Later she attended Albion College and graduated from the musical department in that institution.

BUMPUS.—P. H. Bumpus, A. B., M. D., was born in the township of Ypsilanti, Mich., January 21, 1841, and spent his boyhood in the village and city of Ypsilanti. At 16 years of age he went to work upon a farm, and at the age of 21 went to Jackson, Mich., where his father had located to engage in the shoe and leather business. In 1870 he graduated from

the University of Michigan. March 29, 1877, he graduated from the homeopathic department of the University of Michigan, and commenced to practice in Middleville in '77. He came to Albion in January, '83, where he continued practice until his death, which occurred February 18, 1898.

Goodrich.—Benjamin F. Goodrich was born in Saline, Mich., December 20, 1845, and died in Homer December 22, 1897. He came to Homer in the spring of 1875 and engaged in the hardware business which he continued successfully for several years. About ten years ago he started in a small way the manufacture of bath tubs. The business grew rapidly and in a few months he had moved into larger quarters, on the site of the present location of the Electric Oil Stove Works. He soon discontinued the manufacture of the bath tubs and in 1890 made the first Electric oil stoves. The business has grown and prospered under his personal supervision and Homer has reaped the benefits of his business sagacity. For three successive terms he was at the head of the municipal government, 1893, '94 and '95, and made one of the best village presidents the city ever had.

Henderson.—Edward Henderson died April 27, 1898, aged 91 years. He was born in Ireland, County West Meath. Being early apprenticed to a tailor, he learned his trade and was employed at it until he decided to go to America. In April, 1832, he took ship for this country and landed after a voyage of 63 days at Quebec. He soon found himself in the midst of the cholera plague, but fearless and energetic, he set to work to be of any possible service to the sick and dying, proving himself to be a skillful nurse. From Quebec he went to Cleveland, O., where he lived several years. From that city he came to Homer in 1837 and established himself in business. For many years he was the leading druggist of Homer. He was commissioned postmaster by President Lincoln and held that office for 16 years. He was repeatedly elected to fill the office of township clerk.

He was married in 1839 to Miss Fanny Bordwell, who died the following year, leaving a daughter, who is now the wife of Mr. Wm. J. Gregg of Marshall. In 1842 Mr. Henderson was married to Mrs. Fanny Woodruff, who, together with two children, survives him.

Hopkins.—Hiram L. Hopkins, one of the best known residents of Homer, died October 11, 1897. He was born February 16, 1836, at Virgil, Cortland county, N. Y. When 17 years of age he went with his parents to Pennsylvania. Two years later they came to Homer. In 1861 he went to California by the overland route and spent nearly eight years there. During this time his remarkable mechanical ability was

shown in the invention of the first gold quartz crushing mill on the Pacific coast. He came back to Homer in 1868 and married the wife who survives him, then Miss Lucene Granger. With his bride he returned to California where they remained one year. Ever since they have resided in Homer.

HULETT.—Mrs. Julia Morton Hulett was born in Ann Arbor June 30, 1853, and died April 4, 1898. Her parents moved to Marshall while she was very young and she lived all her life in that place with the exception of ten years spent in Jackson. She attended the Marshall public schools, graduating with the class of 1872 and afterwards taught in the Park and East Ward schools for four years. She was married to Herbert J. Hulett July 30, 1879, who with one son, remains.

KOCHER.—Peter Kocher was born in Pennsylvania May 3, 1813, and entered into rest September 24, 1897. He was married March 4, 1835, to Miss Susan D. Webster, who died 12 years ago. In 1837 Mr. Kocher moved to Michigan and settled in Marshall, and thus became identified with the pioneers of Calhoun county. When the call was made for men to defend the flag in 1861, he volunteered, served nine months, when he was taken sick and honorably discharged.

July 9, 1887, he was married to Mrs. Abigail Bennett, with whom he spent ten peaceful and happy years.

LYON.—Thomas Lyon of Homer, one of the town's best known citizens, and probably the wealthiest man in the southeastern part of the county, died March 30, 1898.

Mr. Lyon was a New Yorker and was almost 79 years old. In his early life he was a Methodist minister, spending 28 years at that work. He came to Homer in 1870, at once opening a bank and has been prominently connected with the business interests of the town since, having been the president and chief stockholder of the Exchange bank, First State bank and present Homer Banking Co.

SWEENEY.—Frank Sweeney, an old resident of Marshall, died August 16, 1897, after a long illness. Mr. Sweeney was born in Ireland and came to this country when a boy. He enlisted in the 2d Mich. Cavalry in 1861 and served through the war, receiving an honorable discharge at its close.

TAYLOR.—Barton Stout Taylor, the son of Philo and Octavia Taylor, was born May 19, 1820, in Bloomfield, Ontario county, New York. His mother died when he was a little less than three years old. In 1827 he moved to Michigan, his father having taken a farm in this new state and settled in the township of Plymouth, Wayne county, about thirty miles from Detroit. The pioneer life had all the hardships and pleasures inci-

dent to the backwoods life. During the first year here there was no school in the community, but the children were taught in the home by the stepmother. The next year a school opened in that section, which he attended. At 14 years of age he attended school at Northville and later the preparatory department of the University at Ann Arbor. He then taught school a time, but suffered much in health. This directed his attention to the study of medicine which he afterwards took up. Graduating in 1845, he was married on the 25th day of May of the same year to Marietta Rowland, of Northville. He practiced medicine in Northville and Lansing, but while there was impressed with the conviction that he should preach.

This work was begun immediately and in the following September he was stationed at Washington, Macomb county, and the next following year at Flint. Threatened with consumption, he was advised to go South, and spent about eight months in Tennessee. In 1856, soon after his return from the South, his wife died.

The next ten years were occupied in the ministry and in 1866, while at East Saginaw, he married Miss Elizabeth Gurney. Since 1883 he has been steadily occupied as librarian at Albion College.

CLINTON COUNTY.

BY RALPH WATKINS.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Adams, Elizabeth S. D.	St. Johns	Jan. 7, 1898	66	Came to Michigan in 1860.
Averill, John	DeWitt	Mar. 25, 1898	80	Resided there over 30 years.
Avery, Sumner	Eagle	Jan. 20, 1898	84	
Babcock, Elizabeth		Mar. 24, 1898	100	
Baylis, Eunice E.		May 6, 1897	57	
Blood, Mrs. Alanson	Oakgrove	April 12, 1898	65	Lived in county since 1865.
Brinkerhoff, Mrs. D. W.	Watertown	Oct. 25, 1897	77	Settled in county thirty years before.
Coleman, Benj.	DeWitt	Jan. 25, 1898	97	Settled in county in 1859.
Corwin, Chas. G.	Bengal	Feb. 13, 1898	67	Settled in county in 1865.
Crandall, Mrs. Clara	Riley	Oct. 16, 1897	62	A native of Michigan.
Daniells, Mrs. N. L.	Wacousta	Feb. 6, 1898	70	Settled in county in 1846.
Davies, Robt. E.	Greenbush	June 23, 1897	65	He came to Greenbush in the fall of 1855, and has been connected with the Greenbush fanning mill factory with his brother, William T., ever since.
Davis, E. H.		Sept. 30, 1897	71	
Davis, Elizabeth S.		June 13, 1887	66	
Dickerson, Mrs. Matilda		Aug. 19, 1897	99	
Dundon, Elzada	Fowler	April 15, 1898	75	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Epkey, Martin	Dallas	Oct. 3, 1897	82	Lived on the farm continuously 45 years.
Fisher, Jeremiah, Sr.	Lebanon	April 2, 1898	85	Lived in neighborhood since 1865.
Float, Walter		Nov. 4, 1897	69	
Gallagher, John	Riley	Feb. 14, 1898	68	
Gumear, Jacob		Nov. 11, 1897	77	
Hall, Isabel F.	Bath	Mar. 24, 1898	82	
Hewett, Mrs. M. A.	Greenbush	May 9, 1898	68	Lived in township since 1847.
Heck, Mrs. W. M.		Feb. 17, 1898	56	
Higgins, Mrs. Cornelia	Elsie	Mar. 9, 1898	80	A pensioner of the Mexican war.
Hoerner, Mrs. Michael	Westphalia	June 30, 1897	70	Came to Michigan from Germany 38 years ago.
Howard, Matilda W.		Sept. 7, 1897	95	
Hughes, Owen	St. Johns	Dec. 11, 1897	61	Many years a resident of county.
Jason, Sylvester	Riley	Jan. 1, 1898	63	Resident of State 45 years.
Johnson, Flora D.		Oct. 30, 1897	53	
Kennedy, Mrs. Mary	St. Johns	Sept. 29, 1897	53	
Kinley, Mary F.	Lebanon	April 1, 1898	55	Lived in county since 1850.
Lane, Amos	South Bingham	Sept. 28, 1897	65	
Lazelle, Rachel		Nov. 4, 1897	95	
Lyon, Mrs. Chloe A.	St. Johns	Oct. 25, 1897	82	Came to Michigan when a territory.
McNaughton, Jeremiah	St. Johns	Mar. 9, 1898	68	Settled in St. Johns in 1864.
Moore, Jonathan		Sept. 30, 1897	61	
Moore, Mrs. Peter	Duplain	Feb. 4, 1898	73	
Mulder, Mrs. Vesta E.	Bingham	Oct. 23, 1897	66	
Newton, Mrs. J. L.		Oct. 21, 1897	70	
Oleson, Anna R.	St. Johns	April 7, 1898	58	
Palmer, Harvey	Eureka	Sept. 29, 1897	62	He was a native of Michigan.
Palmer, Mrs.		Aug. 12, 1897	87	
Patterson, Mrs. H. J.	St. Johns	April 15, 1898	56	
Perdew, J. V.			62	
Petsch, Hubbard	Westphalia	June 17, 1897	62	
Phillips, Joshua	St. Johns	April 20, 1898	67	
Pingel, Mrs. Fredericka	St. Johns	Oct. 4, 1897	75	
Redoutey, Joseph		Aug. 12, 1897	69	
Rice, Mrs. Calvin N.	West Bengal	June 29, 1897	56	Lived all her life in the county.
Rideout, Emeline		Aug. 5, 1897	67	
Robards, Mrs. J. H.	St. Johns	Dec. 22, 1897	63	Lived on the farm 30 years.
Roberts, Wm.	St. Johns	July 22, 1897	67	Settled in St. Johns in 1861.
Robinson, A. C.	South Riley		70	Settled in Michigan in 1837.
Rosekrans, Mrs. Caroline	Bingham	April 20, 1898	76	Came to Michigan in 1833.
Salisbury, Mrs. Thos. H.	St. Johns	Mar. 3, 1897	68	
Slater, Isaiah	Riley	Jan. 19, 1898	77	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Sly, John	St. Johns	April 7, 1898	71	A veteran of the war of 1861.
Smith, Mrs. E. M.	St. Johns	Mar. 21, 1898	55	
Soundy, William	Westphalia	Aug. 14, 1897	64	
Stafford, Mrs. C. W.		Sept. 30, 1897	63	
Stanton, John	Ovid	Mar. 14, 1897	65	A veteran of the war of 1861.
Tabor Humphrey	South Bingham	Feb. 13, 1898	62	Lived in the State 56 years.
Talmage, Eliza S.	St. Johns	June 4, 1897	73	
Taylor, Marcus S.	Riley	Jan. 8, 1898	62	Resided in the township 33 years.
Townsend, Capt. G. W.	Baldwin	Jan. 14 1898	73	A veteran of 1861.
Valentine, Miss Amanda	Ovid	Oct. 2, 1897	65	
Van Fleet, Philo	Olive	Aug. 24, 1897	75	Died of heart failure while driving home the cows.
Whitlock, Mrs. Phoebe	Greenbush	Oct. 16, 1897	80	A resident of Greenbush since 1845.
Wirth, John	Westphalia	April 13, 1898	72	

ALEXANDER.—Hon. Sidney U. Alexander, residing in Eagle township, died August 26, 1897, at the age of 63 years. Mr. Alexander was one of the early settlers of Clinton county, his father, Hon. Harvey Alexander, having settled in DeWitt in 1836, after which time the son resided in Clinton county, excepting seven years when he was connected with the St. Paul Pioneer, now the Pioneer Press of St. Paul, Minn. In his early life he was with the Clintonian Express of DeWitt, now the Clinton Independent of St. Johns, and he was connected with the Lansing Journal during the proprietorship of Peck and Thompson. In 1858 he was married to Mary J. Van Slyke, a daughter of General Van Slyke of Cottage Grove, Minn.

Mr. Alexander was a member of the Michigan Legislature in 1867 and during the war was supervisor from Olive township, and afterwards from Watertown, to which township he removed. He was a life-long Democrat, having been a member of the Democrat county committee for more than thirty years.

BAKER.—Dr. Timothy Baker, who was among the earliest settlers of St. Johns, died at Union City, Branch county, February 23, 1898.

Dr. Baker was born in Seneca county, New York, September 16, 1816, He began the study of medicine in his early youth, and came to Michigan in 1835, having been thereafter prominently identified with important business enterprises at Monroe and Jonesville, later locating at Detroit. From that city he went to St. Johns, and was one of the early settlers of that place, being conspicuously identified with the platting of the town and with its business interests. He was married in 1836 to Elizabeth Miller, who died in 1847, leaving one daughter, Sarah E.,

who became the wife of Bobert G. Hutchinson. October 4, 1854, he was married to Sarah A. Hodge, who survives him.

Dr. Baker had been a resident of Union City since 1875, and until a few years since was engaged in the practice of medicine there.

Butler.—Frank Butler who died of consumption at his residence in St. Johns, June 3, 1897, was born at Raleigh, North Carolina, January 1, 1845. His father, Alexander Butler, was at the time of his birth, a soldier of the Mexican war, and a brother-in-law of Colonel Marble, who was an officer in the Mexican army. The wife of Colonel Marble, being an aunt of Mr. Butler's, adopted him and took him into her family. He lived with his aunt until 1861, when he then left home drifting from place to place until finally in 1864, he joined the army of the Cumberland, remaining with the army until 1865, when he came north and settled at Ovid in the year of 1866. After living there awhile he was married to Agnes Thurston of Ovid, who died April 29, 1888.

Cook.—Addison Cook of DeWitt township, one of the men who braved the early pioneer days in Clinton county, having settled here in 1839, passed away August 6, 1897. He was at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. H. Bedell, in North Lansing, and seemed as well as usual, ate a hearty dinner and was in good spirits. During the afternoon Mrs. Bedell went down town and on returning failed to find her father in his accustomed place. Going up stairs she found him lying on a bed apparently asleep, but it was the long sleep that knows no waking.

Addison Cook or "Uncle Addison," as he was familiarly called, was born in Bennington county, Vermont, in 1817. He came with his father to Salem when Michigan was a territory. Uncle Addison was a veteran of the war of 1835. He was called out several times but never got further than Monroe. He was presented with a lieutenant's commission by Steven S. Mason, Michigan's first governor. In 1839 he came to Clinton county. In 1842 he married Antoinette Alexander and in 1843 he purchased 80 acres on section 31, Olive, now owned and occupied by Varney Pearce, Sr. This land was then an entire wilderness. Brush and trees had to be cut before a house could be erected. Wild animals were numerous and troublesome. Mr. Cook had to get up many times in the night and drive Bruin from his pig pen. He cleared 30 acres on his farm. Truly it may be said that our work lives after us as the shade trees in front of Mr. Pearce's residence show today the handiwork of Mr. Cook in trimming and training them while they were mere bushes. Few knew better than Mr. Cook the trials that attended the early pioneer days. At his advent in Clinton county cook stoves were almost unknown. The old Dutch fire place with its stick chimney, crane, hooks, bake kettle, with an occasional tin baker were the cooking utensils.

DUNCAN.—Myron N. Duncan was born in Bennington county, Vermont, in 1822. He removed to Niagara county, N. Y., with his parents when a small boy. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted in the 97th New York Volunteers and went to the front where he saw hard service, his regiment being in several of the hottest battles fought during the war. At the expiration of his term of enlistment he was honorably discharged at Albany, N. Y., and returned to Niagara county, where he lived and filled various offices of trust until 1885, when he removed to St. Johns. During his residence here he was elected justice of the peace for two terms. He was three times married, his first wife dying in New York State; his second in St. Johns, and his third survives him.

HICKS.—Susan, widow of the late William L. Hicks, better known among the earlier settlers of St. Johns as "Granny" Hicks, died April 7, 1898, in her 89th year. She was a native of New York, and with her husband and family removed to St. Johns, Michigan, the latter part of June, 1856. They at once entered the hotel then known as the "Exchange," as its landlord and landlady. The name of this hostlery was changed to that of Hicks hotel, and it occupied the site now covered by The Steel. For thirty-five consecutive years Mrs. Hicks did the cooking for the hotel, or superintended it. She was a very industrious lady. The boarders and traveling public who chanced to stop with them, voted Mrs. Hicks a success in the culinary art.

The deceased was the mother of five children.

JENISON.—William F. Jenison died June 14, 1897, at his home in Eagle, where he had lived nearly sixty years. He was nearly 85 years old and had been in feeble health for a number of years. He was born in Byron, Genesee county, New York, and came to Michigan in 1838 and located the farm on which he died. Michigan at that time was almost an unbroken wilderness and had just been admitted as a state. Mr. Jenison and his father, after locating their land, began to cut away the trees and cleared a place for a log cabin, which they soon learned to call home. The father and mother died a number of years ago at a ripe old age.

In the death of Mr. Jenison Clinton county loses one of its oldest and most active pioneers. He was one of the first teachers in the schools of the county and filled many positions in office. He was one of the first postmasters in the county when the United States mails were carried through the woods on horseback and the postage on a letter was 25 cents. The postoffice at that time was called Waverly, but when the township was organized it took the name of Eagle.

Mr. Jenison was elected sheriff of the county for two terms, had been supervisor of the township, was elected member of the Legislature at the

session when the State appropriated so much swamp land for the benefit of the highways. He was a director of the Ionia and Lansing railroad and through his efforts Grand Ledge and Eagle are largely indebted for the benefits of the present railroad facilities they enjoy. Mr. Jenison was married in 1841 to Miss Jennette Berry, of Portland, and they have raised a family of six children—Henry H., the oldest of the children, has always stayed on the old farm and kindly cared for his aged parents. The other children are Mrs. B. F. Simons, Mrs. J. W. Bailey and N. F. Jenison, of Lansing. The daughter Alice, who was the wife of Mr. Bement of Lansing, died a number of years ago. The youngest daughter, Miss Helen Jenison, also lived at home.

The name of W. F. Jenison is known all over this country, as he kept public house so many years and did business with so many people.

Lounsbury.—Mrs. Allen Lounsbury of Shepardsville passed away October 25, 1897, without illness, without pain and suffering, and only after tired nature had given away at the advanced age of 89 years.

For over sixty years "Grandma Lounsbury," as she was familiarly called, had been a resident of the county. She was born at Scipio, N. Y. and she moved in 1833, after her marriage to Allen Lounsbury, to Oakland county, Michigan, and moved from there in 1839 to Ovid township on the place which has since been her home, being one of the company who founded Rochester Colony, and was the last of that band of pioneers to be summoned to her eternal home. She went forth into the unbroken forest and made it a home and tamed it for the enjoyment of future generations. None, who have not experienced it, can realize the disadvantages she and her people knew; drawing supplies from Pontiac or Detroit through a still unbroken wilderness; losing the year's supplies as the result of depredations of wild animals; no neighbors except the forest peopled by beasts and red men; no schools except that of nature, none of the advantages we deem indispensible; no opportunities except that of hard work, and right nobly and without flinching did this departed pioneer perform her part.

Parr.—Thomas Parr, for fifty years or more a resident of the county, died at St. Johns October 29, 1897, nearly 98 years old.

The deceased was born in the county of Down, Ireland, November 5, 1799. At the age of 17 he left his native country with his people and came to America, landing in New York July 1, 1816. On the 9th of May, 1825, he was united in marriage with Mary McKad. They came to Clinton county in about the year 1849, since which time he had been a resident of Essex township, with the exception of five or six years when he resided in DeWitt township, and one year or so in Texas. In Essex he owned and cleared up the farm now owned and occupied by L. H. Pease.

For more than sixty years Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Parr lived and worked together for the betterment of their own and their children's condition in this life, until on the 30th day of December, 1885, death entered their family circle and took from them the good wife and mother.

SMITH.—Daniel C. Smith, one of the oldest settlers in Clinton county, who came to the county before Lansing was located, died at his home in DeWitt, May 2, 1898, aged 90 years. He was a '49er, going by the overland route to California.

SMITH.—Henry A. Smith, of Greenbush, died at his home November 6, 1897.

The deceased was born in Cayuga county, N. Y., on the 21st of June, 1825, but spent his boyhood days in East Poultney, Rutland county, Vt., where he trained as a hardy and bold "Green Mountain boy." In the autumn of 1848, he married Elizabeth Van Sickle of Delaware county, O. In the winter, he, in company with Jacob and John Wagner, came on foot through the unbroken forests to Greenbush and located their homesteads. Mr. Smith bought a Mexican soldier's claim, and in 1849 moved overland into his log house, having a shilling in money, an axe and an iron wedge with which to clear away the unbroken forest on the very verge of civilization, where he had lived and labored continuously until his death.

STEEL.—Robert M. Steel, who had been a resident of St. Johns nearly half a century, died at his home November 16, 1897, in the 65th year of his age. Deceased was born in the town of Craftsbury, Vt., and received an academic course of study and a thorough training in the carpenter and joiner business which fitted him for the great business enterprises he carried on later in life. At the age of 21 he went to Toronto, Canada, and entered the employ of the Grand Trunk Railroad company as time-keeper. This paved the way to other and greater undertakings, which grew into numerable contracts for superintending and building extensive lines of railroad, a few of which only can be mentioned here.

In 1859 he took a contract to lay the superstructure on the Grand Trunk railroad from Detroit to Port Huron, and at the same time was interested with W. A. Stearns & Co., in building a road from Three Rivers, on the St. Lawrence river, to Athabasca, a distance of 38 miles. On the 9th of September, 1862, he entered into partnership with one of his first employers, Mr. Ross, under the firm name of Ross, Steel & Co., to build the Kansas Pacific railroad from Kansas City to the one-hundredth meridian, a distance of 260 miles. They had 100 miles located and about 25 graded when the company disposed of their franchise to Samuel Hallett and J. C. Fremont. Mr. Steel then entered into partnership with Ellen-

thorpe & Adams, under the firm name and style of Ellenthorpe, Adams & Steel, and was engaged in building stone bridges, etc., for the city of Leavenworth. Mr. Steel was subsequently engaged in rebuilding the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad, and continued in this work until December, 1869. In 1867, he made an individual contract with James Joy to build the foundations at Burlington, Iowa, for the union depot of the Burlington & Missouri and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroads, and from this date on for many years he continued this line of work, building hundreds of miles of road in the west and southwest and in many cases fencing the same.

Besides Mr. Steel's large contracts and extensive experience in the building of railroads, he has been connected with the government work at Chicago, Calumet, Ludington, Manistee and Frankfort. He had earned a large amount of money, and at one time was said to be the owner of between two and three millions of dollars, invested in various enterprises, east and west. The general depression of all manner of business in this country, which began in 1893, brought everything to a comparative standstill, and produced great shrinkage of values, which resulted disastrously to his business enterprises.

Wansey.—Jacob Wansey, one of the oldest pioneers of Ovid township, died June 23, 1897, aged 86 years. Forty-three years ago Mr. Wansey came to Ovid from New York state and settled on the farm where he resided up to his death. There was only a wagon trail through the woods and the nearest neighbors were two miles distant. As a shelter from the rough weather stakes were driven into the ground and the wagon box turned over them until a cabin could be built.

Weatherby.—Amos Weatherby was born in Middleberry township, Knox county, Ohio, February 11, 1842, and died in Eureka, January 8, 1898. Deceased came to Greenbush, Michigan, with his mother and brothers and sisters at the age of 11 years. In 1861 he enlisted in Co. B, 8th Michigan infantry, and in 1864 reinlisted, serving his country faithfully during the war of the rebellion. In 1869 he was married to Eliza Worden, who survives him.

EATON COUNTY.

BY ESEK PRAY.

Adams.—Mrs. Milton Adams died May 24, 1898, at her home in Eaton Rapids, aged 67 years. She and her husband had lived on the farm where she died for forty-six years, by hard labor transforming the wilderness into a comfortable home.

BROMLING.—Mrs. P. K. Bromling was born in Eaton Rapids township April 20, 1842. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Munger, being among the first settlers of that locality. She passed her whole life of 56 years in the township. She died April 24, 1898.

GALE.—Mrs. John C. Gale of Eaton Rapids, died October 12, 1897, and her husband, John C. Gale, the day following.

Mr. Gale was born in New York City April 18, 1827, and Caroline Correll was born at Castile, N. Y., February 12, 1830. They were married in Ingham county, Michigan, September 2, 1848, and have lived in the vicinity all of their married life, a highly respected, prosperous couple.

HULL.—Dr. Tyler Hull of Windsor, Eaton county, died July 17, 1897, aged 56 years. He was born in Ohio in 1840, and came to Michigan with his parents in 1848. The most of his life has been spent in Windsor, where he taught school and educated himself; graduated from several medical colleges, and his professional life has been spent in the township where he grew to manhood. He was a successful practitioner, and succeeded in gaining a competence in his profession.

JACOKES.—Thomas Hood Jacokes was born at Geneva, New York, October 1, 1820, and died April 30, 1898.

Both his father and mother were of German descent, and were persons of great intellectual ability, and were good Christians. The mother was a woman of deep religious convictions and seemed to have impressed it on her three sons, for they were all ministers of the Gospel, and upon her only daughter. His older brother, Daniel C. Jacokes, was admitted to the Michigan Annual Conference in 1840, and Thomas H. Jacokes was admitted into the conference in 1845, and they both have acted a prominent part in the development of Methodism in the State, as well as the commonwealth for the past 50 years. In 1824, in New York state, Thomas H. Jacokes went with his father to see the nation's distinguished guest, General Lafayette, pass from Geneva to Canandaigua.

He was a member of the Presbyterian church until 1843, when he joined the Methodist church. His first circuit after he joined the conference in 1845 was Birmingham. In 1846 he and his brother, D. C. Jacokes, were stationed at Grass Lake. He was at Litchfield, South Albion, Bennington, and Ypsilanti. In 1851 his health failed and he did not take any work. In the fall of 1852 he was sent to Niles. He was presiding elder from 1853 to 1855.

In 1859 he was in Kalamazoo, and in 1861 he was in Coldwater district four years, Battle Creek three years, Three Rivers one and one-half years; then supernumerary at Benton Harbor, Hillsdale, Allen Prairie, Hanover, Homer, Hastings, Dowagiac, Lansing district, Palo, Lyons.

Woodland, Middleville, and had been superanuated six years, until his death. He was elected to general conference in 1860 and in 1884.

He was married to Laura Smith, the daughter of Benjamin and Content Smith of Girard, July 24, 1848.

MOYER.—Sabrina Rider, the pioneer wife of Henry A. Moyer, died July 7, 1897. They first settled in Washtenaw county, but in 1838 they settled in Chester, Eaton county, moving into the unbroken forest, with no neighbors nearer than eight miles. Mr. Moyer died July 17, 1856, leaving her to care for the farm and large family of children, which she did successfully. She was born December 12, 1812, in Cayuga county, N. Y., and married in 1833.

GENESEE COUNTY.

BY H. C. FAIRBANKS.

EVANS.—William Evans, who reached the century mark the 9th of November, 1897, and died the last day of December, 1897, was born in New York City. At an early age he was orphaned by the death of his father. Later he, with his mother and step-father, removed to Westchester county where he was reared to manhood. He subsequently removed to Monroe county, where he met and married Abigail Lason. In 1842 he removed with his wife and children to Grand Blanc, Genesee county, where he purchased from the government 160 acres of land at $1.25 an acre. He knew all the privations of a pioneer, but through all the changes and trials of those early days was always the same social, genial friend. He remembered New York City in its infancy, when the water supply was stored in a wooden reservoir. The first steam boat, "Robert Fulton," he often described, on the bow of which was a swivel armed with knives, considered very formidable at that time.

GOODRICH.—The Hon. Enos Goodrich, whose death occurred at his home near Fostoria, September 16, 1897, was a sturdy old pioneer of a family remarkable for their energy and mental capabilities. He was widely know in the state and was well known by the old pioneers of Michigan. He was a member of the State Pioneer Society and was of the stock that was instrumental in shaping the destinies of the state and giving it the position it occupies in the Union. His family could trace its ancestry back to the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock.

Mr. Goodrich came to this state in 1835 from Erie county, N. Y., with his brother, Moses Goodrich. They purchased 1,000 acres of government land in the central portion of Atlas township, Tuscola county, and after

erecting a log house returned to Clarence, N. Y. The following February, accompanied by their mother and brothers, Reuben, Levi and John S., besides other members of the family, they returned to Michigan. Levi H. Goodrich, the father, joined his family in Michigan the fall following, and from that time the name of Goodrich has been interwoven in the social, commercial and political history of the county. They cleared up and put in a state of cultivation the land they held, erected mills and stores and the subject of this sketch was the founder of the Goodrich bank, an institution which honorably redeemed its circulation and procured the full discharge of its securities from the auditor general. Mr. Goodrich secured the establishment of the postoffice at Goodrich and was the first postmaster appointed there. He served in the lower house of the Legislature in 1847 and took an active part in the struggle which resulted in the removal of the state capital from Detroit to Lansing. He afterward served in the Legislature as a member of the Senate. About twenty-five years ago he removed to Fostoria, but he has been always regarded as a citizen of Genesee county.

Of his immediate family none are left but his son Enos, his daughter, Mrs. Narrin, and his brother, Reuben, of Traverse City, with whom he was engaged in business at Goodrich for many years. His brother John S., was a successful attorney. He died at an early age. His brother Moses died a number of years ago at Goodrich. His other brother, Aaron, was elected to the Legislature over the late United States Senator Harris in Tennessee in the latter part of the forties, was an elector on the Whig ticket in 1848 in that state, in 1849 was appointed chief justice of Minnesota, and drew up the first republican platform in that state. He was a member of the national convention of the republican party in 1860 and was the following year appointed secretary of legation at Brussels. He was the author of a work entitled "A History of the Character and Achievements of the so-called Christopher Columbus," wherein he opposed the claim of Columbus being the discoverer of American or of his name being Christopher Columbus.

Enos Goodrich was a man of great force of character and was a frequent contributor to the press under the nom de plume of "Old Genesee." He was a deep thinker and an earnest student of politics.

He waited long upon the shore
For the out-going tide
To bear him to that home in store
Where peace and love abide;
A well earned rest forever more
Beyond the heaving tide.

He waited long—the weary years
Their burdens on him laid,
And bent his form—but hope that cheers
Did his pure mind prevade.
His life was such he had no fears
Beyond Death's quiet shade.

His only creed was doing good,
Just doing good to all,
And lent a hand where'er he could,
To save another's fall;
By kindness he taught brotherhood,
With being kind to all.

JORDON.—Stephen Jordon died at his home in Atlas, June 11, 1897, aged 68 years. Deceased was born in Surrey, England. In 1837 he, with his father, four brothers and three sisters, sailed for America, arriving in New York about the middle of May. They settled in Orleans county, where they remained until the spring of 1839, when they removed to Michigan and settled in Grand Blanc.

At the age of 21 he was seized with the "gold fever," and went by the Nicaragua route to California. He arrived there in June, 1852, and joined his brother James, who had already located at Coloma. With his brother and Mr. A. W. Davis he engaged in mining in the placer and ravine diggings with the "Long Tom" of early mining days. He worked in the mines four years, returning to Michigan in 1856, and purchased the farm on which he resided until his death. February 24, 1857, he married Emily A. Perry.

MENZER.—Louis Menzer, an old and well-known resident of Goodrich, died at his home in that village February 3, 1898. He was 73 years of age and had been engaged in the furniture and undertaking business at Goodrich for forty-eight years.

PERRY.—Mary P. Perry died July 3, 1898, at her home in Grand Blanc township.

Mrs. Perry was the daughter of Nathaniel and Harriet Fairchild and was born in Buffalo, N. Y., on September 17, 1826. When eleven years of age she came to Atlas, Genesee county, where she grew to womanhood, becoming a school teacher at the age of 17 years. On March 23, 1848, she was married to Manson P. Perry, who died in Grand Blanc on June 22, 1887. Since his death she had carried on the farm of 182 acres which they acquired by their industry and thrift.

SIMPSON.—David John Simpson was born in Cambridge, New York, July 5, 1821, and died in Grand Blanc February 6, 1898, at the age of 76 years. He came to this State and settled in the township of Springfield

in 1842. He was married to Laura Powell April 29, 1843. After twenty-one years of married life, Mr. Simpson's first wife was called home and in a few years he was married to Mary Conlee, but before a year had flown death claimed her. In 1866 he was again married to Caroline Jones, who died October 14, 1886.

TOWNSEND.—Goodenough Townsend died February 9, 1898, aged 85 years. Deceased was born in Wheelock, N. Y. At the age of 22 years he began teaching school. In migrating to Michigan, he took a boat to Toledo and from that place walked to Genesee county, in the summer of 1836 taking up the farm he owned from the government. The patent to his land was signed by Andrew Jackson, then President of the United States. He engaged in the occupation of school teaching for several years in the new country. In the winter of '38-39 he built a log house (or shanty) on his land, and did some chopping.

On the 18th of November, 1840, he was united in marriage with Miss Mary Ann Fish, of Genesee township, this county, and for over a half century they trod life's pathway together. His wife died April 15, 1891. In their pioneer days the Indians were their most oftime visitors. Wolves howled nightly around their shanty, and bears were quite numerous. An incident of those days was often related with much amusement by the wife and mother: "We heard the pig squeal one night, and were quite sure a bear was after it. Father grabbed his gun and I grabbed your father, telling him the bear can have the pig, but he shan't have you." He was one of the three survivors of the first voters of Davison township, which town he served as its first supervisor, as clerk for twelve years, and also for a number of years as justice of the peace, school inspector and highway commissioner.

HURON COUNTY.

BY E. M. STEVENS.

AYERS.—Frederick S. Ayers died at Port Austin, aged 83 years. He was born in Connecticut in 1814, and came to Michigan in 1859, settling in Port Austin, which for 40 years was his home.

BACHLER.—Catherine Bachler died November 24, 1897, at Caseville, aged 76 years. She was born in Ontario, where she spent most of her life, having lived in the states but nineteen years, yet those years made her a well-known resident of Caseville.

HILLER.—Mrs. Jacob Hiller, aged 107 years, died April 9, 1898, at her

home near Elkton. She was born in Elgin county, Canada, in 1791, and, with her husband came to Michigan in 1848, locating in Huron county. On May 17 following the death of Mrs. Hiller the following notice appeared in the county papers, which is the only notice of his probable death that reached the society.

Elkton, Mich., May 17.—Jacob Hiller, aged 109 years, is very ill at his home a few miles south of here. Mr. Hiller has been failing fast since the death of his wife a few weeks ago. She died at the age of 107. His wish was that he might die soon after his wife. The doctors say he will not last long.

Mr. Hiller was born near Kingston, Ont., in 1789. He came to this state with his wife when a young man, settling near Marine City, thence to Elkton, where he has been living since.

JINKS.—Geo. W. Jinks died in Colfax May 15, 1898, aged 60 years. He was a native of New York, but came to Michigan in 1854, and located at Sand Beach, since which time he was a continuous resident of the county.

MCKAY.—Ann McKay died February 19, 1898, aged 69 years. Her native country was England, from which she came and located in Caseville in 1862.

SHELLIAR.—Jacob Shelliar died March 1, 1898, aged 69 years. He came from Indiana, his native state, to Michigan in 1845, and for 53 years had been a citizen of the state, and of Huron county 29 years.

STILWELL.—James Stilwell of Bad Axe was born in Michigan in 1837, and died May 15, 1898, aged 61. No one could lay better claim to being a pioneer of the state than the deceased, whose entire life was passed within its boundary lines, during the trying scenes of its early days.

INGHAM COUNTY.

BY C. B. STEBBINS.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Atwood, Lyal J	Lansing	Feb. 6, 1898	82	Lived in Lansing 33 years.
Bartholomew, Mrs. Effie A	Lansing	Mar. 7, 1897	66	Lived in Lansing many years.
Bruen, Mrs. Charlotte	Lansing	Dec. 8, 1897	80	Lived in Lansing many years.
Carpenter, Mrs. M. F	Lansing	Feb. 5, 1898	64	Lived in Lansing many years.
Chesebro, Mrs. Welcome	Onondaga	Feb. 22, 1898	75	Moved to Michigan in the fall of 1866.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Church, Miss Jennie	Lansing	Mar. 29, 1898	44	She was born in Lansing and always lived there.
Everett, Mrs. Mary	Lansing township	Mar. 13, 1898	31	
Ferguson, John	Okemos	Feb. 27, 1898	82	He came to Ingham county in 1838, and for seventeen years was supervisor of Delhi township.
Foley, James	Lansing	June 10, 1898	58	In 1861 he enlisted in the 3d Michigan infantry and came out of the war in 1865.
Frank, Mrs. Lena	Lansing	Oct. 27, 1897	81	
Gillett, Mrs. Jane	Lansing	April 4, 1898	83	
Heck, Mrs. Caroline	Lansing	Jan. 2, 1898	56	
Hewes, D. A	Dansville	Mar. 21, 1898	87	A pioneer of the section.
Hobbs, Henry D	Haslett Park	Dec. 7, 1898	79	Came to Michigan 40 years ago.
Holmes, Zalmon	Delhi	Mar. 6, 1898	86	He came to Lansing 1840; he built the first frame building on Cedar st.
Humphrey, Mrs. Wm. S	Lansing	April 12, 1898	80	They came to Michigan with an ox team from N. Y. in 1843.
Humphrey, Wm. S	Lansing	May 28, 1898	83	
Langenbacher, Mrs. B	Lansing	Jan. 18, 1898	59	A resident of Lansing 31 years.
Langford, Dr. Geo. W	Williamston	Oct. 28, 1897	63	One of the oldest practitioners in the county.
Lathrop, Mrs. Amelia A	Lansing	Oct. 27, 1897	57	
Mann, Col. Jas. A	Lansing	Mar. 14, 1898	61	
Meyer, Miss Emma E. R	Lansing	Jan. 20, 1898	58	Resided in Lansing many years.
Millard, James	Lansing	Jan. 5, 1898	64	Lived in Lansing 35 years.
Miller, Mrs. S. M	Lansing	Dec. 25, 1897	48	Lived in Lansing 20 years.
Moan, James T	Lansing	Sept. 12, 1897	59	
Moores, Mrs. Mary E	Delhi	Sept. 26, 1897	61	
Morse, Mrs. Nancy	Lansing	Aug. 6, 1897	78	A resident of Lansing 37 years.
Mullett, Robert D	Meridian	April 8, 1898	69	He was born in the state.
Reeves, Sara	Near Lansing	Dec. 8, 1897	50	
Rice, Mrs. Cordelia	Mason	Jan. 10, 1898	61	She had spent the 61 years of her life in Michigan.
Ruby, Mrs. Matilda	Lansing	Mar. 14, 1898	80	
Saier, Mrs. Eleanor	Lansing	Jan. 11, 1898	71	Been a resident of Lansing since 1854.
Shipp, Thomas	Lansing	Sept. 14, 1897	79	A resident of the state 58 years.
Smith, Mrs. Valeria	Lansing	June 25, 1897	67	
Southworth, Mrs. Sarah E	Lansing	Mar. 15, 1898	89	Many years a resident of Lansing.
Southworth, Samuel J	Lansing	July 4, 1897	66	He located in Michigan in 1834.
Straub, Mrs. Caroline	Lansing	May 9, 1898	81	
Sturdevant, Joseph	Williamston	Sept. 29, 1897	89	He was one of the oldest residents of the village.
Thompson, Mrs. Susan	Holt	Sept. 21, 1897	73	Resided in Michigan 67 years.
Tracy, Mrs. A. H. D	Lansing	Mar. 18, 1898	83	A missionary in Siam 1836 to 1840.
Vandervolgen, Peter	Lansing	Jan. 27, 1898	55	A veteran of the war of '61.
Watkins, Mrs. Augusta Ann	Near Leadley's Park	Oct. 27, 1897	43	
Williams, Mrs. Carrie R	Lansing	Feb. 25, 1898	64	
Williams, John	Lansing	May 7, 1898	70	
Woodford, Miss Amelia	Lansing	Nov. 26, 1897		

It is my fortune to submit to the Pioneer and Historical Society of Michigan my twelfth report of the decease of pioneers in Ingham county for the year ending June 1, 1898.

The number I have reported in the twelve years is about 450; the average per year being 37½, the number during the past year is 68, being 18 more than in any former year. I think these figures may be relied upon as my care and means of obtaining the facts have been very uniform for the full period. Doubtless I have failed to obtain the name of some every year. For the past year I report the death of three whose age I failed to obtain.

The comparative loss of aged people the past year has been remarkable. A little over one-third of those whose age is reported were of 80 years and over, up to 94 years. I think this is double in proportion to any previous year.

Brisbin.—Gilead S. Brisbin died September 13, 1897, at his home in Lansing. He was a prominent business man in the city for many years.

He was born December 23, 1818, at Sherman, N. Y., and three years later moved with his parents to Weedsport, making the trip in an old scow, the first boat to go down the Erie canal. Mr. Brisbin had always related with pride that he heard the first telegraphing ever done in the United States, when, at the completion of the Erie canal, cannons were stationed every ten miles from Albany to Buffalo and the signal was passed from one to the other, proclaiming the completion of the work.

July 5, 1842, he was married at Weedsport to Miss Sarah A. Howard, with whom he removed to Albion, Mich., New Year's day, 1861. He is survived by one daughter, who resides in Lansing, as the result of that union. In 1864 he removed to the Capital city, where he was associated in the drug business with his son-in-law, under the firm name of Brisbin & Conely. At the time of Mr. Conely's death, 1873, he retired from active business. Two years later his wife died and in January, 1882, he married Mrs. Sarah L. Tollman, who survives him.

Camp.—Oscar F. Camp died at his home in Lansing October 20, 1897. He was one of the earliest settlers of Lansing, coming to the city with his family from Detroit with three ox teams in 1848, before Washington avenue was hewed out of the forest, only the underbrush having been cleared out so that teams might creep through. In 1847 he had purchased lands, 16 rods north of his present home, 691 Franklin street east, where he constructed his little log house and began clearing his farm as soon as he arrived there. He was born in Alexander, Genesee county, N. Y., December 7, 1818, and his parents were pioneers of that county. He grew there to maturity, learning the trade of a mason at Batavia. When 25 years old, after the death of his parents, he purchased the old

homestead and established himself as a family man, his bride being Miss Rhoda Judd of Bethany, N. Y.

Three years after coming to Lansing his wife died, and a few years later he was married to Mrs. Martha Barker Judson, who survives him. Mr. Camp assisted in the construction of the Longyear building, corner Washington and Michigan avenues, and the City National Bank building. He had during his life filled several offices of responsibility and trust in the community, having been an alderman of the first ward and a member of the board of education. He was one of the oldest living settlers of Lansing who made their home in the city.

Clements.—John H. Clements died December 10, 1897, at Lansing, aged 76 years. Deceased was born in Duchess county, N. Y., and came to Michigan with his father's family in June, 1836, locating in what afterwards became the township of White Oak. Henry Clements, the father, purchased from the government 720 acres of timbered land and set about to hew a home for himself and family out of the dense forest.

The evidence of isolation from the outer world will be realized when it is known that the nearest flouring mill, saw mill, store or schoolhouse was twenty-five miles away, and the nearest white neighbor fifteen miles distant. Indians were numerous and for several years formed the principal companionship for the Clements family. It could not be said of them then as now, that their arrows were broken and their wigwams in the dust, but the march of civilization, led by the early pioneers, has crowded these friendly denizens of the forests of Michigan beyond the Rockies, leaving only now and then a lone sentinel to weep over their once happy hunting ground. Mr. Clements, in his reminiscences of early days in the county, often referred to his pleasant associations with the genuine native Americans.

Mr. Clements was married in 1843 in the township of White Oak to Miss Mary Newell. In the summer of 1848 he carried the chain for the surveyors that laid out the site for the present city of Lansing, and in the fall of the same year took up his residence in the young city, engaging in the boot and shoe business, and in the following spring branched out into a general mercantile line. During the winter he built the store at the corner of Franklin and Center streets, which he occupied for the double purpose of store and residence. The old store building is still standing, and, though battered by the storms of nearly half a century, is still a monument to the push and energy of the "first settler."

In 1850, when the gold excitement was at its height on the Pacific coast, Mr. Clements sold his stock of goods and went to California, via the Isthmus of Panama. After a somewhat diversified experience in the mines for about three years, he returned home fairly well rewarded for the privations and hardships endured. After his return he engaged in

the milling business, and in 1866 bought a farm of 240 acres near Gunnisonville, which he improved, erected a fine brick house, extensive barns, and made such other improvements that it was pronounced the finest farm in DeWitt township. This farm has ostensibly been his home since the date of purchase, though other enterprises have frequently, for short periods, taken him from the farm. In 1872 he purchased the old Oneida House, corner of Washington avenue and Saginaw street, and was the landlord thereof for one or two years. His property here extended to Capitol avenue, in which his heirs still hold an interest. A few years later he became the proprietor and "boniface" of a summer hotel at Indian river, Cheboygan county. Four years ago he rented this property, came again to Lansing and purchased a home on Lenawee street east. About two years ago he bought the property known as the Van Dyne House on Washington avenue south, remodeled and refurnished it, moved in, but placed the management in the hands of his son Charles.

DAVIS.—E. H. Davis, one of Lansing's well known business men, died September 23, 1897, aged 71 years.

Mr. Davis was born in Ellisburg, Jefferson county, N. Y., where he lived until 1855. He married Miss Lucelia Carpenter in 1854, and one year later with his wife, his mother and her family, removed to Anoka, Minn. There he engaged in the hardware business, continuing until 1865, when, with his own and mother's family, he came to Lansing. He again entered the hardware business, in which he continued ten years. Retiring from that business, he, together with Albert Clark, formed the firm of A. Clark & Co., in which firm he continued until his death.

Until late years, when failing health prevented, Mr. Davis took an active interest in political affairs, being for many years treasurer and a member of the board of control of the Industrial School for Boys, and was also for several terms a member of the common council of Lansing. For twenty years he was a vice president and director of the Lansing National Bank, holding these offices until the charter of that bank expired. He was a director of the City National Bank at the time of his death. His membership with the Plymouth Congregational church dated back to 1870.

He is survived by his wife and daughter, Miss Sybil Davis.

HENDERSON.—Henry L. Henderson of Mason, aged 68 years, died October 11, 1897, from apoplexy.

Mr. Henderson was born in York State and came to Mason in 1857 from Syracuse, and practiced law for a short time in the city. He was a member of the Ingham county bar, but gave up his practice in 1866, and founded the private bank of H. L. Henderson & Co., and erected

the present building occupied by the First State and Savings Bank. The First National Bank was organized in September, 1870, and he was its cashier all through the twenty years of its existence. In October, 1890, the First State and Savings Bank was started, and except for two years, when he was cashier, he had been president of this institution, holding that position at his death. He had been alderman of the city and a supervisor of the county.

HINKLEY.—Miss Laura A. Hinkley, one of Lansing's pioneers, died August 7, 1897, aged 77 years.

She was born at Royalton, Vermont, and came to Michigan nearly a half century ago, settling with her parents in the Skinner neighborhood, seven miles south of Lansing. Forty-eight years ago she came to the city and was the first woman to do dressmaking here, and for many years the only one. She was one of the original twenty who organized the Pylmouth Congregational church, and had been a devout member since that time.

HOWARD.—Mrs. Matilda W. Howard died September 24, 1897, aged 94 years.

Mrs. Howard, whose maiden name was Matilda Williams, was born in Easton, Mass., and was a direct descendant of William Cullen Bryant and Roger Williams.

In 1829 she married Sandford Howard, who was then a farmer, but subsequeutly became an agricultural writer of some note. Her first literary work began soon after her marriage, and from that time until 1852 she frequently contributed miscellaneous articles both of prose and poetry to various newspapers. During the latter year she sent a series of letters on "Female Education," signed "A Farmer's Wife," to the Rural New Yorker, which led to an engagement to be come a regular contributor to that paper. This resulted in her writing essays, fiction and a few poems. The poem, "The Alpine Horn," was the favored one in her collection. Her position with that paper lasted several years, and was only broken by an accumulation of other cares.

In 1864 Mr. Howard was made secretary of the Michigan state board of agriculture and he removed to Lansing.

At the time of her husband's death, in 1871, he had charge of a rural department of the Lansing Republican, and after his demise Mrs. Howard took his place and soon became a regular contributor. In 1854 she became one of the charter members of the Lansing Woman's club, serving for three years at its president, from 1878. She continued her interest in the club, and only last summer, because of her declining years, resigned her position as corresponding secretary, which she had held for eleven years, and was made an honorary member. Mrs. Howard w: s

also a valued member of the U and I club and in club life, at least, enjoyed considerable national prominence. Several prominent magazines have contained sketches of her life during the past two years.

She was a member of Plymouth Congregational church.

JENISON.—Mrs. Helen M. Jenison died in Lansing, November 15, 1897, aged 64 years.

Mrs. Jenison was born in Pompey, Onondaga county, N. Y., Nov. 29, 1830, and came to Michigan with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Orange Butler, 10 years later, locating at Adrian. When the capital was located at Lansing her family removed to Delta and two years later to this city, where she has since resided, and at the time of her death enjoyed the distinction of being one of the earliest settlers of Lansing. Her marriage to Mr. Jenison was solemnized Jan. 20, 1851, and two sons, Orien A. and Frank H., now survive her as the result of this union.

She has been closely allied with club life in this city, having been one of the eight women who organized the Lansing Woman's club. She had been secretary of the Woman's Monument association since its organization in 1865, and had been an honorary member of the Lansing Woman's club for several years, her health not permitting an active membership.

LAZELLE.—Mrs. Rachel Lazelle died October 30, 1897. Although Mrs. Lazelle was 95 years old, she still enjoyed good health and her death was a shock to her Lansing friends. She complained of not feeling well in the night and died in the morning, while sitting on the edge of her bed. She had resided upon the farm where she died since July, 1856. She was of English parentage, her maiden name being Stafford. Her grandfather, whom she remembered, was seven years a soldier in the Revolutionary war, her father fought against England in the war of 1812, and her sons were soldiers for Uncle Sam in the Civil war. Her husband was one of the pioneers of Ohio, as he was later of Michigan, and died several years ago.

MILES.—Dr. Manley Miles died February 15, 1898, aged 72 years. With his death Lansing loses one of its most learned citizens, and perhaps the one who has engaged most thoroughly in scientific research. He was a man of original ideas, very thorough and most acute in experiments. He was highly educated and continued his studies and researches until the last days of his life. He enjoyed the distinction of filling the first chair of practical agriculture in this country, and also was the first professor in that study at the M. A. C.

Dr. Miles was born July 20, 1826, at Homer, Cortland county, N. Y., and came to Michigan with his father in 1837. His early life was spent upon a farm in Genesee county, near Flint. He studied medicine, gradu-

ating from Rush Medical College in Chicago. He followed his profession in Flint for several years, and in 1851 was married to Miss Mary E. Dodge of Lansing. In 1859 he was appointed by Governor Wisner a member of the geological survey and afterwards made state geologist. Two years later he was made professor of agriculture at the M. A. C., where he remained until 1875. He filled the same chair at the university at Champaign, Ill., and at the agricultural college at Amherst, Mass., and soon afterwards he was employed in special scientific investigation upon the experimental farm of Lawson Valentine near Mountainville, N. Y.

He returned to Lansing in 1885 and devoted his time to scientific research and has written prolifically for scientific works and agricultural papers. During his life he lectured before many prominent societies and was a member of several philosophical societies.

He wrote several books upon "Stock Breeding," "Heredity in Connection With Stock Breeding," "Drainage" and "Ensilage," and possessed a large library of great rarity and value. He is survived by his wife and three sisters, Mrs. Josiah W. Begole and Mrs. S. C. M. Case of Flint and Mrs. H. R. Pratt of Lansing.

Perry.—Solomon C. Perry died April 21, 1898, of pneumonia at his home in Lansing. Mr. Perry was 65 years old and had resided in the city since 1865. For the past twenty years he had been in poor health and traveled considerably. He was a veteran of the late war and a brave soldier. His wife and a son survive him.

The deceased was in the employ of P. T. Barnum for eight years in the work of collecting war relics, of which he left a large assortment himself. Among these are the handcuffs used on John Brown after his arrest and the sword of General Morgan during his raid into Ohio.

Rathbun.—Dr. Hiram Rathbun died May 13, 1898, aged 78 years.

Mr. Rathbun was born in Ohio and came to Michigan in 1840. He entered the ministry when 17 years of age, locating in Clinton county, where he conducted services for the United Brethren church, and traveled extensively as an evangelist. He was also a practicing physician and was well known all over Michigan in the earlier days. He was a strong republican in politics and was one of the founders of that party at Jackson, afterwards organizing 156 townships in this State. In his day he was considered one of the best stump speakers and was also a writer of great force, being the author of several religious and educational works.

He came to Lansing about thirteen years ago, and despite his years has done active service in the pulpit since then.

SMITH.—H. H. Smith, for many years a well known Lansing man, but of late years a resident of Jackson, died at his late home May 15, 1898, at the good old age of 89 years. He was born in Malone, Franklin county, N. Y. At an early age he removed to Brandon, Vermont, and attended school until he was 11 years old. He then returned to Malone, where he lived with his grandfather, Judge Horton, and was a student at the Malone academy for five years.

In 1836 he came to Ingham county, where he lived on a farm. In 1838 he was elected first treasurer of this county. In 1841 he was chosen county clerk, and in 1842 was elected to the State Legislature. After his term in the Legislature had expired he became engaged in merchandising at Mason. In 1847, when the capital of Michigan was located at Lansing, Mr. Smith removed to that city, built the first flour mill that was erected there, and carried on the milling business in connection with a large mercantile trade. In 1851-2 he built the plank road from Lansing to Howell, connecting it at the latter place with the plank road to Detroit. In 1859 he was elected the city's first mayor. In 1863 a company was formed for the purpose of building a railroad from Jackson to Saginaw, and Mr. Smith was elected managing director and vice president. Under his able supervision the road was successfully completed. During his connection with this road, in 1864, Mr. Smith removed to Jackson. In 1868 he was instrumental in projecting the road from Jackson to Fort Wayne, Ind., a distance of 100 miles, and was elected its first president. This road was finished in less than two years after the company was formed. In 1871 Mr. Smith was made president of the D., L. & N. R. R., and superintended the building of this road from Detroit to Howard City, a distance of 180 miles. He also built a branch road from Ionia to Stanton. In 1872 he build the Detroit and Bay City railroad, extending 108 miles.

WHITEHEAD.—A. H. Whitehead died January 10, 1898, at West Palm Beach, Florida.

By his death, Lansing lost one of its oldest and best known business men. He engaged in the grain and feed business twenty-one years ago, since which time he has been very prominently connected with the city's interests. He served three years in the Civil war, enlisting as first lieutenant of Company F, Ninth Michigan Cavalry, and the greater part of the last year he commanded the company.

Several years ago he purchased Hickory Island in Pine Lake, and the development of that breathing spot for hundreds of Lansingites may be attributed to his enterprise.

Mr. Whitehead was 56 years old, and his birthplace was Lake Elizabeth, near Pontiac, this State, where he spent the earlier years of his life. At the close of the war he traveled to California by the overland route, and

spent a few years there as a miner, after which he returned to Pontiac and engaged in the produce business for a number of years. He came to Lansing in 1873, and two years later erected his present residence.

Wiswell.—Mrs. Addie E. Wiswell died December 18, 1897. Perhaps none of the pioneers of Lansing were more widely known or enjoyed a more distinct connection with the early days of the Capital city, than did Mrs. Wiswell, whose deeds of charity and kindness and genial spirit are still talked of by her associates of those days of hardship. She was a woman of magnificent strength of character, which enabled her to admit of no such thing as failure, and her entire life has been crowned with success.

Mrs. Wiswell, whose maiden name was Miss Addie E. Abell, was born August 5, 1809, in Say Brook, Conn., and when only seven years old moved with her parents to Middlebury, N. Y., which was then the extreme west. She was married twice, her first husband being Mr. Roberts. Her second husband was Oliver Cromwell Wiswell, and before the capital was located at Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. Wiswell resided in Detroit in the house now occupied by Mrs. H. P. Baldwin. At the time of the removal of the capital to this city, Mr. Wiswell was deputy auditor general, and with all the discomforts of pioneer days brought his wife to this city, where she proved a benefactor to many and especially the young men who were employed in the state offices and were without homes. E. H. Whitney, one of her earliest friends, in speaking of her recently, said: "Mrs. Wiswell was a mother to all of us, and if we were not well, we always went to her home, where we were sure of the best of care. She was kind to all and no matter if it was her worst enemy who was in trouble, she was the first one to offer assistance."

Since her husband's death she has resided in various cities, but for the past thirteen years has spent the greater part of every summer at the home of Mr. Buck in Lansing, the place she always called home. Her winters were spent upon her plantation near Neptune, at which place it is supposed she died.

IONIA COUNTY.

BY ALBERT F. MOREHOUSE.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Davenport, Chester	Danby	May 7, 1898	75	
First, Mrs. Mary	Orange	May 27, 1898	81	
Herrick, Laura	Ionia	Feb. 11, 1898	93	
Kelley, Elizabeth	Portland	Jan. 5, 1898	74	
Powers, Mrs. Maurice	Hubbardston	April 14, 1898	100	
Sessions, Margaret	Orange	Jan. 31, 1898	76	
Townsend, Sarah E	Hubbardston	Jan. 13, 1898	54	

CRANE.—Mrs. Sarah Crane was born in Whitby, Canada, June 15, 1832, and with her father's family came to Lyons in 1840. In 1848 she was married to Ansel Crane and at once began housekeeping in a little log cabin with but one room, and on this farm she spent her entire life, moving only once, and then from the little cabin into the new home near by. She died May 21, 1898, aged 66 years.

MILNE.—James Milne was born in London, England, November 4, 1820, and died at Portland December 27, 1897. His father, John Milne, came to America in 1833 with his family, and the year following came to Portland. The United States land office was then at White Pigeon, and there the elder Milne entered his land, receiving in due time his deed bearing the name of Andrew Jackson as president. A portion of that farm yet remains in the family. Their first habitation was a tent, until a log cabin was built in which the family lived for fifteen years, when a larger and more convenient framed house was erected. The log cabin was the first house built by the settlers in Portland. The aged parents passed away several years ago. The brothers and sisters have scattered to different parts of the world, James only remaining. He was married in 1854 to Miss Helen Merchant, and after her decease, subsequently married Miss Mary Moore, daughter of William D. Moore, another of the old settlers. He ended his earthly pilgrimage at the age of 77 years.

MITCHELL.—Henry L. Mitchell died May 25, 1898, aged 83 years. Mr. Mitchell was born August 15, 1815, in Delaware county, New York. He was educated at Franklin academy, and was admitted to the bar at Cooperstown, Otsego county, New York, about fifty years ago, while Samuel Nelson, who afterwards became one of the justices of the

Supreme court of the United States, was one of the judges of the Supreme court of New York.

Mr. Mitchell removed from New York to Michigan in 1857, and to Ionia, then a village, in 1858, where he continued to reside for nearly forty years. He was first elected as one of the justices of the peace of the township of Ionia, before the city was organized, and continued to hold the office by four or more elections, giving him a continuous tenure of twenty-four years and upwards as one of the magistrates of the city and county.

Tibbitts.—The death of Jonathan Tibbitts takes away one more of the typical pioneers of Ionia county. He died December 20, 1897, at his home in Lansing, from the effects of a fall sustained about four weeks before.

Although Mr. Tibbitts was nearly 89 years old, having been born in Oneida county, N. Y., January 21, 1809, he was still possessed of keen mental faculties and kept well posted upon the affairs of the day until the very last. He was married to Miss Mary Dexter of Oneida March 1, 1832, and four years later came with his family to Michigan, cutting their way through the woods for eighty miles and settling in Ionia county, which was then only a wilderness. When he reached there in 1836 the village of Ionia was enjoying its first boom. It was that year that what was then known as the Eagle hotel was erected. It was a three story building, but was only partly finished when the hard times came on and blocked the enterprise. Mr. Tibbitts erected the frame building on East Main street known as the Stanton house. When the present brick took its place the wooden structure was moved to South Jefferson street, where it now stands.

It was in this frame building that Jonathan Tibbitts enjoyed the distinction of being Ionia's first harnessmaker.

In 1849 Mr. Tibbitts was appointed postmaster of Ionia. He was the fifth, those before him being Erastus Yeomans in 1835, Jacob W. Wisnor, 1841, then Ethan S. Johnson, and in 1845 Richard Dye. Mr. Tibbitts served from 1849 to 1853. When he was appointed he moved his harness shop down town into a building just east of the old Banner store of H. Rich & Co., where Uncle Sam's business was also attended to. Wm. Yerrington succeeded Mr. Tibbitts and the postoffice was then moved further west on the street into the Hall building.

In 1857 Mr. Tibbitts moved to the Berlin farm where he resided until going to Lansing three years ago, where he has since resided with his daughters.

KALAMAZOO COUNTY.

BY HENRY BISHOP.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Ashley, Charles	Kalamazoo	Jan. 18, 1898	80	
Bacon, William		Oct. 12, 1897	75	
Barber, John		Oct. 25, 1897	70	
Barber, Samuel	Kalamazoo	Mar. 23, 1898	81	
Barber, Mrs. Samuel	Kalamazoo	April 4, 1898	63	
Beckwith, Mrs. Warren		Jan. 28, 1898	91	
Blake, John C.		Nov. 19, 1897	68	
Burlingame, Nathan H		Feb. 21, 1898	85	
Burrell, F. R.		Feb. 10, 1898	75	
Brownell, H. B		Sept. 9, 1897	83	
Campbell, F. Oscar	Kalamazoo	April 4, 1898	76	
Canovan, John		Nov. 28, 1897	85	
Colburn, Emily D.		Mar. 8, 1898	80	
DeFoe, Jacob		Jan. 9, 1898	78	
Dent, Samuel.		Nov. 12, 1897	75	
Dunkley, Joseph		May 27, 1898	61	
Earl, Jesse		May 19, 1898	85	
Edward, John M.		June 24, 1897	77	
Eldred. Alonzo J	Kalamazoo	May 12, 1898	78	
Everhard, John H		Nov. 21, 1897	64	
Fisher, Roscoe M	Brady	Jan. 5, 1898	65	
Freeman, Mrs. Anson		Nov. 13, 1897	77	
Gibbs, Charles		May 5, 1898	81	
Gilbert, Henry		Feb. 4, 1898	87	
Gilbert, Mrs. Henry		Feb. 4, 1898	.....	
Hawkins, Henry		Aug. 19, 1897	64	
Hawkins, Samuel		May 14, 1898	82	
Jannasch, Chas. F		Dec. 4, 1897	78	
Kendall, Eliza M		Aug. 15, 1897	73	
Kinney, Didimus D.		Jan. 6, 1898	74	
Long, John		June 13, 1897	62	
Lucasse, Katherine		May 26, 1898	81	
Mills, John E.		Oct. 17, 1897	84	
Moffitt, Levi		Nov. 7, 1897	79	
Montague, Mrs. Henry		Apr. 3, 1898	80	
Munroe, Phoebe		Oct. 21, 1897	74	
Osborne, Jacob		Aug. 2, 1897	77	
Parker, Mrs. A. S		Nov. 2, 1897	87	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Parker, Mrs. Chas.	Kalamazoo	Feb. 4, 1898	83	
Penfield, Mary		July 29, 1897	70	
Peer, Abram	Cooper	April 18, 1898	73	
Pyle, John		Aug. 30, 1897	72	
Redpath, James		Nov. 3, 1897	67	
Reed, Gilbert B.	Richland	May 16, 1898	76	
Rise, Thomas D.		Feb. 7, 1898	71	
Roberts, Angeline		June 25, 1898	75	
Rood, Mrs. Fanny	Cooper	Jan. 9, 1898	75	
Rood, Leonidas		Dec. 13, 1897	80	
Roof, Robert		Aug. 21, 1897	75	
Root, Justis L.		Oct. 4, 1897	79	
Sayer, Joseph	Climax	Apr. 18, 1898	78	
Shakespeare, May M.		Feb. 24, 1898	95	
Spicer, Mrs. Nathan		July 1, 1897	66	
Strong, James A.		June 28, 1897	75	
Strong, Tertius		Nov. 1, 1897	88	
Townsend, Sally Ann	Richland	Feb. 17, 1898	74	
Underwood, Mrs. H.		Nov. 7, 1897	74	
Wiswell, Wm. L.		June 18, 1897	67	
Wright, Elias	Climax	Feb. 13, 1898	78	

It may be well to appoint some one in my place as V. P. of this county, for as Burns says:

"A few days may, a few years must
Repose me in the silent dust."

He further says:

"Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes, all such reasonings are amiss;
The force of nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies;
That on this frail, uncertain state
Hangs matters of eternal weight,
That future life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone.
Let us the important now employ,
And live as those that never die."

GILBERT.—The death of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gilbert, at Kalamazoo, on the same day, November 4, 1897, calls to mind the history of the first newspaper established in St. Joseph county. It was called the Michigan Statesman and St. Joseph Chronicle, and was edited and owned by

John D. Defrees, afterward public printer of the government at Washington, which position he held for many years. The first number was issued about December 10, 1833, and was the first paper published between Detroit and Chicago, and the third in the territory of Michigan. It was a 24-column, radically Democratic, supporting President Jackson ably, and as ardently afterwards, in 1836, Martin Van Buren for the same office. Mr. Defrees published the paper but a few months, selling out his interests therein in June, 1834, to Henry Gilbert, who issued his first number (twenty-eight) June 28.

The Statesman was a fearless and uncompromising advocate of the Democratic party and its principles, and Mr. Gilbert, wielding a trenchant pen, handled his Whig opponents without mercy or favor. Its columns, too, were devoted to the prosperity and advancement of the county, and White Pigeon particularly. The temperance movement, and all moral and religious works, found in the paper an able and willing assistant. It was quite liberally patronized, as its advertising columns fully show, and was the recognized organ for the publication of the government contracts and congressional laws—the column being headed with a spread eagle and the national blazonry. In the first number issued by Mr. Gilbert a Fourth-of-July celebration at White Pigeon was advertised, and the program of exercises given, John D. Defrees being the orator. John Carlin advertised his brewery on the Chicago road for sale, and Mishawaka advertised for proposals for building a dam, with a canal one hundred feet long and a lock. M. Seydle, first hatter in the county, gave notice to the people of the county that he could fit their craniums with the latest styles of New York, on short notice, at his manufactory in Lockport. Elias S. Swan offered one cent reward for Nathan T. Lucas, a bound boy, who had run away from him. John W. Anderson offered his hotel for sale, in White Pigeon, and Ezekiel Case posted his wife, Olive, for having deserted him. In the number of September 10, Wallace & Stewart advertised for 100 laborers to work on the Wabash & Erie canal, the firm being located at Mottville. Three prisoners escaped from the county jail at Centerville August 15, and two more September 22, and $50 reward was offered for their recapture. Thanksgiving day was appointed for November 27. In the papers in February and March, 1835, the local campaign for county offices was hotly discussed. J. W. Coffinberry was candidated against T. W. Langley for the register's office, and he put his advertisement into the paper in advocacy of his —Coffinberry's claims.

A party on Prarie Ronde offered mulberry trees for sale in the spring of 1835, which he guaranteed had been tested for silk-cocoons and not "found wanting." The plant was also recommended for "hedge fences."

At the spring election in 1835, Selden Martin was elected colonel of

the 11th regiment of Michigan militia, Benjamin Sherman, lieutenant colonel, and S. A. Chapin, major. Hart L. Stewart, at the time, was general of the 6th brigade.

In October, 1835, the Statesman's office of publication was removed to Bronson (now Kalamazoo), the editor setting forth, in the issue of October 2, his reasons for the removal, which he thought ought to convince all of his reasonable patrons of the wisdom of his action. The paper was conducted for twenty-five years or more as a Democratic sheet, by Mr. Gilbert, who changed the name to the Gazette, in January, 1837, under which name it is still published in the interest of the same party, at Kalamazoo, but by another publisher, Mr. Gilbert having retired from the editorial tripod some years ago.

KENT COUNTY.

BY W. N. COOK.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Allen, Geo. W	Grand Rapids	Jan. 12, 1898	84	
Anderson, Ebenezer	Grand Rapids	Jan. 9, 1898	84	
Ball, Sidney S	Grand Rapids	Dec. 17, 1897	71	
Bole, John	Grand Rapids	July 4, 1897	60	
Blumish, Mrs. Laura	Grand Rapids	Oct. 16, 1897	68	
Button, Mrs. Darius	Grand Rapids	April 9, 1898	69	
Cady, Winthrop R	Grand Rapids	Mar. 19, 1898	74	
Chipman, Dr. O. H	Grand Rapids	July 2, 1897	89	
Combs, Mrs. Geraldine	Grand Rapids	April 24, 1898	78	Lived in Grand Rapids 35 years. Conducted Parnell house until 1890.
Finn, Patrick	Grand Rapids	May 26, 1898	67	
Fitch, Geo. C	Grand Rapids	Mar. 2, 1898	74	A manufacturer of over 40 years.
Furguson, Helen	Sparta	Aug. 6, 1897	73	
Godwin, Mrs. G. Chase	Grand Rapids	Mar. 21, 1898	52	
Hale, Warren P	Caledonia	Sept. 10, 1897	65	
Harvey, John	Grand Rapids	Oct. 3, 1897	69	
Hatch, Mathew B	Spencer	Sept. 21, 1897	65	
Hatch, William W	Lowell	Mar. 18, 1898	76	
Hatch, Mrs. William W	Lowell	Dec. 11, 1897	.....	
Hills	Grand Rapids	Feb. 10, 1898	80	
Holden, William	Grand Rapids	Mar. 5, 1898	90	
Hughes, Michael H	.....	Jan. 26, 1898	73	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Johnston, Luther H.	Alpine	July 24, 1897	78	
Jones	Grand Rapids	May 2, 1898	77	
LaBarre, Richard	Sparta	Aug. 14, 1897	75	
Page, Mrs. Jane E.	Grand Rapids	Sept. 26, 1897	87	She was the second bride in the location. Came there in 1833.
Palmer, Mrs. Eliza	Cascade	July 4, 1897	69	
Pelton, Ephraim		Oct. 14, 1897	72	
Rathbun, H. B		May 30, 1898	57	Had lived all his life in city.
Rathbun, Lansing K.	Grand Rapids	April 30, 1898	77	He lived most of his life in the city.
Robinson, Mrs. Charles A	Grand Rapids	Sept. 20, 1897	73	
Robinson, Mrs. James A	Grand Rapids	Oct. 1, 1897	75	
Sexton, Dr. I. B		Nov. 19, 1897	93	Was one of the 12 surviving pensioners of the war of 1812.
Sherman, Erastus P.	Cascade	Dec. 29, 1897	72	
Sibley, Mrs. Pauline	Grand Rapids	Sept. 4, 1897	79	
Sisner, Mrs. Lydia A.	Cascade	Oct. 29, 1897	72	
Smith, Mrs. Robert H.	Grand Rapids	Dec. 2, 1897	70	
Stevens, Mrs. Matilda	Cascade	Nov. 8, 1897	65	
Swensburg, Conrad G.	Grand Rapids	Oct. 5, 1897	62	He had many years conducted the business college. Later owner of the Herald.
Tubbs, Hosea	Sparta	June 25, 1897	75	
Weston, Mrs. Johanna		May 8, 1898	69	
Wheeler, Mrs. Louisa	Grand Rapids	Sept. 6, 1897	80	Located in Grand Rapids in 1846.
White, Mrs. Elizabeth	Grand Rapids	Sept. 16, 1897	102	
Whittlesey, Mrs. Sarah A.	Grand Rapids	Aug. 5, 1897	73	

HENRY.—William Gilmore Henry was born at Bennington, Vt., September 12, 1807. In 1833 he married Miss Huldana Squier of New Haven, Vt., and two years later came to Michigan and located property where Grand Rapids now stands. One year later, in 1836, he moved his family to the new territory and opened a general store on Monroe street, which he conducted for a number of years. In 1850 he opened a drug store, which he conducted about sixteen years. In the early days he served one or more terms as justice of the peace. He was a prominent member until his death of the First Congregational church, which he helped to organize in 1836. He died at Detroit April 1, 1898, aged 90 years. Of his immediate family who survive him there are one son and three daughters, one of whom is Mrs. Russell A. Alger, wife of the Secretary of War.

HALDANE.—William Haldane, one of the oldest pioneers of the Grand River valley and the "father of cabinet making" in Grand Rapids, died

March 6, 1898. He had reached the rare age of nearly 91 years. He was a native of Delaware county, N. Y., where his boyhood was passed.

In 1836 he removed to Grand Rapids, and next year he built a frame building on Prospect hill, southwest corner of Ottawa and Pearl streets. The following year he went to Ohio, and there for three years made machinery for manufacturing chairs. He then returned to Michigan, taking with him the first machinery of the kind ever brought into the state. Here he began the manufacture of furniture and also carried on the undertaking business until 1871. From an early day he had been identified with the material development of the city, having built the first brick house here of brick which he brought from Milwaukee, erected on the same spot where thirty-four years before he had built the frame dwelling, which stood there until 1890, when it was torn down and two years later was succeeded by the Michigan Trust building. Mr. Haldane was married August 17, 1831, to Miss Sarah Tomlinson, who preceded him in death only two years.

LENAWEE COUNTY.

BY B. L. BAXTER.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Auten, John McCan	Macon	Feb. 24, 1898	72	Came to Michigan when a small boy.
Baldwin, Harvey I.	Palmyra	Sept. 9, 1897	69	
Bresie, Mrs. Wm.	Brownville	April 15, 1898	81	He was justice of the peace for 20 years.
Brewer, Albert L.	Tecumseh	May 8, 1898	53	Was a native of Tecumseh.
Burleson, Mrs. Susan	Macon	March 1898	78	
Clegg, Mrs. Elizabeth	Adrian	Feb. 18, 1898	81	While reading, a lamp fell upon her and she was burned to death.
DePuy, Mrs. Rachel	Tecumseh	May 22, 1898	76	
French, Anna	Adrian	Jan. 13, 1898	99	She was the oldest person in the county.
Griffith, "Widow"	Adrian	Jan. 1898	.....	
Howley, Bryan	Adrian	April 2, 1898	78	Lived in the city 48 years.
Huntington, Mrs. A. C.	Clinton	Sept. 30, 1897	60	
Jacobs, Peter	Tecumseh	May 26, 1898	58	
James, N. N.	Adrian	July 29, 1897	.....	
James, Wm. D.	Medina	Oct. 29, 1897	61	Many years a resident of county.
Kimball, Burton S.	Adrian	Oct. 22, 1897	.....	
Kinney, Sylvanus	Adrian	Oct. 29, 1897	88	A resident of the county for 62 years.
Knapp, Geo. H.	Tecumseh	March 20, 1897	.....	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Knapp, Mary E. Jerrells	Adrian	Oct. 24, 1897	61	A resident of the city 21 years.
Laffler, Byron	Dundee	Sept. 30, 1897	.....	
Lawrence, Lydia	Rome	Feb. 25, 1898	75	
Love, Mrs. Julia A	.....	Aug. 15, 1897	68	
Martin, Geo. C	Tecumseh	May 7, 1898	66	
McDaniels, Mrs. Harris	Macon	April 24, 1898	70	
Morey, Geo. R., Mrs	Adrian	Mar. 25, 1898	64	
Porter, Mrs. Nelson	Medina	Feb. 6, 1898	72	Been a resident of county since 1856.
Pratt, Winfred	Adrian	Oct. 22, 1897	.....	
Pronnett, Mrs. Gertrude	Adrian	Oct. 4, 1897	40	
Ream, Mrs. Harriet	Tecumseh	Mar. 22, 1898	57	
Reinhart, Henry	Deerfield	April 29, 1898	49	
Rorick, Wm	Morenci	Jan. 21, 1898	93	
Ross, William	Tecumseh	May 7, 1898	62	Lived in Tecumseh since 1854.
Sheldon, Wm. M	Adrian	Oct. 22, 1897	91	Settled in Adrian in 1835.
Smith, Mrs. Lucy	Adrian	Mar. 25, 1898	86	
Spangle, George, Sr	Rome	Sept. 12, 1897	84	
Walter, DeWitt C	Tecumseh	Mar. 3, 1898	75	An old resident of the section.
Willard, Mrs. Marilla	Adrian	Sept. 13, 1897	79	A resident of Adrian since 1840.
Wilson, W. W	S. Riga	Oct. 24, 1897	84	Had resided on his farm 60 years.
Winnie, Jacob C	Adrian	Oct., 1897	66	

ARMSTRONG.—A. D. Armstrong died May 26, 1898, at Hudson, aged 74 years. He had been a resident of Hudson since 1856, and was one of the earliest settlers of Tecumseh. He was a member of Co. C, Berdan sharpshooters, and served his country faithfully for three long years. For many years he was Hudson's leading painter.

SNELL.—In the death of Hiram Judson Snell, which occurred in Washington, D. C., April 15, 1898, there passed from life one who, at the time of his death, was one of Tecumseh's earliest and oldest pioneers.

Though living in Washington with his two daughters when the final call came, nearly his whole life, in fact for sixty years, he was a resident of Tecumseh, and nearly this whole length of time was actively connected with the business life of the place.

He was born at Waterford, Erie county, Pennsylvania, May 31, 1816, and had he lived a few weeks longer, would have reached the ripe old age of 80 years.

In 1836 he came with his father and brother, Calvin, to Tecumseh. Together they built the old Mansion house, and together they conducted the hotel until 1843, when he engaged in the dry goods business with his brother, in a store room in the Mansion House building. He continued

in the dry goods business until 1861, when he engaged in the livery business, and in the early seventies built the brick building now occupied by the Garlinghouse livery.

The last years of his business life were spent in the lumber business. At this time he met with reverses, and they found him at a time when he was too old to recuperate from his misfortunes.

December 17, 1846, he was married to Elizabeth Fargo, and together they spent over fifty years of happy married life, having celebrated their golden wedding at Washington, D. C., two years ago.

Wilcox.—Mrs. W. S. Wilcox, one of Adrian's best known residents, died in October, 1897, aged 86 years. The following brief biographical sketch of Mrs. Wilcox was written by herself at the residence of Col. E. C. Mason, Fort Snelling, Minn., in 1895. The manuscript was consigned to the care of Judge R. A. Watts, with directions that it be opened by George A. Wilcox after her death.

Josephine Southworth-Wilcox was the daughter of William Throop Southworth and Clarissa Parsons-Southworth, and was born at Avon Springs, N. Y., September 2, 1831. She was a lineal descendant of Constance Southworth, oldest son of Alice Carpenter Southworth, who came over in ship Anne with the Layden pilgrims, and afterwards became the wife of Governor Bradford, which office he held during a term of thirty-five years.

Edward Southworth, father of Constance, was an Englishman, tracing his ancestry back to the nobility of England,—the "Southworths of Southworth hall," county of Lancaster, Kent, and further back to a long line of valiant knights.

Miss Southworth was married to Hon. W. S. Wilcox August 17, 1853, at the home of her half-sister, Mrs. Caleb Woodbury, who then resided with her husband in the present John I. Knapp home. She possessed to a large degree the talents distinguished by her family, and was an artist and writer of no mean ability.

LIVINGSTON COUNTY.

BY A. TOOLEY.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Baettee, Archibald		August, 1897		
Brown, Joseph		1897		
Collier, Mrs. Charles		Sept. 24, 1897	55	Was one of the first settlers.
Frohbeck, Mrs. Wm.		June 28, 1897		
Fry, H. G. W		June, 1897		
Harrington, Loren		June, 1897		
Hickey, N. J.		June 23, 1897		
Kellogg, David		Sept., 1897		
Love, Thomas		Sept. 25, 1897	84	Came to Livingston county in 1836.
Meyer, Jane Ann		Oct. 14, 1897		
Olds, Alonzo W	Green Oak	May 15, 1898	88	Settled in the county in 1833.
Parker, Edward		March 3, 1897		
Shafer, Abigal	Brighton	July 3, 1897		
Smith, J. D		Sept., 1897		
Stow, Mrs. Isaac		Oct. 17, 1897	67	Came to the county in 1836
White, Wm		Sept. 21, 1897		Came to county in 1853.

WILCOX.—Joseph H. Wilcox died May 5, 1898, at a venerable old age. "Uncle Joe" Wilcox was a time-honored landmark in the community. He was born in Onondaga county, New York, November 7, 1809. November 13, 1833, he was married to Miss Mary A. Bush, and engaged in farming and carpenter work for himself.

In 1854 the family moved to Michigan and bought a farm of 250 acres in Iosco and Marion, where Ethan Beach now lives.

In 1865, Mr. Wilcox moved to Howell and purchased a house and four lots, also eight acres of land in the south part of the village. This land was platted and known as the Wilcox addition to the Village of Howell. Soon after moving to Howell, Mr. Wilcox opened a lumber yard and conducted it for years. He was a director of the Detroit & Howell R. R., afterwards the D., L. & N. Ry., and spent some three years in advancing its interests. He also engaged in wool buying on a large scale.

MACOMB COUNTY.

BY GEO. H. CANNON.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Caulkins, Ann M.	Bruce	Nov. 24, 1897	67	She lived on this farm 63 years.
Crittenden, Marcia	Ray	June 11, 1897	70	She came to Michigan in 1836.
DeWitt, Peter	Romeo	Dec. 7, 1897	86	Operated the Gray Mills for years.
Empey, George	Bruce	April 20, 1898	83	Settled in Bruce township 62 years ago.
Giddings, Niles		Jan. 13, 1898	81	Lived in the county since 1826.
Hall, Lydia C		Jan. 27, 1898	70	Came to Michigan in 1832.
Naramor, Mrs. N. C.	Utica	June 11, 1897	94	Came to Michigan in 1831
Summers, Mrs. Isabella	Shelby	June 23, 1897	76	Came to Michigan in 1838.

BENTLEY.—P. M. Bentley died at his home in Ray township, February 25, 1898, aged 79 years. He had lived on the farm 45 years or more. He was quite a prominent man in agricultural circles, and was a successful breeder of fine wool sheep. He held the office of director of the Macomb County Insurance Co. ever since its organization until two years ago, and held various other offices of trust and was well and favorably known throughout the county.

CROSS.—Isaac C. Cross died January 30, 1898, at the National Military Home, Dayton, Ohio.

He was born in Cortlandt county, N. Y., in September, 1823, and was 74 years of age. He came of a line of staunch patriots; his father being in the war of 1812 and his grandfather a revolutionary soldier. He enlisted under Capt. A. M. Keeler at Disco in Co. B, 22d Michigan Volunteers, and followed the fortunes of that company to the end of the war. Isaac C. Cross married Charlotte M. Williams in Clinton township, Macomb county, Mich., in 1846. In 1849 he moved to Macomb and assisted in building the plank road from Mt. Clemens to Romeo. In 1852 he moved to Disco, which was then a hopeful little town. He had more hope in the place than its natural environment would warrant, and his best efforts met disappointment with its decline.

HOPKINS.—O. W. Hopkins was born in Middlebury, Genesee county, N. Y., Feb. 24, 1817. His parents were Michael and Sally (Lee) Hopkins, the latter a descendant of the Lees of Revolutionary notoriety. His father moved his family to Washington township in 1826, taking up government land where is now the Brabb farm, one mile south and two miles west of Romeo village. Mr. Hopkins' father died three months after their arrival in Michigan, leaving seven children, Mr. Hopkins of this sketch being the

sixth. The family remained on their father's farm, and he continued there six years, when he moved to Romeo. Deceased was among the pioneers and associated with the Indian lads, whose language he soon spoke with the fluency of a native. He was married Dec. 24, 1838, at Romeo, to Matilda Turrell, who survives him. In 1856, with H. S. Ewell, he built a steam grist-mill which he operated four years. The mill was located corner of Bailey and Hollister Sts. In an early day the subject of this sketch cleared the land where is now situated the Romeo cemetery grounds.

Mr. Hopkins and his estimable wife had resided on Minot street for the past 32 years.

KIMBALL.—Elias Kimball died February 23, 1898, aged 74 years.

Deceased was born in Sussex county, N. J., Jan. 15, 1824. He and a sister were left orphans when quite young and they made their home with an uncle. He commenced the wagon trade in Lafayette, N. J., in 1840, and came to Michigan in 1852 stopping for a short time in Pontiac, when he came to Romeo. He worked for Snover & Belles for a short time when, in 1853 he formed a copartnership with Amos Littell, of this place, for the manufacture of carriages and wagons, which existed for several years. This was the first carriage manufactory in Romeo. He moved to Fenton in 1866, where he resided for sixteen years, when he returned to Romeo. Mr. Kimball worked at his trade up to the past year when he was taken ill. He was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Case in Romeo, who, with one daughter survives him.

LERICH.—Peter D. and Sarah F. Lerich came in company of Major Cline's family from the state of New Jersey by way of the Erie canal, to Michigan in the year 1835, arriving at Detroit May 15, after being three weeks on the road.

There they procured a team to bring them to their future home on Utica Plains. On their journey out Mrs. Lerich fell from the wagon while passing over a piece of corduroy road, and broke her arm. Arriving at their destination they occupied an old log house belonging to Samuel Ladd. They afterward purchased 220 acres of N. C. Naramore, on which was a log house and an unfinished barn and a few acres cleared, and 160 acres of Hollister and Hoyt, making a home where they continued to live 54 years, when they sold the farm and removed to the present home near Utica where Mrs. Lerich recently passed away at the age of 81 years and where Mr. Lerich still resides, aged 88 years.

They had for neighbors in their new home in the wilderness, old friends from their native state, among whom were the McCrackens, Somers, Taylors and Axfords. They were not so destitute of the advantages of civilization as in some new countries, for from the first they had church and

school privileges and the village. Ten children were born to them, six of whom lived to manhood and womanhood, the sons being now deceased and the daughters living in Michigan and Nebraska.

MEAD.—Hon. Elisha F. Mead died at his home in Starksboro, Vt., Dec. 27, 1897. He was born in Hinesburgh, June 25, 1824. He was educated in the common school and in the Hinesburgh Academy.

He studied law in the office of Hon. Asahel Peech, at Burlington and was admitted to the bar of Chittenden county in 1847. He practiced in that county until 1855 when he opened an office at Romeo and had a large practice in that and surrounding counties and in the United States district and circuit courts. He was elected to the Legislature of Michigan in 1866 and served on the judiciary committee, was reelected in 1868 and was appointed chairman of that committee and filled the position satisfactorily the next two years. He practiced law in Michigan until 1874 when he retired from professional life and has since resided at Starksboro, Vt.

MONROE COUNTY.

BOYD.—William Hart Boyd, a notable pioneer of Monroe, died January 21, 1898, aged 78 years. Deceased was born in Hartwick, Otsego county, New York, among the scenes made immortal by the pen of one of America's earliest writers. He was of Scotch ancestry, being a descendant of the Earl of Richmond; and his immediate ancestors settled in Massachusetts previous to the Revolutionary war. He was educated at Ovid academy, New York, in the studies preparatory to college. Not desiring a professional career he turned his attention to scientific rather than classical subjects, and upon the completion of his studies at the academy entered the celebrated Rensselaer institute of Troy, New York, whence he graduated in 1832. Among his classmates were some who achieved distinction in after years as educators and missionaries. In the spring of 1836 he located in Monroe, Michigan. He engaged a store building and returning to the parental home bade his parents goodbye, went to New York and with two hundred dollars in cash and a credit of three thousand dollars for six months, he purchased a stock of dry goods and shipped them to Monroe, opening his store in June of 1836. Finding that his business was profitable and successful, six months later he added a stock of groceries. During the succeeding twelve years he continued in this line of trade, in the meantime building a store at Hillsdale and one at Brooklyn, Michigan, to which the Michigan Southern Railway were just building, affording convenient access. After maintaining these three mercantile establishments for twelve years he closed out his dry goods and grocery business and embarked in the hardware business. He continued in this business

seventeen years when he took in two partners, George W. Bruckner and Robert Powell who had been his clerks. This partnership continued for seven years when he sold out his business to his partners. This business was conducted in the store now occupied by the lineal successors of the original firm, Messrs. Sieb & Baier.

He spent the two ensuing years in New York city where he engaged in the oil trade, devoting his principal effort to building up an export trade to the leading nations of Europe in lubricating oils, a business successfully carried on by his son and his associates. Returning to Monroe at the close of 1869 he embarked in the produce business, handling flour, wool, clover seed, etc., in which vocation he continued until his death. In 1886 he celebrated with some of his former clerks and business partners his "golden year" marking the close of the fiftieth consecutive year in business in the city.

When the demise of the old whig party was seen to be near at hand and the active and thoughtful men of the country were casting around for the successor, there was born in 1854, "under the oaks at Jackson" the republican party. This convention had its origin in signed petitions from all over the country. The third name signed upon that from Monroe county was W. H. Boyd, the two prior names being those of Isaac P. Christiancy and Erasmus J. Boyd.

Mr. Boyd was married in September, 1839, to Miss Lucy Chapel, who survives him.

TOLL.—Mrs. Nancy D. Toll died April 1, 1898, aged 101 years.

Mrs. Toll was born in Schenectady, New York, on the 18th of September, 1797, and if she had lived a few months more of the waning century she would have lived in three centuries. Though her life was nearly five score and one year, her comely presence, her pleasing, expressive and intelligent face, impressed one that she was many years younger. The immediate cause of Mrs. Toll's death was not of old age. In December she took a slight cold which developed into la grippe. A fine tribute to her memory will be found on another page in this volume.

MONTCALM COUNTY.

BY JOS. B. SHOEMAKER.

MIDDLETON.—E. Middleton died April 5, 1898, aged 69 years. Deceased was born in Berkshire, England, in 1829.

On February 20, 1850, at Caulcot, Oxfordshire, he was married to Martha Partlow and sailed for America.

For seven years he worked at Lockport, N. Y., in a flouring mill, and

then moved to Putnamville, near London, Canada, where he worked a mill on his own responsibility for two years.

In 1858 he purchased in Greenville half the water power of the Flat river and the Greenville mill—at that time the only flouring mill there, and lived on the north side of the river with the Indians for his neighbors.

In 1865 he removed to Fentonville purchasing the mill there, but soon sold it and moved back to Greenville, which has since been his home.

He was a member of the Washington Club, being its president last year and was also a member of the Pioneer Society.

MILLER.—Hon. Richard C. Miller died at his home in Greenville, on Tuesday, April 5, 1898, at 9:30 p. m., making the third in number of the old prominent citizens within a few days, which cast a gloom over the city that cannot be shaken off. The subject of this sketch, Richard C. Miller, had been one of the foremost men in the city and county for more than forty years. Mr. Miller was born in Hartland, Conn., April 17, 1820. His father, Isaac D. Miller, moved to the State of New York in 1822, and in April, 1830, moved to Michigan, and in 1835 moved to Oakland county, and settled in the town of Orion, Mich. On December 26, 1841, Richard C. Miller and Nancy C. Carpenter married and in March, 1854, the young couple moved to Montcalm county, Michigan, and settled down upon a new farm in the township of Fairplains. Soon after Mr. Miller settled in the town of Fairplains, he was elected township treasurer, and for nine successive years he continued to hold said office to the entire satisfaction of the people, when the people called him to a higher place and in the fall of 1871, he was elected by a large majority of the electors of Montcalm county, to represent them in the halls of Legislation, and in the fall of 1873 was again reelected; and it will only be partial justice to his memory to say that the great county of Montcalm was never represented in our State Legislature by a more worthy man or safe legislator.

Mr. Miller was selected by the board of supervisors of our county a member of the board of superintendents of the poor in 1857, which office he continued to hold during all the years following until death relieved him from longer bearing the burdens of that responsible position. He served as county agent for the State board of charities and corrections for ten successive years, being chosen first by our governor, John J. Bagley, and was alderman of the city two terms. Mr. Miller leaves two sons, Oscar C., one of the most prosperous and respected business men of Greenville, and Chester A., a member of our own Legislature, having taken his father's place among the lawmakers of our state; also Nancy C. Miller, his devoted wife.

"There is no death, an angel form walks
O'er the earth with silent tread,
And bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them dead,

But ever near us though unseen
The dear immortal spirits tread
For all the boundless universe is life,
There are no dead.

MILLER.—Mrs. Miller, whose maiden name was Nancy C. Carpenter, was born in Canada, June 5, 1820, and died May 15, 1898, in her 78th year.

While she was yet an infant her family moved to Massachusetts and again when she was 18 to Orion, Michigan.

On December 26, 1841, she was married to Mr. Miller at Orion, where her three children, Oscar C., Chester A. and Helen A., who died at the age of 23, were born.

In 1854 the family moved to Fairplains and to Greenville in 1871. For 57 years this devoted pair lived happily together and when Mr. Miller died a few weeks ago the shock of separation was too great for her to bear. He could not return to her but she could go to him. There was a quiet beauty in the passing of this suffering life into the reunion which was its great desire.

VEDDER.—W. J. Vedder died April 7, 1898, at Greenville, aged 77 years.

MUSKEGON COUNTY.

BY H. H. HOLT.

MOON.—John Wesley Moon died April 5, 1898, aged 62 years. Deceased was born in Van Buren township, Wayne county, and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sewart C. Moon. His mother died in 1880 and his father in 1892.

Mr. Moon worked on his father's farm until 18 years of age. The family moved from Wayne to Jackson county in 1852 and in December, 1854, he left home to begin the battle of life. He went to the lumber camp on Flat river near Greenville, which was then a lumbering town, and in the spring secured work in a saw mill. Within nine months from the time he was first employed he occupied the position of head sawyer and afterwards took charge of the lumber yards, attending to selling the lumber and scaling logs as they were drawn to the mill.

He moved to Muskegon in the spring of 1856 and was employed as head sawyer in the mill of the Beidler Bros. From 1864 until 1867 he held the position of foreman of the mill during the summer season and in the winter had charge of the lumbering camps. In March, 1868, in company with Alexander V. Mann, organized the firm of A. V. Mann & Co. This firm was for many years one of the leading lumbering firms of Muskegon.

The firm purchased the mill erected the year previous by Shupe, Haines & Weymouth, situated on Muskegon lake in what was then the village of Lakeside, but now the eighth ward of the city. The capacity of the mill at that time was twelve million feet of lumber per year, but this was soon increased and for the years from 1880 to 1889 the output was about twenty-five millions per year. In 1889 the firm exhausted their stock of standing timber and logs and ceased to manufacture lumber, but the firm has never been dissolved. Mr. Moon acquired a large fortune from this lumber firm, but being public spirited never left the city where he acquired his wealth.

He was president and one of the principal stockholders of the Alaska Refrigerator company at the time of his death and devoted much of his time in late years to the management of the concern. He was also president and one of the principal stockholders in the Muskegon Chemical Fire Engine company, vice president of the E. H. Stafford company, and vice president and a heavy stockholder in the Chase Brothers piano company.

At the time of the organization of the Muskegon Savings bank in 1887 Mr. Moon was elected president, which position he has since held. He was president and a large stockholder of the Muskegon Lumber company, and on his trip south attended its annual meeting at Little Rock, which was held on March 25. Mr. Mann reminded Mr. Moon at this meeting that just 30 years previous to that date they had started in business together. The company owns about 100,000 acres of Arkansas pine and in the past few years has disposed of 80,000 acres at profitable terms. Mr. Moon was also interested in large tracts of timber lands in British Columbia. He was a stockholder in the street railway company and various other enterprises. He has been a supporter of nearly every industry started by Muskegon citizens and was always ready to contribute to anything which would promote the prosperity of Muskegon.

He was an adherent of the republican party and cast his first presidential vote for Lincoln. He was elected to various offices in the village of Lakeside, which is now the eighth ward, and was twice elected state senator from this district, his terms being from 1886 to 1890. In 1892 he was elected to Congress and refused a second nomination on account of business affairs.

Mr. Moon was married to Miss Alice M. Noble, a native of New York state, January, 1867, and six children were born to them, four of whom are now living.

Smith.—Dr. Thomas D. Smith died at his home in Ravenna, April 28, 1898, after an illness of about four months.

Dr. Smith was born in New Milford, Conn., August 23, 1815. With his parents he moved in 1824 to Pine Plains, Duchess county, New York, where

he received his education and grew to manhood. His father was a farmer and the young man worked on the farm when not in school, and continued to help his father until 24 years of age when, as the result of an accident, he lost the use of his right hand.

This misfortune forced him to seek some other occupation, and he turned his attention to medicine. He conducted his studies for three years under a prominent physician of Pine Plains and later attended lectures at the old College of Physicians and Surgeons on Crosby street, New York city. This was in the year 1844-45, and after a partial course of study the young physician found himself too poor to continue. The faculty offered to take his note and allow him to complete the course of instruction, but he was advised to move to the west and practice for a few years, then return to New York and finish his medical course. Acting on that advice Dr. Smith came to Michigan and located for a time in Grand Rapids in 1847. He afterward came to Ravenna in Muskegon county, where he resided until his death as above.

Dr. Smith was elected clerk of Ravenna township at the first town meeting held April 2, 1849. That township was then a part of Ottawa county and included the territory of the present townships of Moorland and Egelston. He was the first supervisor from Ravenna after Muskegon county was organized and served his township a total of 16 years on the board of supervisors. During this time he was one of the most active men on the board.

OAKLAND COUNTY.

BY JNO. M. NORTON.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Andrews, Hon. J. L.	Milford	Feb. 17, 1897	75	
Brookins, Wm.	Rose	Jan. 28, 1897	84	
Coonley, Wm.	Pontiac	Feb. 14, 1895	75	
Crawford, Robt. E.	Pontiac	July 18, 1897	82	
Dandersen, Joseph	Pontiac	Dec. 23, 1897	81	
Dawson, Charles.	Pontiac	Jan. 30, 1897	82	
Dawson, Robert.	Pontiac	March, 1897	91	
Earles, Mrs. Melinda	Waterford	July 16, 1897	81	
Farrell, Mrs. Patrick	White Lake		85	
Fuller, Mrs. Eliza	Southfield	Oct. 11, 1897	88	
Eldridge, Mrs. Lucretia	Pontiac	1897	85	Lived in the city 40 years.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Garner, Geo	White Lake	Dec 30, 1897	89	
Gaylord, Josiah C	Pontiac	Mar. 20, 1897	80	
Grow, Waterman	Hartford	Mar. 9, 1897	73	
Hovey, A. W	Pontiac	Nov. 29, 1897	80	
Howard, Elizabeth	Rose	Feb. 23, 1897	88	
Howser, Elmira	Oxford	July 8, 1897	79	
Kellogg, Mrs. C. P	Pontiac	Feb. 21, 1897	82	
Markham, Samuel	Groveland	Feb. 28, 1897	89	
McWithey, Ephraim	White Lake	April 7, 1897	79	
Narrin, Mrs. Sarah A	Groveland	Feb. 10, 1897	73	
Noble, Dr. A. G	Oxford	Dec. 31, 1897	82	
Omick, Mrs. Wm	Richmond	1897	73	Came to Michigan in 1836.
Pelton, Joseph W	Oxford	Mar. 12, 1897	80	
Porter, Mrs. Moses	Bloomfield	Mar. 29, 1897	78	
Potts, William	Milford	Feb. 26, 1897	80	
Quick, Mrs. J. H	Royal Oak	Mar. 15, 1897	79	
Seeley, Mrs. Harvey	Pontiac		65	
Sprague, Oren		Dec. 3, 1896	78	
Terry, Merritt	Pontiac	April 2, 1897	83	
Turk, Thomas	Pontiac	June 16, 1897	77	

GARNER.—George Garner died December 30, 1897, at the home of his son D. M., in Rose township, aged 89 years. Deceased was born in the township of Hardiston, Sussex county, N. J. When a small boy his parents removed to the town of Patterson, N. J. On March 19, 1829, he was married to Margaret Speelman, who, at the age of 91 years, after a union of nearly 69 years, still survives him. In the spring of 1836, with his family, he removed to Michigan, took from the government, and settled on the farm of 320 acres in the township of Rose, where he has lived ever since. He erected in that year the third house built in the township and was the last surviving voter of the pioneers who organized the township. He was the father of eight children, only two of whom survive him, namely, David M. Garner and Mrs. Nancy Carr.

SAGINAW COUNTY.

SWEET.—William H. Sweet died at his home in Saginaw, February 16, 1898, after a long illness.

Deceased was born in New York city, October 13, 1819, the same year as Queen Victoria. At the age of two years his parents moved onto a farm where he remained until 18 years of age, when he returned to New York and engaged in the commission business. His health was precarious and physicians suggested a change of air, when he shipped on a whaling voyage which continued three years, during which time he touched nearly every port in the world. He again returned to New York, and entered into a merchantile life, after three years of which he closed out his business, purchased a stock of general merchandise and brought it to Saginaw in 1850, where he conducted it successfully for some time, selling out to engage in the lumbering and mill business. Subsequently he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He was associated for awhile with Judge Sutherland, and for many years he was one of the leading attorneys in Saginaw. He was mayor of the old city of Saginaw two terms, was prosecuting attorney of Saginaw county from 1861 to 1863, and was a member of the board of education of the old city seven years ago. His first wife died in 1872, and he subsequently married the wife who now survives him. By his first marriage he has six children living, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Pennoyer, Mrs. Pendleton, Fred B. Sweet, formerly county clerk, William Sweet, of Mt. Clemens, and Sumner Sweet, of New York.

SHIAWASSEE COUNTY.

BY ALONZO H. OWENS.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Chipman, Isaac	Owosso	1898	81	Located in Owosso in 1838.
Cronkhite, Mrs. Maria E.	Venice	Dec. 10, 1897	80	Came to Michigan in 1844.
Hammond, Dennis	Middleburg	Feb. 14, 1898	89	Had resided in Middleburg 50 years.
Haughton, Alonzo	New Lothrop	Feb. 18, 1898	86	Settled in Michigan in 1860.
Perry, Schuyler	Venice	Dec. 11, 1897	77	Came to Michigan in 1851.
Potter, William	Caledonia	Jan. 25, 1898	77	

ABERLE.—Jacob Aberle, one of the earliest German settlers in Owosso, died January 3, 1898, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. Matlock, in Greenville. Mr. Aberle was a native of Baden, Germany, and settled in

Owosso in 1853, and erected the Exchange Hotel, which he managed until 1866 when he sold the property to George Fauth. Soon after this he purchased the National Hotel and owned it for about five years. While running the National he built a tannery on what is now Comstock street, and operated the same for about twelve years, when, owing to ill health he was forced to retire. Not content with living a retired life, he purchased the Lansing House, Lansing, but was again forced by ill health to retire from active participation in business affairs. Later he removed to Denver, Col., thence to Boulder, the same state, and seemed to be benefited by the change. A few years ago he returned to Michigan and made his home with his daughter Julia, Mrs. W. Matlock, in Greenville, and was a frequent visitor at his son's home.

Bacon.—Philo Bacon was born in Batavia, New York, in 1830, and died in Laingsburg, Mich., on January 30, 1898. When he was about eight years old he came with his parents to Ann Arbor, Mich., and subsequently moved to Woodhull township, Shiawassee county, and later to Laingsburg. On the 4th of October, 1857, Mr. Bacon was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Olds. On the 4th of October, 1868, he lost the wife of his youth by sudden death. On the 17th of May, 1870, he was united in marriage to Miss S. M. Strickland, who survives her husband. Since 1864 Mr. Bacon has been closely identified with the business and religious interests of Laingsburg. For a number of years he was a boot and shoe merchant. For a period of 16 years he was the postmaster of Laingsburg village, and for the last years of his life he was a grain and produce buyer.

Chipman.—Miner Chipman, one of the earliest pioneers of Owosso, died February 17, 1898.

Mr. Chipman was born in Vermont, Nov. 28, 1815. He married Miss Ann Whitlock at Ypsilanti and with his bride came to Owosso about the year 1833. He was a carpenter and builder, being many years in partnership with his brother-in-law, Luther Comstock. Together they put up many buildings in the city of Owosso. He once owned and platted the land in the vicinity of the Robbins table factory. His wife died some three years ago.

Dewey.—George M. Dewey, the well-known pioneer and editor of Michigan, died June 8, 1897, at his home in Owosso. He was born in Lebanon, Grafton county, N. H., February 14, 1832. Mr. Dewey pursued his early studies with great assiduity and when still quite young went to Lowell, Mass., for further educational advantages and was graduated from the high school there in 1846. He entered Harvard college but in his sophomore year was employed by Charles E. Smith on an astronomical expedition in South America, which consumed about eighteen months. Re-

turning to Lowell he undertook teaching, which profession he pursued for over three years in the east, after which he came west in 1852 and taught for some time. He located in Berrien county in 1854, and the following year was appointed Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction, and during the war of the rebellion he was in the postal service and was the trusted friend and intimate associate of Michigan's war governor, Austin Blair. He published the Niles Enquirer, Hastings Banner, Owosso Times and the Michigan Oddfellow during his nearly forty years of active newspaper work. He had been connected with public affairs to a considerable extent ever since he came into the State and through the medium of the press exerted a wide political influence. He had also unusual ability as a stump speaker and had often taken the stump both in Michigan and other states for the causes of temperance and the republican party. He stumped the states of New York, Maine, Vermont, Iowa, New Hampshire, Illinois and New Jersey, making speeches in the defense of republican principles. He has made thousands of speeches during his public career. He was elected to the state senate and he served in the session of 1873-74. He was one of the delegates who organized the republican party "under the oaks" at Jackson, Michigan, July 6, 1854. He served for five years as agent of the state board of corrections and charities; alderman of Hastings for four years; six years a member of the board of education; he was chairman of the republican congressional committee of the eighth district and has served as chairman of county and city committees.

Mr. Dewey's marriage, May 28, 1857, with Miss Emma Bingham, of Niles, was a union which has resulted in a life of grandest domestic happiness. This lady, a native of Ohio, was born in Mahoning county, that state, and was a daughter of the late Judge Lemuel Bingham, of Niles, who was a native of Connecticut.

Eddy.—Lemuel Eddy died May 15, 1898, aged nearly 80 years. He was a native of New York and came to Michigan in 1836, when a young man of 18 years. He located at Plymouth, Wayne county, where he married Jane Borrous in 1842, and the next year, or in 1844, they moved to Corunna, and he began building. He superintended the building of the court house, the Bacon block, also the brick block that burned three years ago. He built the valley mills. It was he that erected the first frame building in the city of St. Charles, Saginaw county. In 1869 he went to Jackson to superintend work for the Wilcox Bros. At that place he built over 200 houses. At Kalamazoo he built a large block for Wilcox Bros.; a mill at Homer and Jackson and one in Leslie.

Gillett.—David Gillett died at his home in New Lothrop, January 10, 1898, aged 61 years. He was born in Canada and came to Michigan with his father in 1854 when but 14 years of age. A. W. Gillett, his father,

bought a piece of wild land in Hazelton township, there being at that time only twelve settlers. The old homestead is the southern part of the village of New Lothrop. David enlisted in the 10th Regiment, Michigan Infantry, and served his country until the end of the rebellion. In 1866 he married Betsey Rolfe.

GREENMAN.—Oscar F. Greenman died January 8, 1898. Mr. Greenman was born in Skaneatles, Onondaga county, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1817. He came to Michigan in 1836 and located at Ann Arbor where he resided until 1846 when he moved to Grand Rapids. There he lived until 1856 when he moved to Shiawassee county where he has since resided. He was married in 1844 to Pentha L. Eddy of Ann Arbor. In the earlier years of Mr. Greenman's life he was engaged in mercantile pursuits. At one time he received an appointment from Governor Banks of New York as salt inspector, but failing health obliged him to return to farm life, which vocation he continued to follow successfully through life.

WINANS.—Thomas J. Winans who died January 20, 1898, was one of the old settlers of this county, having moved here with his parents from Seneca Falls, New York, in 1840, when but six years of age. In 1857 he was married to Mary E. Pulton, of Corunna, who still survives him. For a number of years he was in the grocery business. He was treasurer of this township for a number of years, and was well known all over this section of the country.

ST. CLAIR COUNTY.

BY HELEN W. FARRAND.

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Agens, John L.	St. Clair	June 10, 1897	76	Located in St. Clair in 1845. Was alderman of city five terms.
Aistrop, Harriett	Port Huron	July 12, 1897	76	
Allum, John	Kenockee	July 23, 1897	80	
Anderson, Lucy A.		Jan. 23, 1897	59	
Andrews, Mrs. Cornelius		Oct. 10, 1897	59	
Amann, Henry	Mussey	July 9, 1897		
Armstrong, Chas. J. W	Port Huron	July 2, 1897	83	
Bacon, Mrs. Elijah	St. Clair	Aug. 4, 1897	73	
Barber, Alpheus	Ft. Gratiot	May 5, 1898	66	
Barber, Mitchell	Lynn	Sept. 15, 1897	80	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Barnet, Hiram	Port Huron	Nov. 11, 1897	83	
Bartlett, Albert M.	Belle River	July 10, 1897	85	
Bartrem, Wm.	Raymond	May 1, 1898	69	
Baxendale, Mrs. Elizabeth	Port Huron	Dec. 7, 1897	80	
Belchamber, Mrs. James	Sarnia	Nov. 6, 1897	.....	
Bennett, Jas. H.	Port Huron	Aug. 28, 1897	62	
Bentel, Godfred	Fair Haven	Oct. 10, 1897	76	
Bentel, Wm.	Casco	Dec. 24, 1897	70	
Bernard, Barney S.	Kenockee	Mar. 22, 1897	64	
Bettes, Mrs. Sarah P.	Yale	Jan. 11, 1898	.....	
Bice, Mrs. Mary	Memphis	Nov. 16, 1897	81	
Bingham, Wm.	Kenockee	Feb. 21, 1898	55	
Birch, Robert	Port Huron	Sept. 11, 1897	72	
Blimka, Albert	Mussey	Nov. 8, 1897	57	
Bottomley, Thos. H.	Capac	July 19, 1897	59	
Bradley, Wm. H	Port Huron	Mar. 22, 1898	69	
Brandt, Oliver	St. Clair	Oct. 7, 1897	77	
Breen, John	Emmet	May 1898	.....	
Bresett Mrs. Wm.	Port Huron	Nov. 18, 1897	63	
Brimmer, Albert	Kimball	July 6, 1897	.....	
Bristol, Sarah E.	Port Huron	June 6, 1897	54	
Brott, Mrs. Catherine	Kimball	Oct. 12, 1897	70	
Brown, Wm.	Berville	July 22, 1897	.....	
Brown. William S.	Port Huron	July 11, 1897	67	
Browning, Mrs. Mary	Port Huron	Nov. 3, 1897	72	
Buckeridge, Mrs. Wm.	Port Huron	April 20, 1898	71	
Buckley, Mrs. Thos.	Emmet	May, 1898	80	
Burke, Mrs. John	Port Huron	Oct. 4, 1897	66	
Butterfield, Isaiah	Emmet	Oct. 12, 1897	70	
Cadwell John	.....	Mar. 29, 1898	.....	
Cameron, Wm.	Kenockee	June 7, 1897	78	
Campbell, Mrs. Mary J.	Port Huron	Feb. 22, 1898	77	
Campbell, Mrs. W. J.	Romeo	April 6, 1898	.....	
Card, Mrs. C. A.	Ruby	Aug. 9, 1897	76	
Carleton, Miss Hannah C.	Port Huron	Sept. 3, 1897	57	
Carroll, Patrick	Kenockee	July 4, 1897	70	
Caswell, Sylvester	Burns	Dec. 15, 1897	75	
Cavanaugh, Helen	.....	Sept. 5, 1897	70	
Chambers, Mrs. George	Port Huron	April 4, 1898	50	
Chase, John	Port Huron	Nov. 20, 1897	86	Over 50 years a resident of Port Huron.
Christianson Mrs. Olie	Port Huron	Feb. 15, 1898	67	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Clare, Mrs. Leonard	Kimball	April 26, 1898	67	
Clark, Major		Feb. 14, 1898	72	
Clark, Silas	Berlin	Aug. 5, 1897	68	
Clumfoot, Wm.	Mussey	Sept. 10, 1897	68	
Cochrane Richard	Port Huron	Dec. 19, 1897	60	
Cole, J. W	Port Huron	Dec. 12, 1897	53	
Comstock, Alfred	Blaine	July 10, 1897	91	One of the oldest settlers in that section.
Conant, Barney H	Port Huron	Dec. 13, 1897	72	
Cook, Oscar	Armada	May 1, 1898	.....	
Cooley, Giles S.	Marysville	July 30, 1897	80	Lived in the county since 1864.
Cooper, Isaac C.	Port Huron	Sept 1, 1897	72	
Corry, Andrew	Marysville	Aug. 20, 1897	64	
Cronkhite, Enoch H.	Port Huron	Sept. 3, 1897	55	
Cunningham, James	Riley	Mar. 7, 1897	.....	
Cunningham, Mrs. Lawrence	Emmet	May, 1898	.....	
Day, Mrs. Caroline	Riley	Aug. 23, 1897	78	
Danger, Mrs. Eliza	Port Huron	Dec. 18, 1897	80	
Davis, James	Riley	May 26, 1898	.....	
Deery, James	Port Huron	Mar. 29, 1898	78	
Delbree, Enoch	Mussey	Nov. 23, 1897	50	
Dell, Basnet	Kenockee	Jan. 27, 1898	84	
Denler, Jacob	Port Huron	Aug. 26, 1897	53	
Denner, Bernard	Kenockee	April 3, 1898	65	
Doan, Mrs. Mary H.	Port Huron	June 23, 1897	85	
Donnelly, Mrs. James	Port Huron	July 2, 1897	.....	
Dudley, Lydia L.	Marine City	Aug. 14, 1897	81	
Duffie, Charles	Port Huron	July 22, 1897	95	
Durant, Gusta		Sept. 30, 1897	53	
East, Thomas	Columbus	July 16, 1897	80	
Eckert, Richard	Smith Creek	May 9, 1898	67	
Edwards, Mrs. Mary J.	Abbottsford	Feb. 27, 1898	53	
Emig, Frederick	China	Nov. 29, 1897	65	
Engle, Rev. Geo. B.		April, 1898	89	
Follensbee, Mrs. Eliza	Port Huron	Feb. 28, 1898	83	She came to Michigan in 1837, and has lived since then in Port Huron.
Ford, Mrs. Harriet	Doty Creek	Sept. 5, 1897	79	
Fowler, Thos.	Port Huron	May 23, 1898	73	
Franks, Adler	Kimball	Nov. 13, 1897	55	
French, Isaac	Smith Creek	Oct. 27, 1897	74	
Fries, Sylvester	Riley	Sept. 10, 1897	67	
Fritz, Mrs. Katherine	China	Oct. 19, 1897	63	
Froh, Mrs. Lena	China	June 5, 1897	79	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Fuller, Mrs. Hugh	Lakeport	May 29, 1898	.....	
Fuller, Samuel	New Baltimore	Aug. 12, 1897	78	
Garbutt, Frederick	.....	Feb. 8, 1898	50	
Gardner, Mrs. Susan M	.....	Jan. 30, 1898	.....	
Gibbs, Mrs	Memphis	June 24, 1897	83	
Gilbert, Anson	Berville	May 2, 1898	72	
Gilner, August	Port Huron	July 10, 1897	73	
Glowbowski, Jacob	Port Huron	Feb. 16, 1898	65	
Gordon, Jane	Port Huron	June 1, 1897	50	
Gould, Hezekiah	Port Huron	April 23, 1898	62	
Graham, D. G	.....	Aug. 15, 1897	.....	
Grant, Michael	Mussey	Aug. 14, 1897	80	
Grieb, Mrs. Catherine	Port Huron	Mar. 2, 1898	63	
Griffith, Mrs. Oliver	Port Huron	July 23, 1897	63	
Grought, Robert	Worth	July 6, 1897	.....	
Hagar, Mrs. John	Casco	Aug. 2, 1897	71	
Hamilton, James Sr	Wadhams	April 26, 1898	78	
Harrington, Mrs. Julia	Port Huron	Mar. 20, 1898	83	
Hart, Benjamin T	Wadhams	June 14, 1897	77	
Helmer, Adam	.....	Feb. 6, 1898	77	
Higgins, Wm. Chas	Port Huron	Jan. 8, 1898	72	
Higley, Mrs. Nancy	St. Clair	April 26, 1898	.....	
Hildersheim, Mrs. Minnie	China	July 9, 1897	64	
Hill, Mrs. Jane	Port Huron	Jan. 20, 1898	72	
Hintz, Mrs. Elizabeth	Port Huron	April 22, 1898	67	
Hintz, August	Port Huron	Mar. 15, 1898	.....	
Hoebel, Jacob	China	June 5, 1897	84	
Holder, Chas, E., Sr	.....	April 26, 1898	.....	
Hopkins, Wm. S	St. Clair	Sept, 1897	.....	
Horn, Robert	Port Huron	Jan. 7, 1898	76	
Howes, Geo	Port Huron	Feb. 22, 1898	83	
Hubbard, Alanzo	.....	Dec. 25, 1897	76	
Hubel, Mrs. Eliza	St. Clair	May 18, 1898	77	A resident of the village a half century.
Hudson, Mrs. Amanda	Oxford	June 25, 1897	70	
Huffman, Mrs. Christ	Lynn	Sept. 16, 1897	64	One of the early pioneers of the township.
Hunt, Wm	Port Huron	April, 1897	75	
Jackson, Mrs. Henry	Port Huron	July 7, 1897	63	
Jasper, Sophia	Casco	Sept. 30, 1897	70	
Jenks, Geo. W	St. Clair	Sept. 30, 1897	60	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Jenks, Robert H.	St. Clair.	June 11, 1897	71	Resident of St. Clare since 1849, mayor from 1882 to 1886, and prominent in lumber, banking, insurance and mercantile business.
Jones, Mrs. Stanton.	.....	Aug. 22, 1897	.....	
Jorden, John.	Emmet.	Feb. 26, 1898	60	
Kammer, Conrad.	Casco.	May 22, 1898	84	
Kammer, Mrs. Henry.	Casco.	Oct. 2, 1897	51	
Kelly, Freeman.	St. Clair.	Mar. 6, 1898	78	
Kerrigan, Mrs. Dennis.	Port Huron.	June 18, 1897	.....	
Keuhn, Mrs. Thelo.	Port Huron.	Mar. 5, 1898	.....	
Keyworth, Robt. J.	.....	Oct. 11, 1897	53	
Kimball, Mrs. A. L.	.....	Mar. 20, 1898	.....	
Klumpf, Frederick.	Burtchville.	July 27, 1897	60	
Knill, Mrs. Julia.	.....	Oct. 25, 1897	.....	
Koppell, John.	Port Huron.	Sept. 6, 1897	71	
Krause, Charlotte.	Casco.	June 29, 1897	67	
Laffrey, Alex.	St. Clair.	Sept. 1, 1897	70	
LaForge, Joachim.	New Baltimore.	Nov. 4, 1897	65	
LaFortune, Joseph.	Emmet.	Sept. 15, 1897	.....	
Landeman, Michael.	Port Huron.	April 12, 1898	73	
Laing, John.	Port Huron.	July 11, 1897	55	A veteran of '61.
Lamlein, Chas.	Port Huron.	Oct. 29, 1897	72	
Lashbrook, Mrs. Hiram.	Wales.	Jan. 22, 1898	82	
Laturno, Joseph.	Kimball.	April 20, 1898	67	
Lavelly, Mrs. Philomene.	Cottrellville.	Dec. 29, 1897	58	
Ledder, Mrs. Minnie.	Mussey.	June 9, 1897	.....	
Lesparence, John.	Anchorville.	Aug. 25, 1897	.....	
Lindsay, Mrs.	Smith Creek.	Sept. 12, 1897	80	
Locke, Moses.	Amadore.	Dec. 25, 1897	74	
Lordly, Andrew.	Riley.	July 3, 1897	84	
Lovejoy, Mrs. Elizabeth.	Lenox.	Feb. 20, 1898	80	
Lutz, James E.	Yale.	Mar. 5, 1898	.....	Postmaster.
Lynch, James.	Berlin.	Sept. 29, 1897	.....	
Lynn, Dennis.	Port Huron.	May 30, 1898	66	Had been a resident of Port Huron for 43 years.
Mackley, Andrew.	Marine City.	Feb. 22, 1898	.....	
Manchester, Mrs.	.....	July, 1897	.....	
Manley Michael.	Port Huron.	Sept. 14, 1897	.....	
Marterson, Mrs. Nancy.	.....	May 1, 1898	89	
Martin, Thomas.	Yale.	Aug. 1897	70	
Mason, Joseph.	Smith Creek.	May 14, 1898	66	
Maxwell, Mrs. Wm.	.....	Dec. 16, 1897	.....	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
McCartney, Mrs. F. J	Port Huron	Jan. 30, 1898	79	
Mc Cormick, John	Wooden Track	Feb. 21, 1898	52	
McElroy, Barney		Aug. 25, 1897	93	
McElroy, John		Aug. 31, 1897	90	
McGeary, John	Ft. Gratiot	Jan. 6, 1898	68	
McGill, Patrick	Emmet	Mar. 18, 1898		
McHugh, Mrs. M	Port Huron	Mar. 8, 1898		
McIntyre, Jas	Port Huron	April 12, 1898	68	
McIntyre, Wm	Croswell	Aug. 3, 1897		
McKay, Geo		May 5, 1898	82	
McKenzie, Alex	Port Huron	Feb. 28, 1898	64	
McKenzie, Daniel	Port Huron	July 11, 1897	54	
McNaughton, Duncan	Port Huron	Sept. 3, 1897	65	
McNeil, Duncan	Port Huron	June 29, 1897	79	
Medler, Jane			78	
Meriarty, John	Emmet	Oct. 1897		
Mertz, Henry	Port Huron	Feb. 24, 1898	53	
Middlemiss, Geo	Port Huron	Jan. 22, 1898	64	
Milan, Mrs. John	Wooden Track	Apr. 7, 1898	76	
Miller, Bernard	Columbus	Nov. 1, 1897	66	
Miner, John	Port Huron	April 1, 1898	72	
Moore, James	Port Huron		64	
Moore, Capt. Jas. T	Port Huron	July 24, 1897		
Nelson, Wm	Port Huron	Sept. 18, 1897	56	
Mewcomber, Willis	Memphis	April 7, 1898	50	
Newman, Mrs. Jane S	Port Huron	Dec. 4, 1897	82	
Newsted, David	Greenwood	April 15, 1898	60	
Newton, Solomon	Marysville	Sept. 24, 1897	57	
O'Dell, John H	Lynn	Aug. 20, 1897	79	
O'Leary, James	Kenockee	Oct. 6, 1897	78	He lived in Kenockee 40 years.
O'Leary, Patrick	Kenockee	May 19, 1897		
Osborn, Mrs. David S	Port Huron	Nov. 30, 1897	79	
Pattinson, Robt	Port Huron	Dec. 22, 1897	55	
Perkins, John	Riley	Nov. 2, 1897	64	
Peters, John		Mar. 23, 1898	69	
Pickard, Mrs. Wm	Port Huron	Dec. 19, 1897		
Pittrick, Mrs. Emma F	Port Huron	Feb. 9, 1898	54	
Pratt, David T	Armada	May 25, 1897	93	
Pringle, Thomas	East China	June 26, 1897	67	
Prosser, Harrison	Lakeport	May 18, 1898	69	
Quandt, Dorothy	Casco	Nov. 15, 1897	82	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Ramsey, George	Port Huron	Feb. 7, 1898	81	
Rankin, Mrs. Mary	St. Clair	Aug. 6, 1897	87	
Rathwell, Edward	Wales	June 12, 1897	.....	
Reidy, Michael	Emmet	Feb. 5, 1898	62	
Richmond, John	.....	Aug. 20, 1897	76	
Risher, Silas M.	.....	Mar. 23, 1898	.....	
Ross, Mrs. John	Emmet	Feb. 14, 1898	71	
Roy, Mrs. Louis	St. Clair.	Oct. 8, 1897	70	A resident of the section 50 years.
Rudd, Gordon A.	Grant	Sept. 27, 1897	68	
Rudge, Mrs. Alice	Port Huron	Sept. 17, 1897	51	
Saety, Gustavus	Port Huron	April 3, 1898	70	He was landlord, miller, and deputy collector of customs.
Sage, Joseph	Memphis	Jan. 20, 1898	.....	
Sage, Mrs. Wm.	Jeddo	Aug. 8, 1897	78	
Sansfield, David	Emmet	May 7, 1898	.....	
Schlicht, Mrs. Chas.	Port Huron	April 14, 1898	59	
Schoulte, Frederick	Port Huron	Feb. 2, 1898	77	
Scram, John	.....	Sept. 28, 1897	79	
Seabery, Henry	.....	Feb. 8, 1898	60	
Seifert, Mrs. Ernestine	Kenockee	June 10, 1897	53	
Shirkey, Arson L.	Memphis	Feb. 21, 1898	58	
Simpson, Roswell	.....	Dec. 31, 1897	75	
Smith, Mrs. Aaron	Port Huron	Mar. 24, 1898	73	
Smith, Edward	Smith Creek	Dec. 1, 1897	61	He was a prominent farmer and well known.
Smith, John Sr.	Port Huron	Feb. 11, 1898	71	
Smith, Mrs. John	Port Huron	Aug. 2, 1897	.....	
Smith, Ruel	Marysville	April 3, 1898	81	
Sohn, Christian	Casco	Aug. 10, 1897	76	
Spencer, Earl	Memphis	May 28, 1897	71	
Spencer, H. H.	.....	Aug. 31, 1897	.....	
Stephenson, Lieut. Wm.	Port Huron	April 20, 1898	57	
Stevenson, George	Port Huron	May 16, 1898	69	Had been a resident of city 30 years.
Steinman, Chas.	Casco	Oct. 9, 1897	90	
Taggart, Dr.	Durand	May 7, 1898	82	
Terwilliger, Rev. M. D.	.....	Mar. 20, 1898	57	
Thomas, Mrs. Mary A.	Kenockee	Oct. 20, 1897	67	
Thompson, Wm.	.....	Feb. 15, 1898	.....	
Utter, David	.....	June 28, 1897	76	He was ex-sheriff of St. Clair county.
Valkman, John	China	Dec. 1, 1897	54	
Van Norman, Nat	Greenwood	Jan. 22, 1898	66	
Vaughan, Mrs. Ann	Port Huron	Dec. 4, 1897	80	A resident of Port Huron for 30 years.
Visger, Isaac	Adair	July 15, 1897	.....	

Name.	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Volker, Mrs. Christiana	China	Jan. 22, 1898	69	
Wark, John	Yale	Feb. 10, 1898	.....	
Waltz, Mrs. Jno	Capac	June, 1897	.....	
Waterbury, Mrs. J. C	Lexington	Oct. 1, 1897	82	
Wees, Mrs. Bula	Sarnia	July 5, 1897	86	
Welch, Mrs. Peter	Port Huron	Dec. 8, 1897	65	
Westphal, Joseph	Port Huron	Feb. 19, 1898	54	
White, David,	Port Huron	Feb. 16, 1898	64	
White, Henry	Port Huron	May 12, 1898	72	
Whitney, Mrs Jane	.....	Oct. 23, 1897	.....	
Woodward, Wm	Kimball	Mar. 17, 1898	77	
Wye, James	Yale	April 11, 1898	58	
Zentgrebe, Mrs. Wm	Casco	July 2, 1897	.....	

ASMAN.—John Asman, one of the best known German citizens of Port Huron, died February 11, 1898, aged 71 years. Deceased was born in Germany and came to this country and Port Huron in 1853, where he resided continuously since and was engaged in the grocery business and merchant tailoring. At one time he held the office of city treasurer, was a member of the board of estimates at large, and was supervisor from the third ward.

JENKS.—Bela Whipple Jenks was born in Crown Point, N. Y., June 6, 1824, and died at his home in St. Clair, October 23, 1897, aged 73 years. He came to Michigan in 1848 and located in St. Clair county. Besides filling many offices of trust for both village and county, he served two consecutive terms in the State Senate, 1870 to '73, and was a member of the State Board of Education from 1881 to 1888.

NEWELL.—John Newell, an ex-mayor of Port Huron, died April 14, 1898, aged 78 years. Mr. Newell was born in Birmingham, England, in 1828, and came to Port Huron when only 15 years of age. Nearly all his life he followed the painting business, working in the Grand Trunk shops for over twenty years. For some years he had charge of the silver plating business at Block I shops, and afterwards was the Grand Trunk chemist at this point. In 1868 he was mayor of Port Huron, and during the '80s was mayor of Fort Gratiot. He also held many other local offices during his long residence in Port Huron. In 1886 he was elected a member of the State Legislature.

OSBORN.—David Osborn, aged 85 years, died May 9, 1898, at his home in Port Huron. He was born in Massachusetts, but was an old resident

of Michigan, coming to Detroit in 1836, and carried on a banking business until 1854, when he removed to Port Huron, and entered the grocery business, which he conducted many years.

REED.—Dr. Peter W. Reed, who died in Port Huron May 9, 1898, aged 70 years, was an eclectic physician and surgeon. He was born in Ontario. The St. Clair county history, in giving a sketch of his life, says: "His early advantages for receiving an education were limited, but he made the most of them. He bought a medical book at auction and became interested in it and determined to study medicine. In doing so he had many obstacles to overcome. He went to Indiana and settled near Terre Haute, where he remained two years and then returned to Canada. He prepared and circulated a petition to parliament for the passage of a bill recognizing the eclectic practice and the bill became a law, and an eclectic board was established at Toronto, which granted licenses to practitioners of that school. In the spring of 1861 Mr. Reed came to Port Huron and since that time practiced his profession in that city. In 1865 he obtained the degree of the eclectic medical college of Ohio. He was instrumental in the passage of an act in the Legislature of Michigan under which the State Medical Association was organized, and he was elected president of the association for two years."

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY.

BY CALVIN H. STARR.

Name	Residence.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Andrews, Elias	Nottawa	Dec. 29, 1897	78	Came to Michigan in 1834.
Anton, Thomas	Fawn River	Sept. 26, 1897	91	Came to Michigan in 1840.
Babcock, Mrs.	Nottawa	Mar. 14, 1898	100	
Batison, Mrs. C.	Florence	Jan. 31, 1898	91	Came to Michigan in 1834.
Bannon, Jacob	Park	Jan. 2, 1898	80	Came to Michigan in 1838.
Cady, Harvey	Centerville	Sept. 22, 1897	88	Came to Michigan in 1835.
Childs, James	Park	Sept. 20, 1897	80	Came to Michigan in 1845.
Conner, Wm.	Wassepi	Dec. 15, 1897	95	Came to Michigan in 1829.
Donihue, J.	Burr Oak	Nov. 12, 1897	93	Came to Michigan in 1850.
Ennis, Mrs. Wm.	Centerville	July 11, 1897	85	Came to Michigan in 1840.
Foss, Fred.	Sherman	April 5, 1898	82	
French, Mrs. E.	Park	Aug. 30, 1897	77	
Hathrington, Robert	Florence	July 25, 1897	80	Came to Michigan in 1840.
Hutchins, John	White Pigeon	Jan. 5, 1898	80	Came to Michigan in 1840.

Name.	Remarks.	Date of Death.	Age.	Remarks.
Isbell, Mrs, A.	White Pigeon	July 19, 1897	86	Came to Michigan in 1832.
Johnson, Samuel	Fawn River	July, 1897	86	
Jones, Sarah A.	Burr Oak	Oct. 30, 1897	78	
Kline, C.	Sturgis	Sept. 12, 1897	79	
Knowland, Thomas	Constantine	July 14, 1897	80	Came to Michigan in 1835.
Langley, Wm. B.	Centerville	Mar. 21, 1898	75	Came to Michigan in 1832.
Landrick, George	Sherman	April 2, 1898	85	
Maxfield, A.	Leonidas	April 10, 1898	86	
Merchant, C. G.	Sturgis	Sept. 15, 1897	82	
Packard, Nelson	Sturgis	Sept. 19, 1897	67	Came to Michigan in 1840.
Schermerhorn, John	Nottawa	July 4, 1897	88	
Shearer, Abigal	Sturgis	Sept. 22, 1897	88	
Stadden, James	Centerville	Sept. 19, 1897	79	Came to Michigan in 1842.
Starr, Mrs. C. H.	Centerville	Oct. 31, 1897	77	Came to Michigan in 1838.
Stevens, Perry	Constantine	Nov. 22, 1897	83	
Stininger, S.	Constantine	Jan. 10, 1898	82	Came to Michigan in 1850.
Stone, W. W.	Burr Oak	Aug. 28, 1897	85	
Stormes, Criss	Sherman	Dec. 30, 1897	80	Came to Michigan in 1853.
Wilcox, E. K.	Leonidas	Dec. 15, 1897	91	Came to Michigan in 1835.

Thirty-three names of venerable pioneers are here submitted. The youngest age is 67 years, the oldest touches the century mark; average age is 83, while Mr. Starr, who sends in the report, is 86 years and hale and hearty.

WAYNE COUNTY.

CLARK.—Deacon F. I. Clark was in his 79th year when death claimed him November 29, 1897. He had been a resident of Flat Rock nearly sixty years, and was personally acquainted with nearly all the old settlers. His birthplace was Bath, in the state of Maine. From a boy he always took a great interest in religious matters, and was practically the founder of the Congregational church.

DOUGLASS.—Judge Samuel T. Douglass, the oldest member and one of the leaders of the Detroit bar, passed peacefully to rest March 28, 1898, at his home on Grosse Isle. He had been ailing for some months from paralysis due to old age.

Judge Douglass was born in Wallingford, Rutland county, Vt., February 28, 1814, of parents whose ancestors were among the early settlers

of New England, but he was essentially a western New Yorker, as his parents removed to Fredonia, N. Y., in 1816, and that was his home until he reached early manhood and came to Detroit in 1837. He was educated at the Fredonia Academy, and studied law principally with Hon. James Mullett, an able lawyer and brilliant advocate, who was afterwards one of the judges of the Supreme Court of New York. He also spent some time at Saratoga in the office of Hon. Esek Cowen, while he and Nicholas Hill were engaged in writing their notes to "Phillips' Evidence." Coming to Detroit in 1837 he was admitted to the Michigan bar early in 1838, and immediately commenced practice at Ann Arbor, but in the autumn of the same year he returned to Detroit, where, with the exception of his service upon the bench, he had been engaged in the practice of his profession.

He always took a lively interest in municipal affairs, and during 1842 acted as city attorney. He was also a member of the board of education in 1843-44 and 1858-59. It was at this time that the board had its litigation with the county over moneys that rightfully belonged to the district library fund, but which were being paid to the county treasurer. Mr. Douglass took an active part, with the result that a large amount was turned over to the public library. In 1844 Mr. Douglass was president of the Young Men's Society, of which he had been a member for some years.

In 1845, and on the first creation of that office, he was appointed reporter of the Supreme Court, and in that capacity published the two first volumes of its decisions, covering the years 1843-1847, inclusive. The constitution of 1850 divided the State into eight judicial circuits, of which Wayne county was the third, and provided for the election of a circuit judge in each circuit, who was to preside over the circuit court in his circuit, and these judges, sitting together, were to constitute the Supreme Court. This was Michigan's first experiment of an elective judiciary. At the first judicial election called under this constitution, by a spontaneous movement of citizens irrespective of party, Mr. Douglass was put in nomination as an independent candidate for circuit judge of the third circuit, and was elected by a large majority. This was the more flattering compliment because Mr. Douglass was a decided democrat, and was not an aspirant for the office, his name not having been used in connection with it until this movement took place a few days before the election. He held this office until the spring of 1857, when he declined a renomination and returned to practice.

In 1856 he married Elizabeth Campbell, an intellectual and accomplished lady, the sister of Hon. J. V. Campbell.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF HON. DANIEL STRIKER.

BY JUDGE CLEMENT SMITH.

When a strong oak laid low by the woodman's axe, breaks in its fall the silence of the forest fastnesses, the trees feel the thrill of something lost to them forever, and murmur among themselves concerning their calamity. The sturdy old beeches and elms and maples speak of years gone by in which they stood with him branch to branch against winter's fiercest blasts and the fury of the summer storm. The slender saplings quiver in the breeze which sweeps through the vacant place, and feel themselves slimmer and more useless than ever, in the presence of their fallen friend, yet stimulated to become like he was in strength and courage.

The flowers that were nourished by the leafy mould at its roots, and sheltered by and shaded by its noble crown of solid green, feel that they shall wither and die without its protecting presence. The squirrels and birds who brought to its care for safety and protection their little stores, and found a quiet resting place in its widespreading arms, feel themselves bereft and undone.

Daniel Striker was to his fellowmen and women, while he lived, as the rugged oak among its forest brethren; upright in character, of sturdy frame and stock. He was a moral support to the weak, and finely endowed by nature to be a "shelter in a time of storm" to those less fortunate. Daniel Striker was a strong man in all that these words imply.

He was a man who gave strength to the city, county and state in which he lived. Every business and walk in life that he touched he made stronger and better. He was a thorough business man, and he believed in placing all the varied interests with which he had to do upon a business basis, and treating them as important. Indeed, he had no time for matters that were not important. To all the many interests of which he had charge he gave his personal attention, and not only that, but he was punctual in his engagements with others regarding them, and was not as happy if punctuality was not observed by those with whom he dealt.

The amount of work he did is marvelous to those who know how careful he was to give his personal attention to every detail connected with the business in hand.

Mr. Striker was born at Glenmark, Rose township, Cayuga county, N. Y., April 9, 1835, and was therefore a few days past 63 years of age

at the time of his death. In 1840 his parents came west and settled in Concord, Jackson county, Michigan, and in 1851 moved to Baltimore township, Barry county, Michigan. Before he was twenty years of age he taught school in Baltimore and Rutland townships. In 1855 he entered the store of Barlow & Goodyear as clerk and remained there three years, then resigned his position to assume the duties of county clerk, to which he had been elected by the people of the county. About 1860 he entered the drug and book business by going into partnership with J. P. Roberts, under the firm name of Roberts & Striker, the partnership continuing about six years. In 1866 he was again elected county clerk and reelected in 1868. He was admitted to the bar at the close of his term of office as county clerk, but never engaged in active practice. Always a staunch republican, his experience in politics had made him well known among the politicians of Michigan, and in 1870 he was elected Secretary of State and was reelected in 1872.

In politics Mr. Striker was as scrupulously honest as in his business affairs. The writer has had much experience with him in the various walks of life, and found him as firm in his opinions of right and wrong in political life as in business life. He hated shams, and had no patience with policy moves. While he was discreet and cautious in all matters entrusted to him, yet any proposition in politics or business that was in any way founded on deception, or was a departure from principle, was sure to be given a chilly reception by him. He was frank and honest in the statement of his position, and at times seemed unnecessarily blunt, but his rugged honesty shone out so prominently that he was considered a wise and safe adviser. I have made the remark many times, and have often heard it made by others, "You can always tell where Daniel Striker stands."

If you asked him about a matter, and he was in sympathy with you, he would tell you so, and I can personally affirm that he was one of the most loyal friends I ever knew, ever and always ready to serve you in any way that appealed to his judgment. If he was not in sympathy with you, or did not take the view of a matter that you did, he was courteous and kindly, but there was no mistaking his meaning in what he said.

In financial circles he was very prominent, and in 1873 was chosen one of the directors, and four years later vice president of the Hastings National Bank. He was also interested in several other moneyed institutions and assisted in the organization of several banks. Upon the death of the late Andrew J. Bowne, president of the National Bank, Mr. Striker was elected by the directors to succeed him, and held this position for years up to the time of his death.

Mr. Striker held a prominent place in Masonry, to which he devoted much thought and attention in his earlier years, and in that order his name was known, not only in Michigan, but throughout the United States. Fulfilling the duties of all the offices of the local lodge, he was elected

Grand Master of the state in 1879 and Grand High Priest in 1886. In the Scottish Rites he had risen to the thirty-third degree, and at the time of his death was Treasurer of the General Grand Chapter of the United States of America.

Being a pioneer himself in many things, he had always taken a lively interest in the preservation of the records of the pioneer days in his county and State. At the time of his death he was president of the Barry County Pioneer Society and had also been a member of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society since 1890, and a member of the Executive Board since 1893. From personal conversation with him I know him to have been greatly interested in all that pertained to the organization, and I feel sure that his presence in your councils will be greatly missed.

He took an active interest in education and always did everything in his power to encourage and advance its cause. Though by him everything was viewed from a practical, business standpoint, yet he fully appreciated the benefits of a good education. About thirteen years ago he and his wife took up the four years Chatauqua course, and amid the many cares of business and home life completed it and graduated with the class of 1890 at Bay View.

He was prominently identified with the interests of Albion College, being one of its trustees, and in 1882 was elected chairman of the Albion College Endowment Fund, amounting to several hundred thousands of dollars, and so ably were the finances of the department handled that he was honored with this trust and responsibility up to the time of his death.

To show his appreciation of the benefits of education, Mr. Striker in his quiet way several years ago gave $10,000 to Albion College, a fact known to but few until after his death.

Mr. Striker was prominent in church matters, and was an ardent, consistent man in all his relations to it. In the fall of 1867 he joined the Methodist Episcopal church of Hastings, and was a most faithful, loyal worker to the time of his death, contributing freely of his time and means for the benefit and building up of the church. And next to his home, his loss is felt there more keenly than in any other place. His house was always headquarters for the clergy, and when he built the elegant home in which he resided at the time of his death, the handsomest chamber in it was christened by him the "Bishop's room."

In 1891 he prepared a carefully compiled history of the Methodist Church in Hastings, which was read at its semi-centennial anniversary held in that year, put up in a neat pamphlet form at his own expense, and distributed to its members.

In the home Mr. Striker found his greatest happiness and comfort. His fondest hopes and truest enjoyment were in the beautiful home he has left and the loved ones there. His happiest hours were spent there

in providing for the pleasure and comfort of those about him. The poor and unfortunate always enlisted Mr. Striker's sympathy and material assistance, though his charitable acts were done in such a quiet, unpretentious way that they seldom became known to others.

His gift to Albion College, the beautiful monument placed on the burial lot in Riverside Cemetery, bought by him for the use of the Methodist ministers and their families stationed here, the beautiful and useful fountain just placed in the court house square in Hastings at a cost of $1,000, provided for by his last will, are evidence of his thoughtful generosity to the public, and his many acts of kindness and aid to needy churches and individuals, performed as they were with delicacy and modesty, show the worth of the man more than words can express.

His nature was genial and companionable. He thoroughly enjoyed social intercourse with his friends. In his personal appearance he was careful almost to fastidiousness, and few were the days in summer or winter that a flower did not grace the lapel of his coat. This in a person of his years, and in a small city like Hastings, was out of the ordinary, and serves to show another factor in a personality so well rounded.

Mr. Striker was married to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Fancher in October, 1862. At his death his wife and daughter and an adopted son survive him.

About nine years previous to death symptoms of kidney trouble manifested themselves, and these gradually settled in diabetes, from which Mr. Striker had suffered for several years. Gradually and stealthily the disease worked its way and undermined his naturally strong constitution, until it had so weakened him that it affected the action of his heart. Though fully aware that he was in a critical condition, it was confided to but few, and to those not acquainted with the nature of his disease, he had every appearance of being strong and vigorous. Up to a few minutes previous to his death he had been about as usual and had made arrangements to complete a business transaction the following day.

In the afternoon of April 12, 1898, he drove out to the Holmes church in Woodland to attend the funeral of an old friend. Upon his return he seemed very tired. About 7:30 o'clock he was taken with severe pains in his chest, and the family physician was called, but his best efforts to prolong this useful life were unavailing, and within a few minutes after his arrival the sufferer sank back in his chair, and his spirit had taken its flight to the God who gave it.

The loss of Mr. Striker was a severe one to the city of Hastings. His public spirited nature, his high ideals of life, his prominence in business and social circles, had won a firm hold upon the affections of the people who knew him, and his loss seems a personal one to them. His motto

was to be honest in every transaction, to be faithful to every trust, to carefully heed the little details of life that usually perplex and annoy. He sought to live a faithful, consistent, christian life, and felt that his success was in a great measure due to his faith in God and a kind providence. To constant right-doing he ascribed his steady progress upward, not only in the financial world, but also in the more exalted positions of life which his helpful career had won for him. His path in life was always one that his reason and good judgment mapped out and his conscience approved, and all along the way he was cheered and comforted by his trust in God. His ambition was to do everything the best that he knew how, and no matter how small the labor involved, he aimed to give to it his best thought and attention. He had a genius for taking pains.

Briefly as I could I have paid this tribute of regard and respect to my friend. What I have said of him has not been fulsome eulogy, but an honest statement of what he was as a man.

To do more than that would be an injustice to his memory. He was a lover of truth and wanted to be known as he was. An honest, upright, loyal christian gentleman has gone from earth, but his acts and deeds are still with us, having their influence for good upon all who knew him.

A PIONEER CENTENARIAN OF ST. JOSEPH COUNTY.

BY ISAAC D. TOLL.

To attain a century or more of life, sound in mind, and nearly so in body, with a physical decay so gentle as almost to be imperceptible. is a rare boon to humanity; yet with an example which is the purport of this paper, it seems that such attainment, under modern aids, might be augmented, at the same time invoking the self command necessary to resist the temptations unduly forced in this amazing age of acquisition in every field, and aggrandizement through colossal wealth, with resultant evils.

Nancy (or Anna) DeGraaf Toll, born in Schenectady, New York, September 18th, 1797, married Philip Ryley Toll, January 4th, 1817. Her husband's ancestors were large land holders, and the first four years of her married life were spent on one of the farms which had belonged to them then for over a century, and still remains in the family, in Glenville, near Schenectady. After a residence of 4 years in Schenectady, in 1825 they removed to Ovid in the same state, a town charm-

ingly situated between the Seneca and Cayuga lakes, with an academy and a court house; in the latter the writer, though hardly in his 'teens, well remembers hearing John C. Spencer, later Secretary of the Navy, and the famed Elisha Williams make pleadings. Watered by these beautiful lakes, with every natural advantage of scenery and fertility, it might be called the garden of the Empire state.

New Jersey afforded the first settlers, many of whom had been engaged in the war for independence and in that of 1812, while the veterans of the latter war furnished officers of independent companies, and made Ovid the theater of their musters and parades. Philip R. Toll, a superb horseman, who had commanded a company of horse artillery on the Canada frontier in the war of 1812, took part in these exercises. The Ovid contingent formed some of Michigan's notable pioneers, among them the Schuylers of Marshall, the Boyds of Monroe, and Senator and Judge Christiancy there took in his "Viri Romae" and "Virgil" assisted by a youth many years his junior, who here gives ample testimony of the geniality and industry of his worthy schoolmate.

In the rearing of a family of seven children, in dispensing a liberal hospitality, and affording every possible aid to a husband who carried on a large and varied business of manufacture, merchandise and produce, with many employes, the true wife and mother were nobly illustrated. Her own early surroundings fitted her well for the unremitting demands for all her time and energies. She was the daughter of Major and Judge Isaac DeGraaf, of Revolutionary war record, who served the entire period of the war, the sister of John I. DeGraaf, who furnished the means to equip the fleet under Commodore McDonough, to meet the British commanded by Commodore Downie, September 11th, 1814, as is fully shown by that gallant officer's letter to him of September 15th, 1814, handed to DeGraaf by Lieut. Criswick, a prisoner on parole, also twice in congress, and first president of the Mohawk and Hudson railroad, the first link of New York Central, the writer accompanying him in a celebration of its completion, August 9th, 1831. Her ancestors too were the DeGraafs and VanEpps, who suffered severely by death and captivity in the Colonial wars, burning of Schenectady, etc., while her uncles, Capt. Walter Switz and Lieut. Simon Switz of the first New York Continentals, were distinguished under Wayne at Stony Point; also her uncle Col. Fredrick Visscher who having been scalped, his skull cracked, and throat partly cut May 21st, 1780, (see Simm's narrative) by a party of tories and Indians under direction of Sir John Johnson, lived fifteen years afterward, and having also commanded a regiment at Oriskany was honored by receiving a Judgeship, declining a Brigadier Generalship offered him by General Washington. With a halo of such patriotic associations and opportunities of education at Poughkeepsie acad-

emy, where her sister, Mrs. Cuyler, then resided, she might be considered to be well fitted to assist in the founding of a state, and to be the heroic wife and mother that she was, in the general sickness, the ordeals and privations of a pioneer life.

The ambition of the husband brought his family to Centerville, St. Joseph county, November, 1834, and the enterprise and business of various kinds, similar to that conducted at Ovid, besides the improvements in real estate, were continued; but the collapse in business affairs from the issue of the specie circular of President Jackson and over speculation brought general disaster. In this he too suffered severely; in addition, the president of the St. Joseph County bank at Centerville, in the fall of 1840, suddenly decamped, and among other funds took with him to the farther west $832.70 which had been sent to Mrs. Toll by her brother, John I. DeGraaf, for the redemption of property, afterwards very valuable, under sale through execution by the sheriff, E. A. Trumbull, which amount the sheriff had placed with him on special deposit. The sheriff gave power of attorney, October 26th, 1840, to the writer to collect the same, witnessed by E. B. Mitchell at White Pigeon. Some time after this the loss was compromised, Colombia Lancaster, said president, through A. E. Wait, making partial (perhaps one-third) restitution in unsalable property, and he returned to Centerville to be defeated as a candidate for the Legislature, of which he had been a member in 1838. He also made an unsuccesful effort to be appointed prosecuting attorney. Having lost favor he went to Oregon about 1847, where he was appointed supreme judge, and was afterward delegate to Congress. Sickness too was general, but notwithstanding severe family illness, hardly any escaping, this generous woman's charities and her relief to sick families are to this day recalled by their children. The home too was the home of the first ministers of the Christian religion who settled at Centerville, Rev. Asa Bennett and Rev. Isaac S. Ketcham, the latter a pupil of her brother-in-law, Dr. Cuyler of Poughkeepsie, and afterwards of Philadelphia. Here her husband became a member of the second convention of assent to Michigan's admission as a State at Ann Arbor, but he always declined office. In 1838 they removed to Fawn River in the same county, where flouring and saw mills had been previously erected by her husband, and a large area of new lands were opened for improvement. Here too the pioneer husband founded religious societies, favoring all othodox churches and mainly supporting them. He too gave much time to the sick gratuitously, having been a medical pupil of Dr. Toll of Schenectady, and assisted Dr. Dayton, then of Ontario, seven miles distant, in surgical operations. They remained at Fawn River until the fall of 1853, when they removed to Monroe, where her husband, after establishing a substantial roomy mansion, with several acres of garden and lawn, died

August 17th, 1862. Two unmarried daughters, Susan DeGraaf, and Jane Anna, a son, Charles, with the mother, continued in the occupancy of the Elm Avenue home. Mrs. Toll remained in her Monroe home until her decease on the 27th of March, 1898, from the effects of grippe contracted the previous December.

The anniversary of her century of life was a memorable occasion. The citizens of Monroe vied in testimonials of affection. Addresses, poems, illustrated albums and presents beautiful and various helped make up the day. She who bestowed her liberal charities, irrespective of the creeds of the recipients, suffering being the only passport, was remembered by all, the Mother Superior of the convent schools sending a beautiful illustrated tribute. On that day she received and entertained, with scarcely any perceptible diminution of mental or bodily vigor. Her wonderful memory and interesting conversational powers would have graced a hostess of half her age. A few days later, when at the old home, while my daughter fastened a rose upon her dress, she remarked: "This is beautiful, but not the 'Rose of Sharon.'" I remarked, "please tell me about that rose." She immediately repeated

"In Sharon's lovely rose
Immortal beauties shine;
It's sweet refreshing fragrance shows
It's origin divine.
How blooming and how fair,
Oh may my happy breast
That lovely rose forever wear,
And be supremely blest."

The same day I asked her if she remembered the Scotch poet Wilson's "Address to the Wild Deer." She replied. "I always admired that, ever since when a small boy you repeated it, but that must have been at Ovid, about four years before we left for Michigan, or about 1830." She then repeated a very considerable portion of it, beginning with

"Magnificent creature, so stately and bright,
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight,
For what hath the child of the desert to dread?
Wafting up his own mountain, that far beaming head,
Or, borne like a whirlwind, far down in the vale,
Hail! King of the wild wood, all beautiful, hail!"

About that time, during an evening conversation, she repeated

"Make me to feel another's woes,
To hide the faults I see,
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

The next morning she remarked, "I must correct myself in my last night's quotations for 'Make me to feel' it should have been 'Teach me to feel.'"

Her memory too, of recent events and of names was remarkable. I noticed a crippled tramp going out from the rear of her premises with a large paper bundle, and asked the domestic, Tillie, what he was carrying. "Oh," she replied, "your mother directs always to give food to them, and if they are crippled, to give them enough for two or three meals."

Her letters, when long past ninety, evinced excellent epistolary style and neat chirography. She wrote to her great-grand-daughter, Frances A. Croul, a well written note after she passed her century mark.

Reverend L. B. Bissell, her pastor, well said at her funeral obsequies, March 31st, 1898, "She lived in the present, and for the future. The daily occurrences of church and social life and all the affairs of state were topics of ceaseless interest and inquiry. Life's golden age was never passed by her. 'Twas always yet to come. The worship of God was a joy to her. It was fitting this life should close at a Sabbath evening hour, prepared as it was for the Sabbath's rest, which remaineth for the people of God."

It is well for the science of longevity that families keep record of important facts. Advanced civilization and superior comforts are important factors. While nature resents violence, she has great respect for industry. A calm temperament, a judicial mind, a generous disposition, and that reposeful mental condition, arising from a practical christianity, are great contributors to long life. A sense of humor too, unbending the strain of too much effort, is not to be ignored.

These appeared to be hereditary, her father being the center of a circle which delighted in his anecdotes of incidents of experiences of the long and eventful years of warfare with the Indians and British and their Tory allies. Mrs. Toll's sister, Mrs Eleanor Cuyler of Philadelphia, who attained the age of ninety six, so much resembled her in the endowments I have narrated that she semed to be only another edition of the same work. They never seemed old. Expression, voice and manner never dimmed. That serenity and unflagging cheerfulness, which attracted all in their spheres, never deserted them. The many years of Mrs. Toll did not diminsh the supervision of her household or her accustomed daily readings; these always dominated. In all things her daughter Susan was her chief joy and companion. Another daughter, Mrs. Sawyer, who resided near, was as well a great and unremitting aid in these companionships, her son Charles, too, giving every attention filial duty could bestow or suggest. After the great bereavement of the father, in 1862, and that of the loved and lamented Jane Anna, who passed away January 14th, 1889, Charles and Susan D. were then the remaining members of the household.

The lessons she gave by her beautiful life will not be lost upon her descendants, and her circle. Her's was the true model of an American mother, whose light gave cheer to the desponding and whose example was an education in itself.

DANIEL B. HARRINGTON, PORT HURON'S GREATEST PIONEER.

BY O'BRIEN ATKINSON.

[Read before the St. Clair County Pioneer Society, June 28, 1898.]

You have selected me to be the biographer of a gentleman whose enterprise, energy, and personality are woven into the earliest recollections of the county whose name this pioneer society has chosen. And when I reflect how willingly the task was undertaken my only apology must be an earnest admiration of the man. I know but little of the pioneer life of Daniel B. Harrington and if I recall incidents which traditions have preserved, you of an older class must gild them with romance or crown them with that meed of praise to which they are entitled. When I first heard of Mr. Harrington he was residing in Saratoga, and to my youthful fancy he was a greater man than James W. Sanborn, Alvah Sweetser, or William H. B. Dowling, the central mercantile figures of that time. He was greater, perhaps, because his absence enables men to reflect upon his worth without rivalry and in that broader charity which distance enhances. I reflected that Mr. Harrington had, in the prime of life, removed from the busy, profitable scenes of activity to educate his family and make of them useful members of the commonwealth to which he expected them to return, and his personal sacrifice always did and always should make his example worthy of study and emulation. When looking over the men who were most intimate with Mr. Harrington I soon learned that he had great individuality, and of such a marked type that he really did not chum with anyone; that he was a class within himself, and his atmosphere or zone was between the mercantile and the professional groups in the early history of Port Huron. The early lawyers, such as Mason, Mitchell, or Conger, knew Mr. Harrington and leaned upon him in all those affairs which required business tact and executive energy; in this way the strong features of his character were known and appreciated; but further than that I cannot learn that any of those gentlemen were taken into his confidence. At this point the

"Alps" of his individuality arose like a boundary line and he existed on the other side, only revealed in so far as he came in contact with his fellowmen.

Mr. Harrington was a pushing, enterprising, public spirited citizen, yet for many years those impulses were in eclipse or abeyance, owing to a peculiar shade which public criticism maintained in Port Huron and which has not yet entirely departed.

This criticism usually proceeded upon logical lines, and was first principle or "premises" was to declare that certain men were very wealthy; then the people planned great and costly enterprises for the public good and then came the conclusion that those very rich men should bear all the burden. If the selected victims protested or delayed there was but little patience, and no charity, until finally it was resolved that Port Huron needed a great many funerals. Demagogues fanned this feeling, the sides of Black river sometimes marked its boundary, and political rings aided in its growth until its existence chilled all effort and made general co-operation almost impossible. Mr. Harrington encountered this ugly spirit by a display of that same individuality to which I have referred; he would not toy with it, nor treat with it, nor truce his flag out of respect for it; he simply defied it, fought it, or ignored it, but its presence was a great public calamity and its decadence is a matter of earnest congratulation.

As proof that Mr. Harrington was a "pushing, enterprising" and "public spirited" citizen, I have two witnesses whose fitness and fairness no one will question. My first witness is Honorable W. L. Bancroft, who tells me that Mr. Harrington was the main financial pillar behind the first newspaper established in Port Huron; that his brother was its editor and in politics it took the principles of its financial friend and benefactor as against his partner and business associates, but it boomed the town, it crossed swords with the county seat, then located in St. Clair city, and it declared that Black river, and not Pine river, should be the center of a great city and capital of a greater county. The same gentleman tells me that in later years, when other minds controlled that same newspaper, and George F. Lewis was its chief editor, there came a proposition to remove it to Saginaw, and again Mr. Harrington, at the suggestion of Mr. Bancroft, put in two hundred and fifty dollars and himself assumed its editorial direction. I pass over all minor affairs, and jump just one quarter of a century, from 1852 to 1877, for the other instance, and Henry McMorran is my informant as to the push, energy and public spirit of Mr. Harrington.

The Narrow Gauge system originated at that time. Judge Charles R. Brown had removed here from Kalamazoo; he was a broad gauge man, but just then he had "Narrow Gauge" railroads on the brain, and to hear

him explain their merits you might well imagine how easily ravines were bridged, hills leveled, grades overcome, and corners turned until one day I asked the eloquent judge if he really thought his ideal narrow gauge railroad could climb a tree or swim a river in good physical condition. But even this alluring enterprise began to lag, and its projectors saw nothing but 'south sea bubbles' or 'castles in Spain' rise high upon its ruin. Here it was that Mr. Harrington took an interest in it; to him the country between Port Huron and Port Austin was as familiar as were the cypress swamps of Carolina to General Francis Marion. He had mills at Richmondville in Sanilac county, and the great farming future of "The hub" could be seen because he knew the limitless resources of all. When the enterprise was suggested he saw in it the future growth of Port Huron and it enlisted his name, his capital and his enterprise. When it reached Croswell, and other men were satisfied, Mr. Harrington saw Carsonville, Sand Beach and intervening stations, and again his argument was that Port Huron's greatness depended upon reaching farther and venturing more, until Mr. McMorran assures me that the aged, conservative capitalist became the most daring and venturesome of all that group who deserve so well of their city and its people. Mr. Harrington died before this enterprise was completed, but to his energy, push and public spirit is due most of its success, and to his name this city and this county can well afford to pay a generous tribute.

Mr. Harrington was first to build in this city a beautiful opera house, showing again the refined channel of his thoughts, and his willingness unaided to make it possible for the drama to educate and enlarge the minds of our people. The croakers had not all died when the opera house was opened; some had predicted its failure, and many questioned the good judgment of its founder, but all admitted that it was a public benefaction, and that many citizens like D. B. Harrington would soon make a great metropolis of Port Huron.

I have not undertaken to deal in dates, place of birth, christian name, size of family or such incidents, because those things are either accidental or providential, depending sometimes upon the religious flavor of our musing; but when we study Mr. Harrington in contrast with his half brothers we can see how diverse and varied are the traits which we inherit, and after all how much we owe to the mother whose body and mind vitalized our existence and fitted us for the struggles of life. Mr. Harrington's mother, I fancy as a woman small in stature, comely in features, having all the gentle, sterling and refined elements which ripened in her gifted sons. His brother, Edmund B. Harrington, was a good lawyer and author of one of the early chancery reports of Michigan. The two brothers were of nearly the same age, nearly the same

size, and were left orphans in infancy, when facilities for education were few and very discouraging. Eminence or excellence under such circumstances indicate qualities which we must admire and in praise of which a few appropriate words are always proper. His father was Jeremiah Harrington, and in the pioneer days of St. Clair county he was the peer of a strong group of adventurers and vigorous men who planted a high civilization on the border of our great river—big men, of large stature and lofty ambitions, restrained only by the inevitable environments of pioneer life.

Daniel B. Harrington, as I have said, was an American, an American by birth, an American by accident, a gifted natural son of the Great Republic, a child of Michigan by adoption, being here in 1819, soon after the territory was organized, about the time St. Clair county was named, when the Upper Peninsula was known only to missionaries, when Detroit was a struggling village, before Chicago was founded, and when the path of civilized life on both sides extended but a few miles from the border of the river. When a child only four years old he was brought around the great falls of Niagara, upon the same route and by the same method initiated by LaSalle just two hundred and twenty years ago, before the building of the Griffin or the laying of the first keel to cut the waters of our western lakes. This trip was made in 1811, about the opening of war with England, before the Erie canal was projected and before the Welland had been surveyed or was contemplated. In a memorandum of personal events kept by himself, and published in 1882, we learn a few events in the career of this very marked and peculiar man. For a time in 1816 the family lived at Delaware, Ohio, in a double house, one half occupied by the parents of Rutherford B. Hayes, who afterwards became president of the United States. Mr. Harrington's early associates attest the order of his intellect and tastes, and show that he was always in the front rank of business and intellectual pursuits. The military post at Fort Gratiot was a considerable factor in supplying companionship for attractive men and women in the early colony, and amongst Mr. Harrington's close associates we find the name of Lieutenant J. Watson Webb, who afterwards distinguished himself as editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer, and subsequently represented the United States as foreign minister to Brazil.

In the vigor of his youth the pine trees of Michigan lifted their cone tops above the forest and covered her surface with a suggestion of riches, no less alluring than the gold nuggets of Klondike or the copper deposits of Keewenaw, and these he studied as an enthusiast. He was a land surveyor, well equipped for the woods, a light, agile, active man who knew the recesses of the forests as no man in America except, possibly, General Marion or Daniel Boone.

The Indian trail was familiar to him, the Indian camping ground and the savage customs of the tribes were subjects for conversation and reflection, and the treaties with the Indian chiefs were part of his studies. In those early days the transition state of this territory was in the ascendancy, the saw mills and lumber camps had begun to displace the rude basket factory and the wigwam of the fated Indian, the town meeting had supplanted the Indian council, the passing of one civilization and the approach of another were as marked as the risings of the Nile, and with this transition all the problems of such a chance must be studied by the vigilant citizens of the new commonwealth. With this recollection ever in sight we might expect a rough, impatient, domineering character in the person of the subject of my sketch, but instead we find a retiring, modest, scholarly gentleman who might in business negotiate with Aaron Burr, dine with Governor Cass, or confer with Benjamin Franklin, or John Jay upon the best methods of civil government or domestic jurisprudence.

In 1847, after Michigan had been a state for ten years, Polk was president of the republic, Sam Houston had created the "Lone Star State" of Texas, and the "Manifest Destiny" of expansion was inviting the rising sun of empire to possess all the continent west to the Pacific ocean. Mr. Harrington was then a member of the State Legislature, an ardent democrat, a supporter of Jackson and Cass and really one of the most important personal figures in north eastern Michigan. He was then (where all patriots now are) a believer that the stars and stripes should go wherever conditions are ripe, and where once planted should there remain for all time, or at least until the millenium. In 1852 Mr. Harrington was elected to the State Senate making a vigorous campaign with such aids as George F. Lewis and William Bancroft, in a territory larger than the present seventh congressional district of Michigan, at a time when that congressional district embraced the Upper Peninsula. He served four years as postmaster during the last term of General Jackson, and was an ardent admirer of the great and rough soldier statesman. It was during his term as senator that the Port Huron and Lapeer plank road was constructed, twenty miles into the western wilderness, floored with three inch cork pine and doing more to open up and develop the country than any enterprise of later years except our railroad systems. He was proprietor of a water mill and aqueduct at the great bend of Black river, which for enterprise and importance has but few rivals in this part of the State. The country was then wild, the fall in Black river was too sluggish for machinery, the use of steam was unknown or too expensive and the fountain head was an immense swamp in the present township of Fort Gratiot. The engineering difficulties were great, the risk was considerable, and the enterprise required a daring

spirit; yet it was completed by Mr. Harrington and is one of the most significant land marks (even in its decay) in the history of St. Clair county.

In later years Mr. Harrington was president of the First National Bank (A. D. 1871), first president of the Port Huron Savings Bank, first president of the Port Huron and North Western Railroad Company, and first president of this Pioneer society. His name is associated with every great movement or enterprise in which our county or city had any interest or concern. Permit me here to pay a deserved tribute to the family of this very remarkable man. To his name and to their enterprise we are indebted for the very best hotel in Michigan, a building and equipment far in advance of the time and indicating an abiding faith in the future of Port Huron. Yet it is only another step in that advance so characteristic of the man by which the future is surveyed and provisions made for its crowds of people and its procession of events. "The Harrington" and the name it commemorates can be pleasantly treasured in a Pioneer gathering. So here and now, after twenty years have rested upon his grave, I make this offering and rehearse these memories.

EARLY DAYS IN OLD WASHTENAW COUNTY.

BY C. B. SEYMOUR.

Early in the spring of 1827 my father, Ira Seymour, and my mother and their eight children, two boys and six girls, left Victor, Ontario county, New York, for what was then the territory of Michigan. I was the youngest of my father's family, being between five and six years old. With us were my oldest sister's husband and their little daughter. Gen. Lewis Cass was governor of the territory, and a spirit of emigration had seized upon many of the inhabitants of the east. We took the Erie canal to Buffalo, from there to Detroit we were passengers on the steamer William Penn, the largest and newest boat on the lakes at that time; very luxurious traveling for those days. Among other places, we stopped at the ports of Dunkirk, Erie and Cleveland, and after a pleasant voyage of four days and as many nights we arrived at Detroit. This was thought to be a remarkably quick trip; but it would hardly satisfy the young American who tonight will take his late dinner in either of these cities and be in the other for breakfast the next morning.

The beautiful city of Detroit was, in 1827, with its fort and small

number of houses, a hamlet of a few hundred inhabitants. Among them was a brother of my father who at that time published a weekly paper, "The Detroit News," a copy of which I saw while in Michigan last August, printed in 1828. The paper shows a remarkable contrast in size and general appearance with those printed there at the present time.

After procuring rooms for his family for one month in the old fort which then stood not far from where the corners of Jefferson and Woodward avenues now are, my father went out into the wilderness west of the city seeking a location for a farm. This he did, selecting 160 acres in the township of Webster, Washtenaw county. Returning to Detroit, he entered it in the land office there and made immediate preparations to provide a home for us. Having brought a wagon from the east he purchased a yoke of oxen, and taking my brother, then about sixteen years old, and my brother-in-law with him they went to the forest farm and built a house. It was a log shanty of considerable size, for it took a large one to hold us all. The roof of this building was constructed of bark peeled from elm trees. There were no shingles or lumber to be had, and plank split from basswood logs and hewn as smooth as possible with an axe were used for the floor. Necessity, always "the mother of invention," compelled them to use the products which nature had most bountifully provided for them. Again my father returned to the fort and very soon all was in readiness for the journey of fifty miles to the new home. I see the magnificent city now, and looking back the seventy-one years it is hard to realize the changes that have taken place. I well remember that the city water works then was a cask of water on a two wheeled cart, drawn from door to door, and the contents sold by the gallon. The river, the lake, the water all around us, yet it was at times there at the old fort in reality

"Water! Water! everywhere,
And not a drop to drink."

By the middle of May we were well on our way into the western wilderness. No roads had been laid out in *our vicinity* and we moved to our new home along an Indian trail. I can assure you that we were no discouraged and sorry company, for the larger number were young and full of hope and expectations that the future in this promised land had ample reward in store for them. By early autumn a road had been surveyed through; it passed near to our house and made us feel quite in touch with the outside world.

During that summer father erected a commodious log house, and by October we found ourselves well established in it, ready for the hard winter before us. Our nearest neighbors were about two miles distant.

Judge Samuel W. Dexter and Dr. Cyril Nichols had located the fall before where Dexter village now stands, the furthermost settlement west of us at that time. Mr. Luther Boyden about the same time had moved onto the plains still bearing his name, making a settlement two miles east, with the family of Mr. John Williams two miles north, and these were the only inhabitants in that neighborhood. There were at this time, I think, three families living in Ann Arbor nine miles southeast. Others were attracted to this new country as those already there had been, and during that fall Mr. Silas Gorton located a farm adjoining my father's. A year or two after a brother of my father, Chas. Seymour, with his family, came and located adjoining us on the south and I remember the names of Geo. Roberts, Salmon Matthews, Munne Kenney, Henry Peters, Hiram Arnold, Peter Sears, Thomas Alexander, Mr. Chandler, Rufus Crossman, Nathaniel Noble and others, who came and within two or three years we were far from being alone in the western world. It was not long after that Dexter village had its first business "boom." Judge Dexter built a saw mill and soon followed it with a grist mill. These mills were operated by a young man, Samuel W. Foster, who had come from Rhode Island. Nelson H. Wing, an energetic young man, opened a general store for country supplies and these enterprises attracted a young physician, Dr. Amos Gray, who located there and for many years enjoyed a lucrative practice. His herbs and pills are intimately associated with chills and fevers which well nigh shook the foundations of many of the constitutions of those early settlers.

The spiritual welfare of this community was looked after by two bright, progressive Methodist ministers, zealous young men who did much good. There names were Pilcher and Colclazen. Settlements were growing rapidly and these young preachers had an extended circuit, and it was only on occasional Sundays that found them in our neighborhood. There were no church buildings and services were held in the houses of the people. One little incident I cannot refrain from relating, and when I tell you that I took my wife from one of the staunchest Methodist families you will know that I am far from feeling any disrespect for that particular denomination. When about seven years old I attended, for the first time, a Methodist meeting. I was accompanied by my mother. The services were opened as usual by singing, Scripture reading and prayer. Kneeling with the worshipers my anxiety soon began, for as the preacher proceeded with his prayer, emotions and demonstrations became most exciting until the other preacher, kneeling by a chair near me, became more vigorous than the other in his athletics, shaking his head, wringing his hands, rubbing his nose and groaning in apparently such a distressed manner that I became frightened and could endure the pain, for, him, no longer and approaching my mother I called her atten-

tion to the fact that the preacher must have seriously hurt his nose against the back of his chair. My appeal had no effect in bringing relief to the sufferer and I soon understood my mistake, after which I think I was a wiser and much happier boy. It was not long after that a Presbytĕrian church organization was established under the guardianship of Rev. Charles G. Clark, and two or three years later a church building was erected by that society. Rev. Clark remained in charge for many years. I sat under his preaching until I removed to another home in 1846. Going to church in those days was quite a different thing than it is today, early rising, farm work, long rides over bad roads; meeting usually began at 10 A. M. and continued until after twelve with a sermon never much less and often more than an hour long. Then came intermission during which luncheon was eaten, often quite resembling a picnic. In the afternoon was Sunday school and another service similar to the one in the morning. When the days were short we were fortunate in reaching home before dark. After that was the milking and the chores to be done, so that the Sabbath day was far from being a day of rest.

In the spring of 1829 Mr. Samuel W. Foster of Dexter married one of my sisters. Not long after that his brother, Theodore Foster, arrived at his home from Rhode Island and following the example of his brother after a year or two married another sister. Theodore Foster was a man of more than usual ability and of a literary turn of mind. At one time he edited an Abolition paper in Ann Arbor, after which he edited for a short time the "Lansing State Republican." He was the first superintendent of the "Michigan State Reform School" now the "Industrial School" for boys. He was the father of your esteemed townsman Hon. Seymour Foster. Sometime after the marriage of the two Foster brothers and the two Seymour sisters, another brother, Dwight C. Foster, and their only sister came from their Rhode Island home and the matrimonial alliances were destined to become further extended for it was not long before Dwight took for his wife our youngest sister. A few years after this marriage she died and in due time Mr. Foster came to my father for still another daughter, whom he married and took to his home. However, the matrimonial complication did not end here, for my brother Joseph W. married Lydia Foster, the only sister of these three brothers. When I became old enough to enlist in the matrimonial army that particular division of the Foster Brigade had all been captured, and I stepped outside and won the oldest daughter of Dr. Thomas Haskins, who emigrated with his family from Saratoga county, New York, to Livingston county, Michigan, in 1836, and subsequently to Scio, Washtenaw county. Dr. Haskin's daughter Harriet enlisted with me and we fought the battles of life together from June, 1846, to April, 1897, nearly 51 years, when she

passed to the other side to receive the well earned reward of a noble christian life. Her mother is still living in your city at the advanced age of ninety-five years. In reviewing our life at that early time I am forcibly reminded of our associations with the Indians. There were many of them; but with us friendly and at peace. My father's kindness and great firmness controlled them from the first. If they came to his house hungry he always gave them food. If they came and wanted shelter he always found accomodations for them if possible. They knew it and appreciated it. I have many times seen, on a cold stormy night, as many Indians sleeping on our kitchen floor as could pack themselves into the room. You can well understand that there was much that was far from being pleasant at such times; but my father was a humane gentleman, ever ready to show kindness to anyone in need, and this feeling of friendship on the part of the Indians was no slight addition to the feelings of security which we all shared.

As is always the case in new settlements, one of the first commodities to find its way there is that curse of both the savage and civilized, whisky; and it is a well known fact that the Indian does love the white man's liquor. One day three large stalwart fellows came to our house under its influence and began to make some disturbances. Father stepped up to one of them, took him firmly by the shoulder and in no gentle tones said, "Nichie Nobby Squehe Marchie." Nichie Nobby means, Indian; squehe, drunk; marchie, go. They went, but the next day they returned penitent and humble, saying "Shemokeman (white man) good, Nichie Nobby bad. Nichie Nobby Squehe." In many ways they often tried to return our kindness to them. Finding a bee tree in the woods they came to father to cut it down; but they always divided the honey with him. Many a saddle of venison, mocock of cranberries and maple sugar came from them and furnished delicacies we could have in no other way, and helped to make palatable the salt pork, flour and dried fruit brought from our eastern home. Some of the younger members of your society may not know what a mocock is. It is a vessel made of birch or other barks sewed together with deer sinews, in shape something like a common wash boiler, the usual size from four quarts to a bushel.

Parts of two tribes of Indians were about us. The Pottawatomies and the Ottawas. Toguishes was the chief of one tribe and Red Face of the other. They were enemies and frequently engaged in fighting. My sister and her husband were living a short distance from Dexter at the time of one of these disturbances. One day she was in the house alone when in rushed Red Face and wanted protection. Understanding what was going on she found a hiding place for him and stationed herself in the door. Presently numerous Indians came and were going to search for him, but she would not allow them to enter the house. Recognizing her

as the daughter of their friend, my father, they departed without trouble. When she thought it safe she let Red Face out, but it was only a short time until he was captured and killed. The Indians went every year to Malden, Canada, for their presents from the British government. Their trail ran directly past my father's house. I have seen several hundred of them marching single file with steady but stealthy step going and coming on their journeys. One of their camping grounds or stations was not far away. I well remember a big stout fellow coming to the house, picking me up, setting me on his shoulders aud walking off to camp. I enjoyed the journey immensely and had no thought of kidnapping. Near us on the south bank of the Huron river was an old planting ground, at some previous time used for raising corn. There had been an Indian settlement and burying ground there also, for many flint arrow heads, stone hatchets, silver brooches, earrings and bracelets were taken as relics from the graves. Indian uprisings were talked of and feared. I remember one, some two or three years after we began our life there, when it was reported that all the Indians west of us were coming upon us in war paint and feathers as fast as possible, and a general massacre of the whites was to be expected. Alarm was felt by some in our neighborhood and they came to father, as he was the only one in our immediate vicinity that had a wagon, and asked that they might make a large wagon box into which the women and children could be placed and with three or four yoke of oxen go into Detroit for safety. Father thought that there was no immediate danger and said when the Indians were within twenty-five or thirty miles of us there would be time to make our escape; the report of expected trouble proved to be false.

For the benefit of the children of the present time I will say something of my early school days. My first going to school in Michigan was in my father's house and one of my sisters the teacher. A few pupils came to her for three months one summer. My next going to school was in Dexter village, two and a half miles away. This was the winter after I was seven years old. The children of Mr. Roberts, one of our neighbors, his son two years my senior, his daughter, about my own age and myself attended this school all one winter, many times walking through snow deeper than we could well manage, and during the short days the shades of night were often well advanced before we reached our homes. Indeed it was many times nearly dark when I must leave my companions at their house some distance before reaching my own. I can assure you that my feet carried me very lively over that last half mile I went alone especially when I heard, as I often did, a pack of wolves howling away in the distance on one side of the road, answered by another pack on the opposite side. The next summer a log school house

was built some two miles from us on Mr. Boyden's farm. I went there to school the following winter. The next school house was built on my father's farm, a few rods from our house, and in that temple of learning I pursued my studies until I was sixteen or seventeen years old, attending school a few short months in the winter and working, as it seemed, long months in the summer. An academy—probably the forerunner of the world renowned University of the State of Michigan—had been opened in Ann Arbor, taught by a young man by the name of John Chandler and his sister, whose father I have mentioned before, and having completed my preparatory course in the school house on the farm, my father secured a room for me near the academy. To furnish this room we took from the home a bed, a small table, a chair and a small stove. I went from home every Monday morning taking with me food which my mother had prepared, enough to suffice for the week. I attended this academy a part of one winter and this completed my education, you might say my collegiate course. In those days the school room furniture was rather limited. We had no easy seats with backs to them, nor desks in front of us for our books. We held them in our hands while studying, and when our arithmetic required the use of our slates our hands had all they could do. Our seats were slabs sawed from logs at the saw mill, with holes bored in them for stakes or pegs which served as legs for them to stand on. These benches usually reached the whole length of the room on each side. The scholars sat on them in rows like birds on a fence, the boys on one side of the room and the girls on the other. Our desks for writing were boards put up against the sides of the room, the edge of which served as backs to our seats. When it came time for our lesson in writing we would whirl around, throw our feet over the seat on which we sat, and when the lesson was finished whirl back again into place ready for the next exercise. The teachers of that era had much about their work that was far from being pleasant. The chivalry of the older boys was shown in building the fire and sweeping the school room for the teacher, if a woman; if a man he did that work himself. This required early rising and many battles with extreme cold weather and green wood, the result of which was that the open fireplace or the big box stove often gave out into the room more smoke than heat, and tears and headaches came to pupils and teachers alike. Our books were "Cobb's Speller," "Olney's Geography," "Murray's Grammar," "Dabol's Arithmetic," and the English Reader." Quills from our own home barnyard fowls furnished us pens. Primitive as were these school houses they became the center of all our public gatherings of many kinds. Taking the lights for the room (a tallow candle) with us and reparing thence to singing or spelling school furnished as much fun and real enjoyment for the young people who lived in the

early days of this century as the young people of these later days can have in their steam heated, electric lighted, luxurious halls of the present time. Not only the question of light but the question of heat required personal attention, with no friction matches. A live coal was indeed a luxury to be cared for. To light our candles we would take a live coal from the fire with the tongs and hold the candle to it. The vigorous use of the lungs would soon light the wick and so from darkness there was light. If, perchance, the banking up of the fire on retiring at night had failed, and there were no live coals, then the question of light and heat became more serious, and the flint and steel, or it might be the back of our jackknife, would be called into use and the sparks from them igniting a piece of punk would furnish what was needed; this failing, we would go to our nearest neighbor and *borrow* some fire (live coals). Such courtesies were often exchanged among neighbors and did much to promote a feeling of good fellowship and fostered a unity of purpose which led to the social cultivation and luxuries you are enjoying in your grand State today. No doubt many of you remember the stirring times of the campaign of 1840, William Henry Harrison, candidate for the whig party, Martin Van Buren for the democratic party for president. Some of you may have voted for one of them; I was not quite old enough, but I was old enough to shout and sing campaign songs and hurrah for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." One verse of one of the songs was something as follows:

"We will vote for Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
And with them we will beat little Van,
Van, Van is a used up man,
And with them we will beat little Van."

A celebration was to be held in Detroit, the final grand "blow out" before the election. A grand torch light procession, a log cabin on wheels, a live coon on top, a barrel of hard cider *inside*, the cabin drawn through the streets by a long string of oxen had great attraction and a few friends and myself decided to take it in. The Michigan Central R. R. built as far west as Ann Arbor was to run an excursion train to the city. The train was to leave at four o'clock. Our party walked to Ann Arbor, but found, to our great disappointment, that the train would not leave until the next morning at eight o'clock. Some three or four of us walked back six miles to the house of one of our company to spend the night, rising at four in the morning to make sure and not miss the train, we found a rain storm in full force, but that did not dampen our ardor, for our motto was "Any rain but the reign of Martin Van Buren." Arriving at the station we found all the passenger and box cars filled. We took possession of an open flat car and stood up in the rain all the way

to Detroit. I do not claim that my enthusiasm during that campaign was the cause of Harrison's election; but what I did not know at that time about the running of the government was hardly worth knowing. It was more than I have ever known since.

While taking a little journey over the Michigan Central R. R. about a year ago, equipped with its magnificent trains of drawing room, dining room and sleeping cars, I could but remember the road in its infancy, its cars with their plain wooden seats, a single track, the rails a square stick of oak timber fastened to the ties with a flat bar of iron spiked on top. Such is the progress of mankind that I think the little company which took their forty mile ride, standing on the open flat car in the rain in 1840, thought their traveling then was as fast and luxurious in comparison with the ox team with which we had entered the country thirteen years before, as the manner in which I traveled on the same road a year ago, in comparison to that of 1840.

REMINISCENCE OF PIONEER LIFE IN OAKLAND COUNTY.

BY MRS. SARAH E. SOPER.

[From its early day in 1824, down to the year of the late Civil War, as read before the Pioneer Society, at the Court House, Pontiac, February 22, 1889.]

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

If in giving you a few details of early life in our much loved "Old Oakland," I here preface it with a few words in explanation. I will ask you to be as patient as possible with me, and I hope not to tire you with merely a "woman's story," as much I shall relate having been told me, or in my presence, in early childhood by my parents, and retold until every word was duly impressed upon my memory, that I could easily imagine the pictures thus drawn, and most especially those of the Indian, wolf, panther, ghost and bear; and with some of them I was, in the course of time, to be one of the participators, as you shall hear.

To begin with, I will go back to the year 1802, in a little town in Connecticut, where my father (the late Cyrus Hadsell) was born and passed his early childhood. Then, the family moving westward, settled in Vestal, Broome county, New York. Here on a farm he lived and worked until 21 years old with his father; then, collecting his Sunday clothes of home made grays, together with the clouded blue woolen socks, his mother's work, he tied them up in a large red silk handkerchief, and thus equipped

he started out in the world to earn his own living. Having previously been hired by a neighbor, he worked for him one year, and then having enough to pay his fare west, he bade good-bye to home and friends and started. I need not speak of his journey as slow and tedious, nor the seasickness he endured in the three days sail from Buffalo to Ashtabula, where the papers spoke so highly of the Captain's wonderfully quick voyage, against a rough sea and head wind. He arrived at his brother's in central Ohio, but not content came on to Michigan. Arriving in Detroit, which was that year chartered as a city, numbering 1,500 inhabitants, he found that delay was sure if he waited for conveyance to Pontiac; so, after a night's rest, with his pack upon his back, held by a hickory stick over his shoulder, and his grays carefully tucked inside his boot-toops, he headed for the village, by a way cut through the woods, called a road. At sunset, after a hard day's travel (this was late in the fall of 1824), he halted in the road as a man emerged from a house and crossed the road to his barn. He accosted him with the usual "How'd ye do sir!" and "how far to the village?" "How's the walking?" was asked and replied to as "very bad indeed." "I'm tired; could you keep me over night, as I've walked clear from Detroit since morning?" "Oh yes!" was politely answered. Seeing he was not recognized, and taking a step forward he put out his hand, and with a smile exclaimed, "How do you do, Asa?" At the words and smile, the hand was grasped, features scanned, and the beardless boy of six years before, now the shaven-faced man, was recognized with a "Well! I do declare, if it isn't brother Cyrus." Arranging to board with his brother, the late Asa B. Hadsell, as occasion required, he at once found work in plenty, such as chopping cord wood, splitting rails, etc., in the winter, and general farming in the summer, working for the pioneers of those days, of whom I will mention that renowned sea captain known then as "Old Captain Blake," of our great lakes; also Joseph Todd, Col. Hotchkiss, Elias Comstock, Solomon Close and Capt. Sparhawk.

While my father was making his home with his brother in the twenties, a party was organized as a military training school, and met at stated intervals to practice and spend the day in training, as it was then called. The day came when the officers were to be chosen, and Mr.——, a prominent man, was highly spoken of for captain. At 4 P. M. many from a distance set out to return home, as the training was over and Mr.———— had acquitted himself nobly. The routine was now in order for the election of officers. All along the way at every house that was passed the women were eagerly enquiring "who'd been chosen Captain?" Not decided yet, but the favorite was Mr.——— so far, was answered, and several of the most intimate friends advised the wife to have a good hot supper in readiness, as it had been a cold, raw day, and hard work and

great honors awaited her, as without doubt her husband would be chosen. The huge pan of pork and beans was already baking in the oven, and the potatoes boiling, but the good woman determined to have nothing wanting, so arranged the table with her own hand-made cloth of snow white linen, and then brought out the white flour to make a short cake for the occasion.*

The hour set for his return approached, and the eager, anxious faces were pressed close to the window panes. Soon he was seen approaching, and without letting down the bars to crawl through, he bounded lightly over, while with proud step and head erect he strode up the path and at the door was met by his children and wife with, "Pa, have you been chosen?" "Yes, I'm captain," he replied. The good wife at once set the steaming hot supper on the table, while the children capered around the room in high glee, at the same time asking, "why, ma, we're all captains now, ain't we?" She, motioning them to be quiet, replied, "No! you little fools you, none but your father and I." These were good pioneers of our land, who shared all honors together.

It was late in the twenties, and my father not yet having seen, but heard so much about the bear, was very anxious to see one, and often expressed a wish he might meet one, not caring how, when, or where. His wish was gratified. One day he had started for the training which was to be held at Auburn, and as he turned a bend in the road he came face to face with Madame Bruin and two cubs, with only a tree lately cut down, lying between them. He stopped and surveyed them with great interest for some ten minutes or more, his curiosity gratified, he began to look around for a club to kill them with; but, fortunately for him, every stick or stone available was on Bruin's side of the tree, and he, having no arms save a large dirk knife not over sharp, in his pocket, got tired of looking, he called out loudly, "here you be;" at sound of his voice giving echo back, bruin gave a low growl, and the cubs turned and fled into the woods. My father then thinking to scare her, took a step forward and raising both hands exclaimed "Boo'h!" in a loud voice. Bruin too, advanced a step and showed her teeth, at the same time raising herself up to meet him. Seeing she was not to be intimidated he stepped back still looking intently at her. She at once dropped back on all fours, and, after waiting a few minutes, turned and walked off in the direction the cubs had taken. At a few rods she stopped, turned and looked back; seeing him still standing and looking at her, she started on a trot and was soon out of sight. He resumed his journey and saw ahead of him two men coming out of a house, each with a gun in his hand, going to the training. My father called after them wishing to give chase to bruin;

*In those days rye flour and cornmeal were the staple commodities, as wheat flour was used only on great occasions being less plentiful and more expensive. I have given this for the benefit of the younger class that all may understand it.

but a strong wind blowing in the wrong direction, he could not make them hear, and the woods soon hid them from view. Arriving at Auburn, he told his adventure, and was congratulated on his escape, and warned not to seek another such an introduction to bruin, or he might not live to tell the tale. He often said he never wished to again.

Time will not permit me going into details as I have heard them told, of the "logging bees," where the timber was cut down and piled up in great heaps, and burned in order to have soil to till, as it was necessary to get this out of the way. I've often felt I wish we had some of it to burn in our homes now. In 1829 my father purchesed from the U. S. Government eighty acres*, now owned and occupied by H. J. Rundell, 1 and 1½ miles north of this Court House, and now just outside the city limits, and in the fifties known as the "Ice House Farm." My father was spending the evening previous to his purchase where a few friends had collected, and were talking over business matters, when a stranger entered, asking to stay over night. During the evening the stranger stated that he was going to Detroit to enter a claim for a farm, and he'd heard that another man was after it; naming the number of town and section; but, he added, "If he gets there before I do, he'll have to start early, and I hear he goes on foot, while I shall drive in." Many eyes were turned upon my father, who dropped his, after a swift glance around the room, mentally exclaiming, "yes, sir! we will see who'll be the early bird." Returning home he retired saying to his brother, "I must start by four o'clock, tomorrow morning," and at that time the next morn, he was two miles in advance of his rival, and on account of the bad roads had the advantage, as foot travelers were the fastest goers, and each inquired if the other had passed, as they both stopped now and then, ostensibly to ask for a drink of water; but really to inquire if the other had passed by. To the foot man was invariably answered, "no, sir! I've seen no one," while to the other, the answer was, "Yes, sir' he passed an hour and a half or two hours ago." Detroit reached, the government office was soon found, the record entered, fees paid, and all was safe. Before the day closed another entered, and the same rountine outlined, and then the question asked if any one had been before him? When it was found that No. 1 was the same description of a farm in Oakland county that No. 2 had entered in Genesee county, much to the pleasure and good feeling of both. Each in time receiving a deed on parchment bearing the name of J. Q. Adams, and the seal of Washington, D. C. The cost to each being $100. My father's deed being recorded in register's office, Oakland counfy court house, in the latter years of the sixties.

Owing to frequent business trips to Detroit in the early thirties, Asa

*In looking up the records I find the deed of it was signed by John Q. Adams.

B. Hadsell became well and generally known. During one of these trips he became acquainted with an agent from Boston, who desired to go to Pontiac. He had been told by his predecessors if he was ever in Detroit, to be sure and go out to Pontiac, as on the way there was an eating house kept by a lady, said to be the handsomest woman in the west, besides, she was one who could get up a good dinner. He also inquired of Mr. Hadsell if he knew Miss Handsome? "Oh, yes! I always stop there," said uncle, knowing what the fun was; and gladly consenting to take him and to stop there for dinner. On the way the agent was very inquisitive, saying he'd heard so many from the east speak of the lady as so good looking, and Miss Handsome by name. He wished to return home saying, "I too have seen this western beauty."

Arriving at Royal Oak they dismounted and entered. When Mr. Hadsell had shaken hands, according to western fashion, he turned and introduced said agent, not giving her name plainly, which was Chappel, (this was done purposely, as she was said to be the homeliest woman "out west," hence the cognomen applied to her of "Mother Handsome.") Our Bostonian was completely abashed and puzzled; but meaning not to be outdone, he immediately advanced with outstretched hand, at the same time exclaiming, "How do you do! Miss Handsome," while Mr. Hadsell, completely convulsed with laughter inside, was doing his best to make peace between them, as she was, instead of shaking hands with her guest, shaking the broom stick (that is said to be the most formidable of woman's weapons) at him, and asking what he meant thus to insult her, by calling her such names? Saying "I'll learn you a lesson, sir! if you are from Boston." Mr. Hadsell pretended to be to blame in not speaking more distinctly, etc. Their lunch was prepared, bills paid and they were soon on their way, while the woods rang with laughter, not then only, but whenever the story was told for many years thereafter. I never heard that this special agent ever visited Pontiac again; but the story was told to every agent for many years after who went there, and without doubt he, too, heard of it.

In 1835 or 6 a conflict of war seemed inevitable, growing out of a strip of land claimed both by Ohio and Michigan. My father, for a bounty (large for those days, viz., $25 or $30), enlisted, or rather took the place of another young man who wanted to get out of going to war. But the State conventions with the aid of Congress, soon settled matters by giving to Michigan "the Upper Peninsula," and my father soon returned home feeling rich over his enlistment. This was known and spoken of in those days as the "Toledo War," and which I, in the forties, can remember hearing them talk about.

After my father's farm purchase, he continued working out in summers, and in winters chopping cord wood and splitting rails on his farm, and

in this way he cleared and fenced it, boarding with Judge Amasa Bagley and Uncle Joe Griffin, pioneers, who each in turn lived on the George Wisner or Fewin farm, on the old Lapeer road, and now just inside the city limits of Pontiac. Just here I will say Mabel or Auntie Griffin, as she was called (wife of the above named) is still living with her adopted son, Dr. Carlos Haight, in Hutchinson, Kansas, and last summer celebrated her 91st birthday; she is therefore one of the oldest pioneers of Oakland county now living.

Here from the aforesaid farm, my father going through the woods to his farm by the path known as the Indians' trail, often encountered the Indians, oftimes to the number of twenty. He always stopped, and shook hands with the usual "Boo shoo," when he'd surely be asked for tobacco. He soon learned not to carry much with him, for he was often visited for it, and if he chanced to take a chew when chopping he was sure soon to be accosted with, "Chemokeeman give some too." One seemed to win on my father more than the others, "Old Prince," by name, and whose hunting grounds and camp occupied the place where Myrick's pinery and steam saw mill was later known. He died in Lapeer county late in the fifties. He visited us in '47 or '48, and later just before he died; this last time totally blind and led by another Indian and begging, to which my father freely responded. The visit in the forties was to see my father's fine orchard, taste his apples and drink of his fine cider; and he was so pleased with some apples to carry away. He patted me on the head calling me fine squaw, I being much the taller, and my younger sisters and brother nice papoose. They refused to shake hands with him at parting, till a look from father made them comply. This Prince duly noticed, and remembered, and pointing to my father said, "great chief, fine warrior, he fix nice road (meaning the helping to lay out the steam mill road), you mind him."

The pioneers great holiday and also wedding day was July 4th. It was on this day, in 1838, my father was married to Mary Lewis, a native of Windsor, Vermont. The Rev. Isaac Ruggles, minister of the Congregational church of the village, "tying the knot," as they then phrased it. They were married at her sister's, two and a half miles north of this court house, at the farm house now owned and occupied by A. G. Hunt, and known to many as the Kittredge farm; and their wedding trip was taken with a borrowed span of horses and a lumber wagon to his brother's two miles south. They returned next day and began work in drawing logs together, and when hewed and the corners matched, a bee was made and as nice a log house erected as any farm at that time could boast of. The white ash floor, so much the talk of those days, was 18 years after taken up and put in the kitchen floor of the new frame house.

My mother was born in 1811, and was one of those thrifty New England

women of whom so much has been told, she having her own hand made table and other linen ready for housekeeping, and with these and other things bought by the labor of her own hands, the house soon as completed, was well furnished by her for those days. I've often heard the neighbors tell how she could spin her two days work in one, in the long summer days, this I well remember as I often counted the knots to see how fast she was getting along. I also remember well the field of flax my father raised in the forties, and how much I thought I helped him when he hetcheled it out, even if he did tell me to keep my fingers out of his way. My mother next carded it, then spun it on the little wheel, and then wove it. I too helped in spinning and in this way was more useful than in the use of the hetchel. We had enough to last us for several years and some of it we knit into stockings for nice wear. In the early years of married life, my mother not only helped in the farm work, but took in spinning on shares, and in this way her family were supplied with all the necessary woolen garments for winter wear, from the woolen socks and stockings, to the dresses, coats and pants, besides the all wool home-made blankets and sheets for the beds. In 1842 her brother-in-law, being a carpenter, made her a loom, and with this for more than twenty years she provided many comforts for her family of four daughters and a son; besides, in this way laid up money to help build the new house, never from the beginning falling short of weaving upwards of 1,000 yards, and going as high as 1,800 or 2,000 yards in some few years, taking it in all, averaging the first 18 years, 1,400 yards per year. She died in 1865 and my father in 1882, they now lie side by side with my youngest sister in Oak Hill cemetery. My eldest sister also lies buried there, while my only brother and only living sister are now in California.

I, the eldest of the family, am left alone in the land of my birth. I was born April 7, 1839, and therefore am a later pioneer, but a few incidents of my early life, I will now relate. It was in the fall of '47 or '48, that we had just gathered around the supper table, when a loud "halloo!" was heard. I stepped to the door and saw Isaiah (better known as Joe) Cole on horseback and reined up at our gate. He asked, "Sarah is your father in the house?" "Yes sir!" I replied. "Tell him to come to the door quick." My father promptly responded, when Cole said: "Hadsell, there's a bouncing great bear in my cornfield, take your dog and come," and with a yell to his horse he was flying out of sight. Pa donned his cap, and calling the dog to follow, both were soon lost to view.

The supper was hardly tasted, and being so afraid we fastened both doors and windows while ma went to do the milking. The whole neighborhood was soon aroused, and the dogs gave chase, but with one paw bruin would defend himself. Charley Stanley was called to shoot the bear as he owned a gun, and having a noble mastiff, he called him to follow and

at once the brave dog seized bruin who shook him off, and made for the center one of the three lakes near by. The dogs plunged in at their masters' bidding, swam out and headed him off from the opposite shore; he turned and swimming ashore made for the woods. Some eighteen men had collected by this time and seeing himself surrounded he ran up a tree. Mr. Stanley called for lights to see to shoot him, and they came to my father's barn and got pitchforks and bundles of straw; and securing lanterns, as it was now very dark, returned and holding the blazing straw aloft, a shot was fired, but as a limb was in the way it missed, as it was supposed it would.

The noise with the howl of the dogs caused bruin to lose his balance and fall, coming astride a limb some eight inches in diameter, which broke and he came down with a jar that shook the ground; springing to his feet he made a bee line for Mr. Stanley, who was reloading. With a yell, "Stanley look out," some dropped their pitchforks and made for their horses hitched near by, others yelled and called to the dogs to seize him. Mr. Stanley's dog did seize him by the nose to throw him as he would an ox; but bruin this time gave him such fearful blows he let go his hold and crawled home terribly cut and bleeding profusely. Bruin immediately ran up another tree, when Stanley fired again and succeeded in killing him. Ropes were soon brought and he was dragged into my father's dooryard and skinned, while my eldest sister and I held the candles for them to work by, but trembling terribly all the while, for fear bruin might bite us even now, although from the chamber window with my mother we had witnessed the killing of the bear, which was in the woods just back of the log house where now stands the residence of Ezra Jewell. This was the last bear seen in these parts, except the one that swam Orchard Lake with her two cubs, and was killed by Peter Dow, that same fall, if I remember rightly.

I well remember the occasion of a raising bee at my father's in '43, when the barn was raised, the jug was called for to be broken as was the custom; we having none my mother produced a large glass decanter, father filling it, when it was passed around and all drank from it. When replenished, one mounted to the top of the frame and after making a speech sung out, "I name this barn Uncle Billy Phillips, and here she goes." When I called out, "Oh ma! he let it fally and brokee all in piecy."

I remember too the May party held in H. N. Howard's woods on the banks of Harris Lake in '47 or '48, and the gala day it was, also the first of the kind known here, and how it was the talk for a long time after.

I feel that in closing I may trespass on your kindness a moment longer, and in conclusion I will mention a few incidents in connection

with the pioneer life of one who, with his wife and three children, the youngest an infant son in his mother's arms, came to Michigan from Greece, Monroe county, New York, and settled in the northern part of Pontiac township in 1833. I speak of these as our neighbors, when I mention the names of Owen and Ann Soper, who lived about three miles north of my father's on the steam mill road, with a family of nine children, four sons and five daughters. All but the three above mentioned were born there.

It was here as elsewhere the usual routine of pioneer life followed as has often been described, viz.: the clearing and rolling of logs together for a house, the wife doing the usual amount of out-door work with her husband, and in those days going to mill took all day and sometimes two days, and the wife with the dog took charge of all things at home, even to hunting the cows in the woods, which ranged so wide you could only tell which way to go by first listening for the bell attached to the neck of the leader. The dogs were so trained and sent ahead that, when he'd found his master's cattle a continual barking was kept up, until he had headed them for home, or you had joined him to aid in his good work. It was on this farm the eldest children aided in pioneer life and work, and the third child and eldest son, Charles Soper, helped to till the soil by learning to drive six yoke of oxen hitched to one plow, held by his father; a breaking up team for new land, it was called, and to hear the oft repeated call—"Swing out, Swing out!" "Gee, whoa, haw, about, back, look sharp now"—in order to turn a square corner and plow a straigh furrow. In this way things moved on until some 340 acres constituted the area of this farm with fine improvements and good buildings. The homestead proper is now owned by George Cramer, and the addition now owned and occupied by Spencer Soper, the youngest son living, and lying mostly across the line in the town of Orion; but formerly the residence of Charles Soper after his marriage in November in 1857, until his enlistment in August, 1862.

Owen Soper died in 1858 and his wife Ann Soper in 1867. They too sleep in our own "Oak Hill" cemetery. Charles, the eldest son, enlisted at Lincoln's call for the second 300,000 soldiers, in Company D, of Michigan's 22d Volunteers, encamped on our fair grounds in this city. Sept. 4, 1862, they left Pontiac and marched south to join the army of the Cumberland. The work of that regiment has been spoken of before in these meetings, by one of their number, Mr. Babcock, of Southfield; so I'll speak only a word more of pioneer life renewed by some of the wives and mothers during our late Civil war.

The draft drove many men nearly frantic, long before it actually took place; and the consequence was hired help was not to be depended

upon, and some of the women had to work in the field as in early days. Charles Soper having let out his crops to be harvested after his departure they were relet, his wife moving home to her father's with her two children, a daughter of three years, and an infant son, six months old, to await his return, which never came. He died of sickness in hospital No. 1, April 22, 1863, and lies buried in the Union Soldiers' cemetery, at Nashville, Tenn. Consequently the crops still stood where they were in the fields, until the wife, leaving the children with her youngest sister, she and her mother taking a lunch for their dinner with them, harnessed her horses to the wagon and with a double-box, drove out day after day, 3½ miles to the farm and broke off corn 'till the wagon was filled, then drove back home, and took it into the barn and husked it out, to feed one beef and twenty-six hogs which were fattening for market, besides to feed other cattle. Soon as the neighbors had completed their fall work, they turned out en masse and gave her the benefit of a "husking bee," for which she has ever felt grateful, and that comforting and true saying has often recurred to her since then, that "The Lord will help those who try to help themselves," and as well as one which says, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," thus securing about 300 bushels, and helping to draw a part of it to her father's for her. I need speak of the wife of Charles Soper as no other than myself, and as one of those who in many ways at home endured the hardships even as I did, entering the field and helping draw the corn and pumpkins; and I also aided and took charge of some 300 bushels of wheat as it came from the threshing machine and helped to put it through the fanning mill, and so on, until it was sold. And I was not alone in such work in those days. Such as these are some of the pioneer women of only a quarter of a century past, during our late Civil war, and who gave their loved ones, though perhaps somewhat unwillingly, for the Union and that glorious flag, "The Stars and Stripes," known as the pride of the nation, and the most glorious and renowned of the whole world.

LUDINGTON AND PERE MARQUETTE'S GRAVE.

BY R. H. ELSWORTH.

The death and burial of Jacques Marquette, the French missionary and explorer, near the natural outlet of the Pere Marquette river, nearly two and a quarter centuries ago, made the river's banks, one of which

serves as the site for the present city of Ludington, historic ground. According to the Jesuit relations, the black-robed father, who was weakened by disease and exposure, "perceived," one morning while being paddled in a canoe toward the mission of St. Ignatius at Michilimackinac, "the mouth of a river with an eminence on its bank," and selected the place as that of his last repose. A landing was effected and a hut erected. "Feeling that he had but a little while to live, he made a last effort, clasped his hands, and with his eyes fixed sweetly on his crucifix he pronounced aloud his profession of faith, and thanked the Divine Majesty for the immense favor he bestowed upon him in allowing him to die in the society of Jesus, to die in it as a missionary of Jesus Christ, and above all to die in a wretched cabin, amid the forests, destitute of all human aid." The burial was in accordance with the wishes of the father, a large cross being raised to serve as a mark for the grave. Two years later the place was again visited by the followers of Marquette; the remains were exhumed and taken to St. Ignace. But the soil made historic by being the missionary's death bed did not lose its interest. The Indian, the Frenchman, and the Englishman remembered the spot and did it honor in the succeeding centuries.

The place was visited in 1721 by Pierre Francis Xavier de Charlevoix, who was in North America at the order of the King of France. He entered the river of Father Marquette "in order to examine whether what he had been told of it was true." A letter then written to a friend in France, besides furnishing a geographical description of the locality, says, "I have not been able to learn, or else I have forgotten the name this river formerly bore, but at this day the Indians always call it the river of the black robe, for thus the Indians term the Jesuits." * * * "The French call this river Father Marquette's river, and never fail to call upon him when they are in any danger on Lake Michigan. Several of them have affirmed that they believe themselves indebted to his intercession for having escaped very great dangers."

Ninety-seven years later the place was visited by another white man—Gurdon S. Hubbard. He says that he saw, while coasting from Mackinaw to Chicago, a cross of red cedar near the head of the Marquette river, which marked the burial place of Marquette. The cross, which was held in veneration by the voyagers, was reset whenever necessary. He also states that for the several years following he saw the cross as he passed along the coast.

Again in 1821—three years after Hubbard's visit—Gabriel Richard of Detroit, one of the most important characters in the early history of Michigan, visited the Pere Marquette river. He was accompanied by a party of Indians from Harbor Springs. He also gives a description of the place which tallies with those given by subsequent explorers who are yet

alive. A week was spent by Richard at the river. Among other things he erected a cross at the spot, where, according to the Indians, a former one had stood; and with his penknife he engraved it with Marquette's name and the date of his death.

A few years later the pioneer white settlers of the county began to arrive. Several of these are still alive and can remember the visits of the Indians to the supposed site of the missionary's grave, and the erection of crosses at the place. Thus, although the exact spot of the first grave of this remarkable man, who has left an old and new world to weep at his tomb, has become lost amidst shifting sand dunes and the numerous changes of a fickle inland ocean, the location of the river upon whose bank the death scene occurred has been preserved by a series of visits by men who recorded their observations.

THE GREAT FINANCIAL CONVULSION OF 1893-4.

BY L. D. WATKINS.

The years 1893 and '94 will ever be memorable in the history of the civilized world for the sudden, and we may say absolute demoralization of values in every line of industry and labor. Such a change in values in time of peace, and when all the world is overflowing with the products of the soil, and all industries are in active, healthy operation, gives us good reason to ask for the cause. In all the world's history there is no precedent of the present downfall of previous values. It is true past history gives us many instances of disastrous financial strictures, all however showing a known cause: war, famine, wild speculation, worthless money, world-wide epidemic diseases or other tagible causes which, for a time, make a partial stoppage of the wheels of industry, and hence distrust in every kind of investment.

When we look for the cause of the present convulsion we should take into account the fact that all the great factors that tend to the production and distribution of the necessaries of civilized life have so changed, in all departments, that we can make no correct theory of the present by the past, as all the causes of our present world-wide distress come from the fact that the great staples of agriculture have been grown in such vast quantities that the production has exceeded, vastly, the consumption. From the best known authority we find that the acreage planted to food producing cereals has increased in the last ten years thirty per cent faster

than has the population of the world, or in other words, production has increased thirty per cent over consumption. This over-production caused the great overflow of produce in all the markets; warehouses were filled to repletion, and cars and vessels could not be unloaded for lack of store room. Wheat, in Detroit, reached the lowest price known—47 cents per bushel. Wool reached the 8-cent mark for unwashed merino and 12 cents for washed. Cotton (upland) settled from 11½ cents to 4¾ cents. At these prices wheat, wool and cotton in large quantities were left unsold and remained in first hands. These prices, below the cost of production, caused a general feeling that land or farms could not produce a net income on investment at any price. Owners of mortgaged farms failed to pay interest, and their lands were put upon the market and could not be sold. We have the humiliating fact of lands unsalable even when offered at less than one-half their former cash value.

Live stock, with few exceptions, followed the lead of wheat, wool and cotton. Merino sheep that would shear eight pounds of washed wool per head sold for from 60 to 90 cents per head. Horses sold on the great western plains at $5 per head by the hundred, and thousands were slaughtered for their skins alone. In Michigan we find the farms over-stocked with horses for which there is absolutely no demand.

Manufactured goods, in all lines, were in like condition; wages were scaled down to the lowest possible point, causing strikes at all manufacturing centers; money flowed into the banks and could not be put in circulation again because no one dared to borrow for investment and the small amount needed to move the produce of the country on account of the low prices prevailing.

As we have said before, this state of the world's financial downfall came when every industry was in a healthy and prosperous condition. Two great causes are responsible for the unexpected convulsion.

For ten years prior to 1893 the building of railroads into unsettled fertile lands in all parts of the world had been phenomenal. Russia in Asia built nearly six thousand miles, thus opening up lands of wonderful fertility and of area nearly equal to that of all Europe. The same active construction of railroads into new territories has been going on in the United States, opening vast areas of treeless, fertile lands, capable of feeding the millions of coming people. South America has joined with the great export countries, producing wheat (with labor at 10 cents per day) cheaper than any other land. Australia, India, Queensland and our neighbor, Ontario, all help to swell the ranks of wheat exporters. Unless some great failure of the crop occurs, wheat must continue to sell low until the population so increases as to again restore the balance between consumption and the production of these immense areas, until lately practically unknown sections of the world in the production of foods.

The building of railroads has been ably supported by the invention of labor-saving farm machinery. The self-binder, which does the work of seven men, the threshing machine, saving eighty days' labor for one man per day, and machines for all needs in the preparation of the soil and the planting and harvesting of crops.

A factor that should not be ignored is the great economy in the making and application of steam to the carrying and interchange of products by land and sea. So perfect are the great ocean steam engines, and so perfectly do they do their work, that an ounce of coal, which can be conveniently carried in the vest pocket, will furnish steam to carry a ton of freight one and a half miles. Thirty years ago freight on grain was 30 cents per one hundred pounds from Chicago to Liverpool. On April 8, 1895, the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago R. R. contracted to deliver 1,500,000 bushels of wheat from Chicago to Liverpool at 9½ cents per 100 pounds.

All these combined energies and economies of production and transportation are tending to fill the old, settled portions of the world with the products of these vast sections that seem created expressly for the coming of the wonderfully made machines, which do the work of man almost without his aid and at trifling cost.

As we look back and study the great problems of the settlement of various portions of the earth by man, we are astounded to find that civilized man first chose the most sterile and difficult portions for his home. This is true in every continent and in the great islands of the ocean. Our forefathers never dreamed that near them were boundless fields of untold fertility ready for the plow. They hewed from the forests homes and the rock-bound, sterile soil that produced only a pittance for a life of toil and privation, and leaving for our generation the choicest parts of earth to fill to overflowing the granaries of the world.

THE ST. JOES.

BY R. C. KEDZIE.

The conditions of immigration in the early settlement of our State were so different from those now prevailing in these days of railroads and steamers that the public forget the trials and hardships of pioneering in Michigan. When we are told of a man carrying a grindstone on his back fourteen miles to an ax-dull community, and another carrying a hundred

pounds of flour a like distance to be received with open-mouthed welcome by the hungry hamlet, the story is received with a touch of incredulity by easy-going men of today.

It is the purpose of this paper to recall some of the features of pioneering as they passed before my eyes when a mere child in my home on the banks of the River Raisin in the eastern edge of Lenawee county.

My father brought his young family to "the Michigan" in an early period of the settlement of the territory, buying his farm of the United States govenment in 1824, and erecting a log palace for his family in 1826. It was pioneer life of the most pronounced tpye—not "Nine miles from a lemon," in the pathetic words of Gail Hamilton—but twenty-five miles from postoffice, store, mill, blacksmith, doctor, civilization! The roads were only blazed trails through the woods, and the bridge was a canoe in which was ferried over everything that could not swim, the wagon piece by piece, the grist, the harness, while the horses found themselves "in the swim." This was going to mill and the return was similar, the round trip consuming four days.

OUR RURAL PALACE

was constructed according to the strictest rules of sylvan architecture, built of logs, standing 18x24 on the ground, and one and a half stories high. It was amply protected and guarded, for half a dozen trees stood sentinels over it, of such size that if any one had fallen across the structure it would have crushed it to the ground. We were overawed by our guards.

THE FIRST NIGHT IN THE PALACE.

The family took possession late in the afternoon of a mild October day. The palace was not completed: the ground floor was laid except a space reserved to build the "mud and stick chimney," where a fire was burning all night to scare away wild beasts. This was literally our house warming. Spaces had been cut in the log walls for doors and windows, but these had not been put in place, blankets being hung for door curtains, with barricades of chests and boxes to keep out intruders. Just at nightfall my brothers took the Indian pony, "Old Gray," to the river bottom to feed for the night, a small bell fastened on his neck to assist in finding him in the morning and, to prevent him from wandering too far, his fore feet were spanceled. Just as this was done the wolves began to howl close by, and boys and pony made a bee line for the house to tarry for the night.

Kept at a distance by the fire burning in the house, the wolves howled around the house the livelong night, while the answering owls hooted from the tree tops over our heads. The terrified pony did not dare to leave the house, but circled around and around it in a monotonous tramp,

the thump, thump, thump of his spanceled feet beating time to this wolf and owl duet, the tinkle of his bell serving for orchestral accompaniment. To the small and select audience who held reserved seats the concert still seemed somehow to lack concord and harmony of sweet sounds. There was one audience that was in no hurry to see the curtain rise.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE MIGHTY.

The huge trees that overshadowed our house were too suggestive of crushing disaster if any of them should come down to our level. Their doom was settled because the skilled axeman could determine the line of their fall and thus avert danger from our home. One large red oak was marked for slaughter and he was to die at nightfall. My father placed a lighted candle beyond the reach of the falling tree, but in the line of its fall, to see what would be the impulse given to the air by the falling mass by the influence on the candle flame. The tree came crashing to the ground and his windfall caused the candle flame to flicker for a moment and then go out in darkness, to the intense delight of the "kids." It was the first experiment in natural philosophy I ever saw. The next day a white oak, four feet in diameter, had to bite the dust, and we all went out doors "to see how it let the sky in." The trees must fall though they held their sheltering arms over our house, because danger lurked in their very shadow and we must have breathing space and sunlight around our house. These forest monarchs with coronals of green and majesty of form appealed in vain to our sense of beauty. "Woodman, spare that tree" was all unsung at Kedzie's grove. The most beautiful inanimate thing God ever made is a tree, but in our eyes it "had no form or comeliness that we should desire it." The trees were an obstruction, an enemy to extirpate, not a thing of beauty or a friend to be cherished. It was woods, woods, everywhere; trackless, savage, terrifying. They served to smother us and we gasped to drink in the open sky. Go out from our house in any direction and it was the unbroken forest for long distances; take the trail eastward and it was five miles to the first house, Richard Peters'; go west and it was six miles to the home of Harvey Bliss; strike out north or south through the lonely woods and it was twenty miles or more to a habitation. It was a forest sea, and when the wind swept through their sounding aisles it suggested the sound of far-off waves—"deep, distant, murmuring evermore, like the waters of the mighty ocean."

When we recall the fact that the woods were the home of treacherous beasts of prey, "more fierce than evening wolves," while the arm of man seemed so weak and puny before such sturdy foes, what wonder that we grew to hate a tree and clap our hands over his downfall.

FOREST REQUIEM.

Those grand old forests! I look back with remorse upon their pitiless destruction—the rich inheritance of the centuries past, wantonly wasted. Timber to build the navies of the world, timber to adorn the palaces of kings, were of no account in those early years. The oak trees on my father's farm were ample to build an eight-rail fence around every acre of the farm, yet burned up in log heaps. Whitewood was the only tree that had a market value, because the saw logs could be floated down the river to Monroe to be sawed into lumber. But the other trees, oak, ask, black walnut, basswood, elm, hickory and cherry, had no quotable value in those early days. If the farms of Lenawee county were again clothed with the forests of 1826, the timber would sell for more than the farms are worth today.

THE IMMIGRANT WAVE.

From 1826 to 1830 settlers came slowly into our neighborhood; here and there a family that seemed to be swallowed up in the solitude. The settlement was mainly along the banks of the Raisin; that river having been classed as a navigable stream it was expected that canal boats would soon bring prosperity to this region like that along the Erie canal; water-carriage being considered the most practical method and railroads all unknown. When the houses were within a mile of each other, we rejoiced to see the country settling up so rapidly. Our neighborhood extended 25 miles in every direction and families within five miles were near neighbors. Occasionally an itinerant preacher came along and word was passed from mouth to mouth of "preaching service at Mr. Blank's house in the evening, beginning at early candle-lighting"—the yankee clock peddler not having penetrated the wilds of Michigan.

In 1830 the ripples of the incoming tide of overland travel to the new west reached us and increased in volume year by year. Steamboats and schooners brought the movers to Monroe, from which point they began their slow journey to the rich farming lands of St. Joseph county, a name that included the fertile prairies and timbered belt of southwestern Michigan.

The United States land office was at Monroe in charge of Dr. Robert Clark. The immigrant, having obtained "the description" of his proposed farm from some friend or agent, would stop at the land office and "enter his land," depositing $100 in payment for each 80 acres, receiving his certificate, to be followed by a patent issued by the general government and signed by the President. The payment must be in specie and Mexican silver dollars were the most usual form.

SETTLER VS. SPECULATOR.

The strife between the settler and the speculator to get possession of valuable lands gave rise to amusing incidents, of which the following will serve for a sample. A settler had selected a good farm lot in St. Joe, and was journeying on foot to Monroe to locate the farm. He stayed all night at a tavern in Hillsdale and incautiously boasted of the land he had selected, even giving the description. The landlord sent a man on horseback to locate the land for himself. The disappointed settler kept his mouth shut, returned and made another selection of land for himself and also took a description of some land not so valuable. Stopping at the same tavern he mentioned the description of a half section of land "heavily timbered, well watered, and having a rich black soil." The landlord made use of the information so easily obtained, and when the settler reached the land office he found the wily landlord had located a half section of tamarack swamp and was $400 out of pocket.

THE MOVER.

Usually the mover was a man with a family. The outfit for overland travel was a large wagon drawn by a stout span of horses; the box was not a simple rectangle, but projected at an acute angle at both ends to give additional space; half a dozen stout wooden bows passed over the top of the box, and over these were stretched a covering of white cotton cloth to enclose the wagon box and space above it, giving an airy room for wife and children, sheltered from sun, wind and rain and affording space for the bedding, household appliances and provisions for the journey. Utensils for cooking, the cast-iron tea kettle, bake-kettle, tea pot, tin cups and plates, etc., etc., afforded the portable means for preparing a meal by an open fire built on the ground. With a sack of flour, potatoes to roast in the hot embers, a crock of butter and a chunk of salt pork, the nimble fingered and quick-witted wife soon prepared a meal for the family who partook of it with the zest of the proverbial open-air appetite. An open box across the hind end of the wagon box furnished means of feeding the horses their ration of grain; a water pail, hooked to the reach and a tar bucket slung under the hind axle completed the visible outfit of the mover.

ST. JOE MOVERS OR ST. JOE'S.

A moving household with such belongings, always going west and always inquiring for St. Joe county, soon came to be recognized as a St. Joe mover and called by abbreviation a" St. Joe." A white covered wagon proclaimed their mission and destination. Day by day they filed past our door in quest of the agricultural Canaan in the new west. Twenty a day, thirty, and even forty, they seemed to move in endless procession, and the St. Joes became a common feature of our life. They were a

hardy, sober, honest race; the materials with which to build a substantial commonwealth. Very rarely they traveled on the Sabbath; very rarely they turned their faces to the east.

The incidents and side-play of moving were peculiar. In spending the night, the wife and children occupied the wagon box for a bedroom, the husband sleeping on the ground under the wagon. If the night was stormy or cold, the men sought refuge in house or barn if accessible. The floor of our house was often completely covered with sleeping men. I well remember a night when forty-two persons slept under the roof of our little house. Most of our family slept in the chamber, and when I attempted in the morning to climb down the ladder to get out doors, I found the floor too completely covered with sleepers to permit me to pass out without stepping on somebody. I fixed my eyes in particular upon four men lying side by side, " packed as close as pickled herring," their heads resting upon some object that served for a bolster. The four men, one after another, got up and stretched themselves into full wakefulness, and then the bolster got up and showed himself a man. Some one humorously suggested to call the roll to see that every man got the right legs!

These camping scenes at the close of "a day's march nearer" the land of promise were of frequent occurrence at our place, because we were a day's drive from Monroe, and it was known we had tame hay for their horses, instead of swamp hay, then so common. Our dooryard, barnyard and lane were often filled at night by the St. Joes.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way."

It makes a difference from what latitude the star makes its start. Migration is along isothermal lines--latitude rather than longitude. This is the reason why people move west rather than south. Immigrants in a body carry the social atmosphere with them. Note the social condition in southern Ohio and Indiana, settled by persons from New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia, from that of Michigan, settled by families from New England and New York, bringing from the east the habits, customs and aspirations of our best civilization, dotting the country with churches and planting a school in every hamlet. The united rills of this stream of immigration has filled our State with a population second to none, and given her the name of "the Massachusetts of the west."

Agricultural College, June 20, 1898.

A SKETCH OF GRAND PORTAGE INDIAN RESERVATION.

BY GEO. H. CANNON.

Situated at the northwestern extremity of Lake Superior, where the national boundary line between the United States and Canada last leaves that lake, and extending southward a dozen or more miles along the lake shore and back to the Pigeon river, lies a woody, rocky strip of land. In this triangular piece of wilderness is included the "Indian reservation." On the north side of the "Reserve," a rocky point extends into the lake sheltering an indentation of the shore which forms the bay, a fine natural harbor. This locality was selected by the Grand Portage band of Chippewa Indians of Lake Superior for their final home, as the one spot most desirable to them in all their holdings of more than ten millions of acres.

The locality had been held from time immemorial by their ancestors, and was therefore deemed as the most important "Reserve," and the last one of note held by that once powerful tribe. From the foot of the bay a trail or "carrying place" leads across the point to the still waters of Pigeon river, a distance of some nine miles. This route had for an unknown period been the only practicable one from the "Great lake" to the waters of the upper Mississippi, the Red River region, the Lake of the Woods, and the Hudson Bay country, as well as the vast regions beyond. The voyageurs, trappers and hunters, employes of the Hudson Bay Company, as early as 1765 used this route exclusively for the conveyance of their goods and peltry to and from the vast regions beyond. It seems reasonable to conclude that the ancient miners of Lake Superior, the Ontonagon region, especially of Isle Royale, used this "carrying place" to convey the precious bits of pure copper to the far east and south. Looking to the eastward from the foot of Portage bay, the island of Isle Royale can be seen, a mere speck on the horizon, some twenty miles distant. It is believed that this distance could easily have been traversed by rude crafts made by the mound-builders, or any people of sufficient intelligence to plan and execute the work, traces of which are found upon this island and in the Ontonagon country as well. This "carrying place" and bay were deemed of so much importance that a contention had arisen between the United States and Great Britain as to the position of the boundary line, where it should last leave Lake Superior, Great Britain claiming it should be at the Portage, some six miles south of the mouth of Pigeon river. At last in 1842 the position of the boundary was defi-

nitely determined. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, insisted that the line should leave the lake at the mouth of the stream, following thence the river, and that the Portage should remain free to the inhabitants of both countries. Lord Ashburton agreed to this adjustment, and it appears to have been conceded that a river forms a natural boundary line, one easily determined in case of a disagreement. The matter of the boundary was thus settled satisfactorily to both governments. The Portage has long since ceased to be of importance as a "carrying place," its value terminating with the destruction of the fur-bearing animals, the decrease of the Indians and the advent of railways and steamers, however, after a lapse of forty years since we first became interested in this reservation, it is a pleasure to collect some material which may be of interest to this society. Early in the spring of 1858 the writer was awarded a contract by the Surveyor General of Minnesota to execute certain linear surveys in that territory. The district to be surveyed was in the wilderness country bordering the southwest shore of Lake Superior, and extending along its coast nearly one hundred miles. This survey also included the determining of the boundary lines of an Indian reservation located at Grand Portage bay, and closing on the national boundary line in accordance with the treaty heretofore made with the Grand Portage band of Chippewa Indians of Lake Superior. The writer having for several years been engaged upon the public lands surveys as contractor, in both the upper and lower peninsulas of Michigan, and having made the surveys of the islands along the south shore of Lake Superior eastward of Grand Island, as well as the islands of Saginaw bay, was somewhat familiar with the work required, but with the establishment of the boundaries of an Indian reservation in the usual indefinite terms of a treaty he was without experience. Having begun the survey many miles to the southward of the reserve, he waited with no little anxiety as the line approached that locality to receive his instructions and a copy of the treaty heretofore promised. These came duly in midsummer, and that portion of them having reference to the reserve read as follows:

"With respect to the Indian reserve of the Grand Portage band of Lake Superior, near Pigeon river, and required to be surveyed prior to the extension of the township lines thereto so that they may be closed thereon, the following is the description in the terms of the treaty, and the only data that this office is enabled to furnish you with. 'Beginning at a rock a little east of the eastern extremity of Grand Portage bay, running thence along the lake shore to the mouth of a small stream called by the Indians Maw-ske-gaw-caw-maw-sebe, or Cranberry Marsh river; thence up said stream across the point to Pigeon river; thence down Pigeon river to a point opposite the starting point; thence across to the place of beginning." The instructions go on to say that "these boundaries will have to

be carefully run and measured, and fully marked and established with all necessary monuments." A careful study of the terms of the treaty seemed to present no serious obstacle to the proper extension of this survey in the field, and by the aid of the Indians, who explained to us what they understood were to be the boundaries of the reserve, we had but little difficulty in establishing the lines. Some time before the survey had reached the mouth of the small stream, the chief of the band sent word that he would erect a flag at the mouth of the stream claimed by the Indians as their boundary. As there were several small streams along the coast flowing into the lake, this thoughtful act saved us much time and anxiety, so that as we came up with the survey we found the flag as promised, and a subsequent investigation proved that stream to be the southern boundary of the reserve. Upon continuing the survey up the small stream (about the size of the Clinton river in Oakland county) we found it had its rise in a small lake, which was bordered by a cranberry marsh of several acres in extent—hence the significance of its name, Cranberry Marsh river. Reaching the Pigeon river, we encamped at the upper end of the Portage, from which point a series of falls, cascades and rapids over which no boat could descend leads to the lake, while above the water was quiet, still and apparently deep. At our camp we had the pleasure of meeting the eminent geologist and noted Canadian savant, Mr. Dawson, who was returning from an exploring expedition to the Red River country. At the Portage bay, a British mail steamer arrived bringing the overland mail, which was in charge of Captain Kennedy, a companion of Kane in the Arctic exploration. The steamer left in about an hour after landing the voyageurs and mail. Several days sufficed to complete the survey, and in September the reports were personally returned to the Surveyor General's office at St. Paul. The report to the general land office at Washington, dated Oct. 11, 1858, says: "The survey and establishment of the boundaries of the reservation on Pigeon river and Lake Superior, reserved by treaty with the Chippewa Indians of Grand Portage band, has been completed, the notes of the same examined and platted, and a map of the reserve with transcripts of the field notes have been transmitted to Washington. The full and complete character of the notes of the survey, together with the known experience and reliability of the deputy who executed the work, leaves no room to doubt that the survey had been faithfully and efficiently performed in every respect and at less expense than is usually incurred in surveys of like character. This reserve would appear to contain 41,046 acres, and from the nature of its boundaries required some thirty-five miles of most difficult meanderings." Early in the 50's the general government became desirous of extinguishing the Indian title to the vast territory lying along the upper Mississippi waters and the Lake Superior region not heretofore ceded, estimated by the sec-

retary to contain about 11,000,000 acres of land. Under date of Aug. 10, 1854, the Department of Indian Affairs sent letters to the Indian agent. From these letters it appears that the treaty was made, and the lands ceded Sept. 30, 1854. Four years later the survey of the reserve was made. After a time, the policy of the government in the treatment of the Indians having been changed, it being deemed wise to grant them lands in severalty, break up the tribal relations, and encourage citizenship, after the lapse of 35 years another treaty was made with the Grand Portage band of Indians in pursuance of an act of Congress, approved Jan. 14, 1889. The terms of this compact were as follows:

"Agreement with the Chippewa Indians of Grand Portage reservation. We, the undersigned, being adult Indians over 18 years of age, of the tribes or bands of Chippewa Indians occupying and belonging to the Grand Portage reservation in the State of Minnesota, do hereby certify, and declare that we have heard read, interpreted, and thoroughly explained to our understanding the act of Congress entitled 'An act for the relief and civilization of the Chippewa Indians in the State of Minnesota. Which said act is embraced in the foregoing instrument, and after such explanation and understanding have consented and ratified the same, and do hereby accept and consent to, and ratify the said act, and each and all of the provisions thereof, and do hereby grant, cede, relinquish, and convey to the United States all our right, title, and interest in the said Grand Portage reservation in the state of Minnesota."

This formal document was signed by Martin Mosly and Joseph Whitney, commissioners, on the part of the United States, and by seventy-two Indians on the part of the Portage band, the principal ones being "Show-gaw-naw-she-wee," or the "Little Englishman," first chief, "May-mash-caw wah," head man, "Aw-de-konse," or the "Little Reindeer," second chief, and "Way-we-ge-wan," head man. The instrument after having been executed in due form was certified to by P. H. Beaulieu, interpreter to the commissioners, and John Monson, interpreter for the Indians. Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, gave his approval March 4, 1890.

NOTES OF EARLY HISTORY OF BRUCE TOWNSHIP, MACOMB COUNTY.

BY GEO. N. CANNON.

The township of Bruce is designated on the United States land surveys as town five north, of range twelve east meridian, Michigan, and is now in its political division the northwest corner township of the county of Macomb. Its physical features are nowhere different from the general character of the country in eastern Michigan. Lying to the westward of the river St. Clair, and beyond the ancient lake beach, its surface is considerably more elevated as a whole than is the contour of the ground for several miles back from the vicinity of that river. The western portion of the town is generally high and rolling land; eastern more level, with narrow belts of swampy bottom land along the streams. The soil is excellent, usually a clay loam and everywhere may be made highly productive. The township is well watered, having many small streams, affluents of the north branch of the Clinton river, and a few small lakes or ponds in the western portion. At the time of the government survey all was forest, more densely timbered in its eastern portion than on the rolling lands in western part. There are no sandy plains within its borders. The growth of timber is for most part of the deciduous variety, made up largely of the several species of the oak, with hickory, ash, elm, maple, aspen and linden. Cedar and tamarack were found in quite limited amounts along the margin of these streams and in swampy places in various portions. Soon after the settlement of the town an artificial structure was discovered in the forest near to the north boundary of the township on section three. This was in circular form with the earth thrown up from the outside, thus forming an embankment of a few feet in height. The structure or enclosure appeared to have three gateways or open passage ways some ten feet in width, while along the southern border, opening on low flat ground, no embankment could be traced. At the time of my visit to the locality, thirty years ago, all was in forest, the native trees of second growth grew on the embankments and in the ditch from which the dirt had been taken. The area of this work was a little more than an acre and from the fact that two other works of a similar character were found a few miles to the south and east, would seem to show that these were built for some defensive purpose, but this is only conjecture. They tell no story; silent mementoes of a lost race. That they were constructed

by human hands is certain, and as similar forts or structures are found in various portions of the country, especially in the Ohio valley, it is safe to conclude that a homogeneous people, mound builders or others, had, over all this broad land, from the ancient copper diggings in Isle Royale and the Lake Superior region to the farming land of the Ohio river and southern Wisconsin, some means of communication, and were of similar characteristics, but as to these tradition is ever silent. The race who built them has become extinct, and these silent traces of a once numerous people alone remain. The real pioneers of this region were the government land surveyors. They penetrated the forest, blazed the section lines, and laid out the country into mile squares, mapped the region surveyed, and thus made it possible for the home seeker to select the land for his future home, and the country to be settled. The survey of this town was made by Joseph Wampler, an Ohio man, and was embraced in his contract for the survey of eighteen townships in this portion of the Michigan territory. In the autumn of 1817, Mr. Wampler began the survey of this large district, commencing the work on the base line; by the fifteenth of November in that year he had reached the south boundary of township five north of range twelve east, and commenced its survey by running the section line north between sections 35 and 36. The last surveyed line was run between sections 5 and 6 on the 22d of the same month, and the field notes of the township were certified to by the surveyor when he made his return of them to the surveyor general's office upon the completion of the survey of the district embraced in his contract. The affidavit is as follows:

"Pursuant to a contract with, and instructions from Edwin Tiffin, Esquire, Surveyor General of the United States, bearing date the 18th day of October, 1816, I have admeasured, laid out and surveyed the above described township, and do hereby certify that it had such marks and bounds, both natural and artificial, as are described in the field notes made thereof and returned unto the surveyor general's office this 3d day of February, 1818.

"JOSEPH WAMPLER, D. S."

According to the survey, the township of Bruce contains 23,347 acres. On the public land surveys at that early date but very little information about the region surveyed was given in the field notes. A nucleus of a settlement was early formed in the southern portion of the township on section 35. David Hill of St. Clair county bought the first parcel of land conveyed by the government in this town, the selection being the E. ½ of the N. W. ¼, section 35, November 20, 1821. The next to buy was Ashel Bailey, who bought the E. ½ of the S. W. ¼ of the same section, April 16, 1822. Only six bought lands in 1823, in 1824 only two bought lands, in 1825 there were six, in 1826-7 there were four buyers, in 1828 Gad Cham-

berlain was the only buyer, in'29 three buyers, in '30 there were but eight, but from that date on the numbers were greatly increased yearly until the lands had all passed from the hands of the government. The last parcel being sold to Charles Lane of Lapeer county, August 10, 1847, the same being the N. W. ¼ of N. W. ¼, section 6. John Townsend of Ulster county, New York, was the largest buyer of government land in the town, his selection being on sections 4, 5, 6 and 8, and aggregated 1,295 acres. Neil Gray 525, Charles Killam 518, Isaiah Goodrich 463, Leander Tremble 520, Amos Brown 480, Albert Finch 400, Rufus Hall 352, David Taylor 351, John Goodrich and Heman Parmlee each 320, John Reynolds, Benj. Gould, Gad Chamberlain, John Taylor Jr., John Allen, Samuel and William Cooley each 240 acres, Abram Powell 200 acres, and many obtained 160 acres, while the larger number were content with 80 and 40 acre tracts. These buyers of homes mostly came from central New York; Erie, Genesee, Ulster, Oneida, Livingston, Monroe, Washington, Onondaga and several other counties being represented. Two hailed from Connecticut, one from North Carolina and one gave his residence as the State of New York. Several were from Macomb, Lapeer, St. Clair, Wayne and Oakland counties, this state. Among the buyers were several women who became real estate owners direct from the government. Mary Gray bought on section 2, Leona Kittridge and Rebecca Day on section 3, Mary Ann Dyer on section 19, Lucinda Leavensworth united with Elihu and bought a 40 on section 21, Mercy Benjamin bought on 24, Betsey Phillips on section 28 and Lydia Chamberlain on section 36. We have made no attempt in this paper to ascertain who made the first clearing or erected the first buildings in the township. Suffice it to say that the township at large was speedily settled up so that a move was made early in the spring of 1832 to form a separate township, as the territory had been attached heretofore and formed a portion of the town of Washington. A meeting of the settlers was therefore called to assemble at the school house four miles north of Romeo and a half mile west of the Parmlee place to take this matter into consideration. This meeting was held early in April, 1832. Chauncey Goodrich presided and Martin Buzzell was chosen clerk. Various names were suggested for the new township, when one of the Grays who was present proposed the name of Bruce in honor of the renowned Scotch chieftian, which appears to have been acceptable to all and was adopted by the meeting, and a year later, March 9, 1833, the township organization was effected and the first town meeting ordered held on the first Monday of April following at the log school house near Bushnells. At this meeting Giddeon Gates was elected supervisor and the records show that he served 1833-35, followed by Isaac Thompson, '36-'37; Herman Parmlee, '37-'38; county commissioner, '38-'43; Minot L. Lane, '43-'45; Hiram Sherman, '45-50; Hugh Gray, '50-'51;

George Chandler, '51-'53; Harvey Mellon, '53-'55; Joseph Ayers, '55-'59; Hiram Sherman, '59-'60; Joseph Ayers, '59-'81; Harvey Mellon, '81-'83; George Townsend, '83-'98.

As an educational center the schools of Romeo village are prominent throughout the State. Organized in September, 1867, its board of trustees has been most fortunate in its management, and its high standing is largely due to its efficient and capable superintendent, Mr. O. D. Thompson, who has held that important position for twenty-two consecutive years. There are five whole and six fractional school districts and eleven school houses in this township and four churches. It will thus be seen that the pioneers of this town did their work well and builded for better than they knew. They have gone now; passed over the divide, but the fine homes and beautiful farms that abound throughout the township are in evidence of their labor, and while but very few, if any, of the first buyers of land remain, let those who occupy their places and enjoy to so great an extent the work of their hand, cherish their memory with a grateful remembrance.

THE PASSING OF THE PIONEERS.

BY EDWARD W. BARBER.

We are reminded each year of the passing away from this life of many of the pioneer settlers of Michigan. In most of our towns and villages none remain who came to the State as heads of families prior to 1840. Even the ranks of the second generation are being rapidly thinned. The names of many of them, with brief biographical sketches and incidents of pioneer life, are wisely preserved in the annual collections of this society, which gave to its publications a permanent value for future reference. These records are not a Valhalla of warriors slain in battle, but in them the names of those who worked out the peaceful problem of a better civilization are preserved. Politicians may doubt the utility of this unselfish labor, but its usefulness, its permanent value, is apparent to every well-informed citizen. We can learn much from the past; it lives in the present. There is a strong public sentiment in favor of the continuation of the work of this society. It is a miserly economy that would prevent the preservation and perpetuation of the names and deeds of the pioneers of Michigan in the archives of the State. By and by we

shall erect a creditable State Library building here at the capital, and thus do as much for literature as for the feeble-minded and the criminals. Then our society could have a meeting place dedicated exclusively to its unselfish work.

Indeed, the names of those who founded civilized society in a wilderness; who planned and organized local and state institutions; who thought out and worked out a great sytem of education; who built schoolhouses and churches; who devised broad methods of care and protection for the unfortunate ones in the severe struggle for existence; who served the public weal in various capacities during peace and war; who performed the pioneer work of transforming a savage wilderness into a highly civilized State; who organized towns and counties and discharged the duties to which they were chosen by the free votes of their fellow citizens, and whose lives were to a large extent lives of sacrifice and service—the only lives that merit and receive the highest reward—are worthy of preservation in volumes published by the State—by all of the people.

In behalf of the pioneers who are rapidly passing away, we claim that there is no agency so well adapted to this important and unselfish service as the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, organized twenty-four years ago. The work done is not the perfunctory service of officialism—as little as possible for a certain amount of pay—but a labor of love. Records made at the time of the departure from this life of the pioneers, by competent persons in the several counties, are more accurate in date and detail than the recollections of a later time can possibly be. The labor performed by the historians of this society is such that the highest compensation is the pleasure it affords, and to the descendants of the pioneers we confidently appeal for that influence which will permit its continuance.

The twenty-seven volumes of pioneer collections already made and published have received much commendation from the historians of other states; which, perhaps, goes to verify the statement that a prophet is "not without honor save in his own country."

Of the officers chosen at the first meeting of this society, held April 22, 1874, nearly all have passed away. They have joined the other pioneers whose memories they sought to perpetuate. The first President was Judge Albert Miller of Bay City; the Vice Presidents were Bela Hubbard of Detroit, Oliver C. Comstock of Marshall, Henry A. Goodyear of Hastings, Israel Catlin of Bay City, Randolph Strickland of St. Johns, E. S. Ingersoll of Delta, F. M. Halloway of Hillsdale, Peter Lowe of Mason, Cyrus Lovell of Ionia, Fidus Livermore of Jackson, Henry Little of Kalamazoo, John N. Ingersoll of Corunna; Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney of Lansing, Recording Secretary; Ephraim Longyear of Lansing, Corresponding Secretary; A. N. Hart of Lansing, Treasurer, and Albert Miller of Bay

City, Witter J. Baxter of Jonesville, and Levi Bishop of Detroit the Executive Committee. Of this number only Mrs. Tenney and H. A. Goodyear are now living. This shows how rapidly the pioneers of Michigan have passed away.

OUR EARLIEST EXECUTIVES.

Michigan has had a long list of executive officers. The record begins with the French Canadian governors in 1612, five years after the first English settlement was commenced on our Atlantic coast at Jamestown, and eight years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock. Samuel de Champlain was lieutenant general and viceroy from 1612 to 1635, and the last one of the twenty-five French governors, Pierre Francois, was appointed in 1755.

In 1759 Wolf's victory over Montcalm on the plains of Abraham at Quebec resulted in the transfer of all this part of North America from France to England. Michigan then was under executive control of British Canadian governors from the time Sir Jeffrey Amherst was appointed in 1760 until Lord Dorchester's appointment as governor general in 1786—eight different appointments in all.

By the ordinance of 1787 Michigan was made a part of the Northwest Territory and General Arthur St. Clair held the office of governor from 1787 to 1796, when Winthrop Sargent, who was secretary of the territory, became acting governor for four years.

On May 7, 1800, Ohio was, by act of Congress, made a separate territory, while all the country west and north was included in the new government of Indiana, and the territorial government was organized July 4, with William Henry Harrison as governor. In 1805 Michigan was set off from the original Northwest Territory and given a separate civic existence, and March 1, 1805, when Thomas Jefferson was president, Gen. William Hull was appointed governor. General Lewis Cass was appointed his successor October 29, 1813, and from that date, with William Woodbridge, James Witherell, John T. Mason and Stevens T. Mason, respectively, discharging the duties of the office as secretary and acting governor at different periods, he held the office until he resigned to accept the position of secretary of war under President Jackson. August 6, 1831, George P. Porter was appointed, but Stevens T. Mason, as secretary, was acting governor from October 30, 1831, until John S. Horner became secretary and acting governor by appointment dated September 8, 1835.

MORTALITY OF HIGH PUBLIC OFFICERS.

Michigan adopted a state constitution and elected Stevens T. Mason its governor November 3, 1835, but was not admitted into the Union until January 26, 1837. Under that first constitution the people of the State had

for chief executives, Stevens T. Mason, Edward Mundy, acting governor, William Woodbridge, James Wright Gordon, acting governor, John S. Barry, Alpheus Felch, William M. Greenly, acting governor, and Epaphroditus Ransom. Under the constitution of 1850, Robert McClelland, Andrew Parsons, acting governor, Kinsley S. Bingham, Moses Wisner, Austin Blair, Henry Crapo, Henry P. Baldwin, John J. Bagley, Charles M. Croswell, David H. Jerome, Josiah W. Begole, Russell A. Alger, Cyrus G. Luce, Edwin B. Winans, John T. Rich, and now Hazen S. Pingree.

Of these twenty-four incumbents of the office, all, with the exception of Governor Pingree, were identified with the State prior to the Civil war, and are entitled to rank among its early pioneers. The fact that only Russell A. Alger, Cyrus G. Luce and Hazen S. Pingree are still among the living today, illustrates the passing of the pioneer far clearer than can any other details. Ex-Gov. Alger is Secretary of War for the United States; Ex-Gov. Luce is President of this Society, and Gov. Pingree, all will agree, is very much alive.

Another reference to high public officials will further emphasize the fact of the departure of our pioneers. Of Michigan's twenty United States senators, besides the present senators, Julius C. Burrows and James McMillan, but three remain, Omer D. Conger, Thomas W. Palmer and John Patton, Jr., while Lucius Lyon, John Norvell, Augustus S. Porter, William Woodbridge, Lewis Cass, Alpheus Felch, Thomas Fitzgerald, Charles E. Stuart, Zachariah Chandler, Kinsley S. Bingham, Jacob M. Howard, Thomas W. Ferry, Isaac P. Christiancy, Henry P. Baldwin and Francis B. Stockbridge have passed away.

Of the members of the National House of Representatives elected prior to 1862 all are gone. Of the six chosen that year only Augustus C. Baldwin of Pontiac is with us. Of those elected in 1864 and in 1866 all are dead. The 38th congress, elected in 1862, adopted the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, the most important national action since the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of the constitution. Besides Mr. Baldwin, Fernando C. Beaman, John F. Driggs, Francis W. Kellogg, John W. Longyear and Charles Upson were members of the House of Representatives. It was my privilege, as reading clerk, to call the roll of the House upon the passage of that amendment, which proclaimed "liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Our two senators, Zachariah Chandler and Jacob M. Howard, had already voted for it on its passage through the Senate. The six members of the House, Mr. Baldwin being the only democrat, also voted for it on that final roll-call, thus giving Michigan a clean record in its favor. As stated, all of our members of Congress, prior to March 4, 1869, except Mr. Baldwin, have passed away. It may be that his life and health have been prolonged because to the democrats of Mich-

igan very little of the care, worry, vexation and anxiety of politics and office, which tend to shorten the years of men on earth, have fallen for nearly half a century. At all events, the pioneers in politics, as the records show, have nearly all passed away.

Perhaps the legislative disease has been less fatal to longevity than the gubernatorial and congressional maladies. At the time of the annual meeting of this society one year ago there were three members of the State Legislature, elected in 1839 to the session of 1840, still living—Judge Dewitt C. Walker of Capac, Col. Andrew T. McReynolds of Grand Rapids, and Hon. Daniel Barber of Vermontville. Since then Mr. Barber has passed away at the ripe age of 97 years, and there are only two pioneers left of the Legislature of 1840. As further evidence of the mutability and impermanence of terrestrial conditions, and the changes that are constantly taking place in our earthly relations, I call attention to the fact that two years ago, at the annual meeting of this society, it was my privilege to read a paper on the "Life, Character and Public Services of Col. Michael Shoemaker," one of its most devoted members, who died November 12, 1895. For more than half a century he had been prominently identified with the village, city and county of Jackson, and was well known throughout the State. The house in which he lived for forty-five years is now vacant, and not a member of his family is a resident of Michigan. His brother, Joseph P. Shoemaker, lives in Montcalm county, but in the passing of the pioneers the family of Michael Shoemaker has disappeared from the State.

Another pioneer, Hon. James C. Wood, a citizen and resident of Jackson for over half a century, and the first mayor of the city, died November 5, 1897, in the 85th year of his age, and the same is true of his family —neither the widow nor any of the children or grandchildren reside in the city or State which was for so many years their home.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JAMES C. WOOD.

Mr. Wood occupied so prominent a position for so long a time in local and state affairs that a biographical sketch is here introduced. Born in Decatur, Otsego county, New York, October 31, 1813, he passed to the other life at his home in Jackson, where he had resided over fifty-three years, November 5, 1897. Of him it can be truly said that he welcomed the transition from this natural to the spiritual world. His parents were Americans of English and Scotch families; his mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Waters, and his father, Hilman Ashley Wood, died when he was six years old. At the age of fifteen years he started out in life for himself; obtained his school education at the Monroe academy in Henrietta, New York; intended to enter college, but at the age of twenty became editor and publisher of the Waterloo Observer in Seneca county. Under

his control it was a strong democratic journal at a time when political excitement was intense owing to the anti-Masonic agitation. His connection with the paper lasted for three years, during which time he read law in the office of Knox & Watkins and was admitted to the bar. In the fall of 1843 he came to Michigan, first locating at White Pigeon in St. Joseph county, and in July, 1844, moved to the village of Jackson. Since he came here the village of 800 people has grown to be a beautiful city of 25,000 inhabitants.

From the commencement of his citizenship here he took a prominent part in public affairs. In 1847 he became county treasurer by election, was re-elected for the term beginning in 1849, serving satisfactorily for four years. In 1850 the village of Jackson had 2,363 inhabitants, and February 14, 1857, the city was incorporated by act of the Legislature. At the following spring election Mr. Wood had the honor of being elected first mayor. In this fact he felt as commendable a pride as in any other event of his public life.

Continuing the law business, first as a partner with the late Fidus Livermore, and then in company with his son, Charles B. Wood, in 1874, he was elected a representative in the State Legislature from the second district of Jackson county, and was re-elected in 1876 by an increased majority. A good debater and well-grounded in the true relations of government to the people, he was a leading member for four years, and the unrelenting foe of all jobs, rings, and unnecessary appropriations of public money. At the session of 1875 he was active and influential in forming the combination of democratic and independent republican members of the Legislature which resulted in the defeat of Zachariah Chandler for a fourth term and the election of Isaac P. Christiancy to the United States Senate. During the rebellion he was a war democrat, and presided at the first public meeting of the loyal citizens of Michigan held to sustain President Lincoln in carrying on the war for the maintenance of the Union.

Active in politics, a frequent contributor to the press, firm in his convictions, always a democrat but somewhat independent, he took a prominent part in local and State conventions during the time such men as Lewis Cass, Alpheus Felch and Charles E. Stuart were prominent in Michigan. He was a delegate to the congressional convention that first nominated Charles E. Stuart for Representative to Congress in 1847, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Edward Bradley of Marshall, and was influential in Mr. Stuart's behalf. In 1860 he attended the democratic national convention at Charleston, South Carolina, and espoused the cause and candidacy of that patriotic leader, Stephen A. Douglass. His interest in public affairs never waned, and he belonged to the school of politicians and public men who believed that the world is governed too much,

and that that government is best which governs least. Prior to his departure he was the oldest living member of the Jackson county bar, and since the completion and occupancy of the new court room he expressed a strong desire to visit it while court was in session. As a lawyer he preferred the chancery practice.

Mr. Wood was a charter member of Michigan lodge No. 50, F. and A. M., organized in 1851, and was its first senior warden. At the time of his death he was an honorary member of the lodge.

His name is permanently associated with the records of the city and county as one of the proprietors of the Livermore, Wood & Eaton addition, which covers 160 acres of the finest residence areas in the southwest part of the city. And, then, with that charming resting place for the dead, Woodland cemetery, which he sold to the city, his name will be identified so long as hallowed memories of the departed soften human hearts.

Convinced from careful observation and experience, which would admit of no other explanation than the reality of intercourse and communion with those who have lived on earth and have passed through the gateway of death to another life, Mr. Wood was a Spiritualist in his belief, and so the future world had for him no terrors, passing from earth being like crossing a bridge to another country.

Mr. Wood's married life covers a period of nearly sixty years. November 13, 1837, he married Mary E. Beers of Ithaca, New York. She died March 9, 1860, leaving three children—Charles B. Wood, Mary E. Wood and Frank N. Wood. The daughter married Col. J. W. Hall, and died several years since. The two sons reside in Chicago. June 18, 1862, he married Maria L. Lawrence, an estimable woman, daughter of Hon. M. H. Lawrence, a prominent citizen of western New York, who resided at Penn Yan, Yates county, and their two children Lawrence J. Wood, and Mrs. Margaret B. Willett of Buffalo, N. Y., are still living.

These are but the meager details of a life of over half a century of a prominent citizen of Jackson, every day of which he has been seen and known by his fellowmen. Mr. Wood's individuality was marked and distinct among the men who took part in public affairs during the formative period of the history of Michigan. At the time of his departure he was one of the few surviving pioneers. Ripe in years, without disease or pain, slowly the physical life ebbed away, and then the awakening to consciousness in another sphere, where thoughts of those who have gone before will bring their smiling faces around him and bid him welcome to the summerland of the soul. Here are farewells; there the greetings for the departed, and a fuller realization of the exalted character of human life and destiny.

Having an unshaken faith in the continuity of consciousness, and in

the recognition of and association with those he had known and loved here, and that character, the love and thought which constitute the real and permanent self, determines the actual condition of the soul in the other life, Mr. Wood not only desired, but was willing to leave his worn-out physical body and enter that higher sphere of existence into which so many of our worthy pioneers have passed. The monition to us who must wait a little longer here is to

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

THE TRANSITORINESS OF THIS LIFE.

These brief historical and local references, relating to the past and bringing this retrospect down to the present, teach the transitoriness of earthly life, and the impressive lesson that all who come into this world must, in the due course of nature, and according to the Divine Order of the Universe, pass out of it. In the sense of annihilation something cannot become nothing—cannot die. Surely what we call death is but an event in life, and is not, any more than birth, a cause for sorrow and lamentation. It is, rather, a bright aspect of life. In mentioning the lives and labors of our pioneers there is no good reason for making the annual meetings of this society a cause of gloom. Permit me a few words on this subject. In all of our writings let us take the cheeriest view of life and destiny—"Welcome the coming and speed the parting guest."

The passing of the pioneers, to which historical allusion has been made, shows that everything pertaining to this life is transitory, temporary, fleeting, impermanent. Would we, if we had the power, call any of them back?—would we, if we could, call back the loved ones who have entered upon a better life, although it seemed like sundering heart-strings when, in our darkness of vision, they passed on?—would we, if we could, call them back from the shining shore? No! No!! A thousand times, No!!!

The passing of the pioneers; of our friends; of men like Daniel Striker of Hastings, whom we met with hearty greetings in this chamber last year, and will not see here again; of those to whom we are bound by the strong ties of mature affection, was an orderly and natural event in life, and a cause for pleasant thought over their release from physical limitation and trouble, of cheerful anticipation, rather than the indulgence of melancholy and grief, a habit born of a darker age, over their departure.

Their lives here were worth living; their departure the inevitable sequence of birth and essential to the evolution of a higher and nobler destiny. The transition, sooner or later, is inescapable. Welcome it with good cheer as a passage to a fairer realm. It would be a vain assumption of superior knowledge to present a map or chart of that realm.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Character is built here. It alone endures. Nothing else is taken out of this world. All else is left behind. The pioneers have taken no other possessions with them. Governors, senators, representatives, all to whom we have referred, have not even taken their man-made titles with them. What else than the life's love and thought can determine conditions of even the great and the honored here in the life to come? "Go to now, ye that say: Today or tomorrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain. Whereas, ye know not what shall be on the morrow; for what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Such is earthly life. But man is conscious of something more. To the untutored savage and the highly civilized there is at least an intuition, which materialism cannot argue away, of a life beyond or in continuation of this life. To that innate consciousness we can confidently appeal for relief from that gloomy pessimism which makes of the departure from this earth an occasion of gloom and despair. We know that matter cannot think. Its forms are evanescent. Man passes from one state or stage of existence to another, as the pioneers have passed; the transition is inevitable; it is in accordance with the nature of created things; yet life is permanent; love and thought do not perish; character endures; man's mortal inheritance is transitive; his immortal part, developing, unfolding, evolving through the ages is eternal.

THE PASSING OF THE PIONEERS.

The passing of the pioneers is a daily and a historical fact. We no longer see them, but we delight in presenting and preserving a record of their lives and characters—"the deeds done in the body." They cannot come back to us. After a while we shall go to them. Cheerfully, not mournfully, accept the situation,—the transition. Like sunshine irradiating the falling rain, let smiles shine through our tears. Passing out of sight is more of an appearance than a reality. It indicates limitation of vision. The relation of entities is changed. All that is permanent still exists. The transition does not dwarf, but enlarges love and thought.

Love expands. Thought takes a wider and clearer view. Multitudes, that no one can number, have come to and passed from this earth; at each recurring transition taking away the lesson of some new experience; and by struggle, patience, courage, conquest, sacrifice and service, gathering a fuller assurance, consciousness and enjoyment of immortal existence.

Realizing that the passing of the pioneers and of our own loved ones is but a removal to another life, words that express that belief have a positive quality, yet they are not of a controversial character. Controversy opens no mental vision. It is prize-fighting in which words are blows. We cannot see what we have no faculties open for seeing. Mind gathers outward impressions through the eye. The beauty of art, of ornament, of music, of nature, cannot be discerned by those who have little or no perception of color or appreciation of harmony. We do not blame a person who is color-blind for not perceiving beauty in the rainbow, in a flower garden, in a picture; nor the locomotive engineer because he fails to rightly interpret the danger signal. We pity the misfortune which makes him an unsafe engineer and guide. Nor is it any safer to follow as guides and instructors along life's transitional journey teachers who lack spiritual perception, however brilliant their intellectual attainments may be.

Are we sure how objects in nature look to others? Probably to no two persons do they seem exactly the same. Eyes and minds do not see alike. When we insist what opinions others should accept concerning God and human destiny, in this ever changing and kaleidoscopic life, we go beyond what it is given to any man or set of men to enforce. Mental perception varies even more than physical sight. Some are near-sighted and others are far-sighted. Happily there is freedom of thought for all, and with it the gradual dawn of clearer light. An awakened interest in human life and destiny is a marked characteristic of our time; and the passing of the pioneers justifies a reverent allusion to the subject on this occasion. A clear perception of the fact of the continuity of life and character is of vast importance, and is a wonderful stimulus to right living.

There is abundant evidence that a newly unfolded power is operating in the minds of men at the present time. We see evidence of it in many marvelous inventions—in the application of the hitherto hidden and wasted powers of nature to human uses and utilities. Electricity has always been a subtle and imperious force, but not until our time has the thought of a Morse, an Edison and a Tesla harnessed it to machinery and made it a productive and distributive energy.

THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

The power that moves the world is invisible. We say it is in the air. This form of speech indicates its invisibility. Men receive it, perhaps unconsciously. We feel it quickening every faculty and stimulating to more and more intelligent mental activity. A super-mundane influence germinates every progressive thought; whether able or not to tell whence it cometh of whither it goeth, we realize its potency in every phase of human thought and in every form of human activity. Changes are produced. In scarcely any respect, though recognizing the continuity of growth, are conditions of life the same as they were fifty years ago. Progress and change, yet with an unbroken continuity, are apparent on every hand. Still there is much to learn. Wisdom did not die with the pioneers, nor will it perish with us.

MORE TO BE LEARNED.

As yet man has not seriously thought of learning war no more. In some respects we note great progress, while in other respects we discover frequent outcroppings of the original savagery of the race. The Christian nations are armed as never before for wholesale slaughter. Crime increases. Society creates crime and the criminal executes it. Suicides multiply. Under the fierce competitions and struggles of modern life, many give up in despair. Still there has never been an age when there was so deep and lively and intellignt an interest in questions relating to human life and destiny as the present. Something good will come out of it, for thought changes not only the aspect of nature, but also the conditions of society. The conditions of the pioneers, like the days in which they wrought, cannot return. Like them, these conditions and days have passed away forever.

It is no longer political heresy to question the justice of inherited institutions. That fetich died for us with the overthrow of slavery during our Civil war. A wrong is no less a wrong because entrenched in custom and law. Until recently it was expected that thought and action would descend from sire to son unchanged. That fetter, too, is broken. The continuity of events is preserved—yet they are not the same now as then. Nature makes no leaps, except during cataclysms; society no jumps, except in revolutions. History records both the gradual and sudden changes. With the passing of the pioneers has passed the conditions of their time. The highest wisdom does not belong to the past, but to the future. It took human thought thousands of years to penetrate the surface of material things, or the depths of space, and distinguish real from apparent truth. No longer is it believed that the sun moves around the earth every twenty-four hours; but the earth, turning on its own axis, at

the rate of a thousand miles an hour, changes its relation to the sun and produces day and night.

Gradual has been the dawn of knowledge. We now see that law and order reign everywhere. Chance has no place in any nook or corner of the universe. And is it not true, must it not be true, that law and order —cause and consequence—must be equally certain and inerrant in the invisible world, in man's mental and moral nature? He cannot get away from himself. If there is no well-spring of life in his own soul, then is the outward realm in which he moves a desert indeed, over which the simoons of passion blow their hot and desolating breath. The past lives in the present, and the present gives tone and color to the future. The pioneers performed their work and passed on; soon we, too, must follow them.

HOPE AND CHEER.

Man is the architect of his own destiny, as well as the builder of nations, states, counties, cities, towns, and villages—aye, even social conditions, good or bad. We should improve upon the work of the pioneers; to remain stationary means stagnation; retrogression leads to destruction. There are infinite things to be learned by man about himself, about his relations to the Infinite, and his relation to his fellowmen; one involving the Divine Fatherhood of all, and the other the common brotherhood of the race. Learning these, there will be no more war, with consequent desolate homes and sorrowful hearts; with heavier burdens laid upon productive labor, and an increase of poverty, misery and crime. Not much of the wisdom has yet been mastered. We stand on the shore of an ocean of infinite love and truth and listen to the murmur of the waves as they break upon the shore, and then recede. Must we stand there always? To really live means to move on.

Looking at the past we see that man was made to advance. The history in which we take delight shows this. The power to advance of his own volition distinguishes man from the animal. It is a long time since he dwelt in caves and fought for the right of occupancy with his four-footed competitors, and learned to use the club in place of claw and jaw. In the past many mistakes have been made; many will be made in the future; indeed, many are being made now. Still there has been progress. The history of the past fifty years, the earlier history of the pioneers who have finished their work and passed on, reveals the magnitude of the changes and transformations in our State; when the pioneers entered it, a savage wilderness; now filled with the bloom and fragrance of civilization.

Other changes will come. There is no cessation of evolution short of perfection. Nothing that was or is good and true in the past or in the

present will be lost. As Whittier says, "A charmed life old goodness hath." Already men are thinking seriously of a change from that selfish industrial condition wherein men live upon each other to that unselfish condition wherein they will live for each other. Future historians will make and preserve the memoranda of such progress, its failures and its successes. But all these considerations, all the talk about the past, the present, and the future, lead up to the mighty fact that "The things which are seen are temporal, and the things which are unseen are eternal." So, from year to year, with cheerful words let us record the passing of the pioneers.

"There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call death."

THE DAYS OF FIFE AND DRUM.

BY CHARLES MOORE.

In January, 1861, as the members of the Michigan Legislature made their slow way by stage-coach and sledge through the snows to Lansing, every senator and representative felt the responsibility imposed upon him by the fact that treason and rebellion in the south were threatening the very existence of the Union. This sense of responsibility became one of determination when, on talking among themselves, the members found that from the mines of Lake Superior to the oak-openings of Kalamazoo, and from "Saginaw's tall whispering pines" to the sandy shores of Lake Michigan, the sentiment of the people was that secession was treason, and that treason meant war.

A feeling of intense solemnity came over the assemblage gathered in the church-like little wooden capitol* when the Senate and House met in joint session to hear the messages of the out-going and in-coming governors. "We believe," said Moses Wisner, "that the founders of our government designed it to be perpetual, and we cannot consent to have one star obliterated from our flag. For upwards of thirty years this question of the right of a state to secede has been agitated. It is time it was settled. We ought not to leave it to our children to look after." So saying he left the Governor's chair for the camp, and two years later in southern swamps Colonel Wisner sealed his convictions with his life.

*The seat of government was removed from Detroit to Lansing in 1847. The new location was an almost unbroken wilderness.

Interest became anxiety when the tall, gaunt figure of the Governor-elect, Austin Blair, stepped forward. This anxiety gave way to lively satisfaction when he declared with emphasis, "The Federal government has the power to defend itself, and I do not doubt that that power will be exercised to the utmost. It is a question of war that the seceding states have to look in the face." He recommended that the whole military power of the State to be proffered to the President for the purpose of maintaining the Union, a suggestion to which the Legislature quickly responded by the joint resolution of February 2, which declared further that consession or compromise was not to be offered to traitors.

Austin Blair, now entering upon four years of trying service, was born in Tompkins county, New York, February 8, 1818, and was graduated at Union College. Coming to Michigan when twenty-two years old, and making his home at Jackson, he gained a state reputation on the stump as a supporter of Henry Clay. A member of the State House of Representatives for two terms, he went into the free soil party in 1848 and was prominent at the organization of the republican party six years later. He headed the Michigan delegation in the Chicago convention which nominated Lincoln, and, with William E. Evarts and Carl Schurz, made up the trio called on to congratulate the convention on its work. During his service as Governor he was destined to become one of the most efficient of that illustrious band of "War Governors," which included also Andrews of Massachusetts, Buckingham of Connecticut, Morgan of New York, Curtin of Pennsylvania, Dennison of Ohio, Morton of Indiana, and Kirkwood of Iowa,—the men who stayed Lincoln's hands during the life and death struggle of the Republic.*

The military power so freely offered to the President was not formidable. Twenty-eight independent companies, without regimental formation, uniformed at their own expense, only partially equipped, but well armed, made up the Michigan militia. Feeble indeed they seemed in the face of such an emergency; but they served a valuable purpose as the nucleus for the earlier regiments; and when compared to the militia of other western states the Michigan companies were in superior condition.†

During the month of January Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia and Louisiana followed the lead of South Carolina in attempting to leave the Union. When Texas joined them on February 1, delegates from all the seceding states met at Montgomery on February 4 to organize the

*After the war Mr. Blair was for six years a Representative in Congress, where he was distinguished for industry and for an inflexible integrity all too rare at that time. A born statesman, Mr. Blair was lacking in that political sagacity which furnishes the soil necessary to the continued growth of statesmanship. He left the Republican party to support Greeley in 1872; and although afterwards he returned to the party which he had helped to found, the day of his service was over. Mr. Blair died August, 1894, after twenty years of private life, during which he was held in the highest respect by the people of Michigan. His death was made the subject of a proclamation by Governor Rich; and the Secretary of State, Rev. Washington Gardner, delivered the eloquent funeral oration. See Jackson *Citizen*, August 9, 1894.

†General John Robertson's Brief Military History of Michigan.

Southern Confederacy. The state of Virginia, anxious to tread the middle path of compromise, asked the states to send delegates to a convention called at Washington for February 4, the object being to secure harmony by "giving to the people of the slave-holding states adequate guarantees for the security of their rights." Michigan and four other northern states refused to send delegates to this "Peace Congress," but when the representatives from the twenty-two states represented began their debates, it seemed advisable to strengthen the number of friends of freedom in that body. Accordingly Senator Chandler wrote to Governor Blair: "Ohio, Indiana, and Rhode Island are caving in, and there is danger of Illinois; and now they beg of us for God's sake to come to their rescue, and save the republican party from rupture. I hope you will send *stiff-backed* men or none." Then in a postscript Chandler wrote the sentiment that has become historic: "Some of the manufacturing states think a fight would be awful. Without a little blood-letting this Union will not, in my estimation, be worth a rush."* The Michigan Legislature refused to endorse the Peace Congress even to the extent of commissioning the two Senators as delegates. Mr. Chandler's letter, although a private one, quickly found its way into the columns of the Detroit *Free Press*, then edited by Wilber F. Story, afterwards editor of the Chicago *Times*, and always a bitter opponent of the war; and Senator Powell of Kentucky was the first of the long line of Senators to call Mr. Chandler to account for eagerness to precipitate a struggle. In reply Chandler told the Senate exactly where his State stood. "The people of Michigan," he said, "are opposed to all compromises. They do not believe that any compromise is necessary. They are prepared to stand by the constitution of the United States as it is, to stand by the government as it is; aye, sir, to stand by it to blood, if necessary!" From this position there was never the slightest swerving on the part of any one who in any way represented the State. There was, however, a strong demand on the Legislature for the repeal of the personal liberty laws of April 13, 1855, which in contravention of the national statutes gave fugitive slaves the right of *habeas corpus* and a trial by jury, the State paying the costs of the defense. Justice Campbell of the Supreme Court held that these laws were so repugnant to the national statutes as "to subject the State to the imputation of nullification." Justice Christiancy coincided with the views of his colleague, and Chief Justice Martin went so far as to say that "the difference between nullification and secession is not so very wide that we can with justice condemn the one, if we ourselves are guilty of the other." † A public meeting held in Detroit on January 28, with Mayor C. H. Buhl in the chair, and C. C. Trowbridge, United States Judge Ross Wilkins and D. Bethune Duffield among the speakers, called for the re-

*"Less forcible but not less weighty," says von Holst, "was Bingham's declaration." Constitutional History of the U. S. 1857-61, p. 435.
†Detroit Tribune, February 11, 1861.

peal of the personal liberty laws; for a return to the Missouri compromise line, in order to settle forever the question of slavery; for the cessation of kidnapping,* and for no further interference with slavery in the south or in the District of Columbia. With this ineffective meeting the Cass idea expired in Michigan.

When the news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter reached Detroit on Saturday evening, April 13, 1861, the excitement found vent in a public meeting at which Charles I. Walker, the recently defeated democratic candidate for Supreme Judge, and George V. N. Lothrop, now dead, a leader in the democratic party, were among the speakers. These men expressly stated that while their views on the national questions had not changed, the *fact* of war made it imperative for the people to sustain the government, right or wrong. Vigorous speeches were made by prominent republicans, and resolutions were adopted pledging the lives and fortunes "of the citizens of Detroit in defense of the Union." That this was no idle boast was attested by the sound of fife and drum calling recruits to the armories of the Detroit Light Guard and the Scott Guards, and the raising of $50,000 by subscription to be placed in the Governor's hands for the purpose of equipping troops. On Sunday at Ann Arbor a great public meeting was held and the formation of a University company was begun; the scholars of the State Normal school at Ypsilanti also began to raise a company, and the Detroit German Turners and the Fire Department commenced enlistments. The railroads and the steamboat companies immediately offered free transportation for troops. The hotel owners ran up the stars and stripes, in order to put to the test of loyalty of all stranger guests under their roofs, and the wholesale and retail houses, the railway stations and the public buildings flung out the joyous flag. The city seemed decked for a holiday.

On April 16 Governor Blair hurried to Detroit to meet the State Military Board. It was necessary to have one hundred thousand dollars to arm and equip the regiment President Lincoln had called from Michigan. The State Treasury had been emptied by theft; but in the emergency John Owen, a wealthy ship-owner of Detroit, who had been appointed Treasurer in the place of the defaulter, pledged his personal credit for half the necessary sum, and other citizens subscribed the remainder. Thus provided with funds, Governor Blair issued a call for ten companies. Detroit, Jackson, Coldwater, Manchester, Ann Arbor, Burr Oak, Ypsilanti and Marshall responded by sending their militia companies to Fort Wayne, where the first Michigan Infantry of three months' men was organized, with Orlando B. Wilcox, a Detroit lawyer, as colonel. On May 13, a week earlier than the call required, the regiment, thoroughly equipped and armed with new minnie rifles, was on its way to Washing-

*The Fugitive Slave law was so effective that the loss by reason of runaway slaves was less than that on strayed horses. H. R. Report 91, 36 Cong. 2d Sess. p. 7.

ton. On the 15th Colonel Wilcox had the honor of reporting to General Scott the arrival at the capital of the first western regiment. The proud colonel afterwards marched his command to the White House, where President Lincoln made the Michigan boys supremely happy by praising their promptness and soldierly appearance. When asked where he would camp, Colonel Wilcox quickly replied, "Across the river." Now the Potomac was the Rubicon of '61. To cross Long Bridge was held to be the invasion of the sacred south and General Scott believed that he had no authority to order troops to invade a state. So for eight days the First remained in Washington. In the meantime ardent Union men like Senators Chandler and Wade labored to have General Scott's scruples removed by private consultations with members of the Supreme Court.* It was urged that the act of retrocession, by which Virginia took back the territory on the south bank of the Potomac, originally included within the District of Columbia, was unconstitutional, and that for the defense of the national capital General Scott had ample authority to order troops to General Lee's home at Arlington and to the city of Alexandria, both places being legally under the jurisdiction of the United States. Soothed into acquiescence by these apparent sophistries, General Scott gave the necessary orders, and on the night of May 23 the men of the First Michigan, on their way to Alexandria, were the first Union troops to put foot on the soil of the south. General Heintzelman, commanding the second column and destined for Arlington, followed Colonel Wilcox's command, and at the same time a third column under Colonel Ellsworth embarked for Alexandria. Arriving at the old town Colonel Ellsworth, with a single company, proceeded to the Marshall House to haul down the rebel flag that had been flaunting in full view of the capitol of the nation. On his way down the stairs with the flag over his arm the daring zouave was shot and killed by the proprietor of the house. That shot was the signal for a tremendous uprising at the north.

Colonel Wilcox arrived in Alexandria just after Ellsworth fell, and the zouaves reported for duty with the Michigan troops. In Fairfax street about forty rebel soldiers rushed from a large building to escape, but fearing canister from Ricketts' battery, Captain Ball advanced and surrendered his sword. The building from which the rebels came bore the sign "Price, Birch & Co., Dealers in Slaves;" and as a recognition of the promptness the Coldwater company had displayed in responding to a command to act as skirmishers, it was assigned quarters in the slave shop. Seeing in the slave pen a negro about eighteen years old, who, as it transpired, had been sold recently and was held to be called for, Orderly-sergeant Charles P. Lincoln hunted until he found the key of the huge padlock by which the grated iron door to the enclosure was fast-

*Letter from Col. Wilcox, in the possession of the author.

ened; then, in company with William H. Bryan, Smith W. Fisk and Benjamin Archer, Sergeant Lincoln proceeded to release the half-starved and thoroughly frightened negro. The boy became an auxiliary member of the Coldwater company, and when his owner came to the camp on Shooters' Hill to claim him, Colonel Wilcox, having at that time no authority to detain a slave, told the slave-holder that he might take his property if he could find it. The search began under such a shower of missiles that the slave catcher was only too glad to beat a hasty retreat. George C. Smith, as the negro called himself, fought with the Coldwater company at Bull Run and afterwards became a member of the first colored regiment recruited in Michigan. He was the first slave freed by the Union arms and who remained free.*

The war was begun for the preservation of the Union, but the abolition of slavery became a logical sequence of the Rebellion. When the Michigan Legislature assembled in special session in January, 1862, Governor Blair's message called for the destruction of the institution of slavery, and the Legislature supported him by a joint resolution advocating the emancipation of all slaves. The Legislature also sent to Congress a vigorously worded memorial demanding the energetic prosecution of the war and the confiscation of rebel property. Within seven months from the first call Michigan sent forward 16,475 men, besides thirteen companies attached to regiments from other states. By July, 1862, 27,000 men, or 6,000 more than their State's quota, had been enlisted, and five infantry regiments and three batteries were then being recruited in various parts of the state. Then came the news of the disastrous failure of the Peninsula campaign. In the swamps of Virginia Michigan's sons died by the score, but all to no purpose. They had gone south to fight the rebels, not to be consumed by fevers. Now that McClellan had shown no disposition to fight, recruiting came to a standstill.

In order to arouse the people, a public meeting gathered July 15 on Campus Martius, in Detroit, to devise means to stimulate enlistments. Help came in disguise. While the speaking was in progress a mob rushed from the narrow streets that converge at the Campus, and with stones and clubs dispersed the meeting. That rebel sympathizers and refugees from Canada should lead a mob in an American city set the State on fire with indignation. Another and larger meeting was held with the venerable General Cass as chairman. Enlisting began with vigor, and whenever a lull came wealthy citizens† stimulated the enrollment by promising to pay ten dollars to each man who would

*The above facts are set forth by Colonel Lincoln in a letter to the author. Colonel Lincoln has a copy of a letter from Smith, who returned to Coldwater when the war ended, and remained there until 1867. Subsequently he drifted back to Washington, where he joined the Charles Sumner Post, G. A. R. In 1887 he applied for a pension, which was granted while Colonel Lincoln was Deputy Commissioner of Pensions. In December, 1890, he died at No. 2716 Poplar Street, West Washington, D. C.

†Among those who made such contributions were Captain E. B. Ward, Frederick Buhl, Henry P. Baldwin, and John J. Bagley.

enlist from their respective wards. So sharp was the change in State sentiment, brought about by Detroit's determined stand, that not only were the five regiments completed, but within thirty days eight others were on their way to the front. Wayne county's answer to the mob was the Twenty-fourth Infantry, one thousand and thirty strong, under Colonel Henry M. Morrow. Assigned to the Iron Brigade of the Army of the Potomac, the Michigan boys, fresh from the farm, the workshop and the store, with uniforms new and trappings bright, were received in sullen silence by the Wisconsin and Indiana regiments of the famous brigade; but in the baptism of fire at Fredericksburg the recruits became veterans, winning high praise from General Doubleday, and at Gettysburg's slaughter the Twenty-fourth was as near iron as flesh and blood can be.*

In many towns throughout the State where recruiting was going on the life of the place was brightened by the bugle call. Soldiers drilled in the streets, using the picket fences as breastworks, and, in their eagerness to annihilate the imaginary foe, snapping the hammers of their guns on the capless nipples in a way to put their undisciplined officers into a towering passion. The women organized societies to scrape lint, make bandages and havelocks and pack boxes of food and clothing for the sanitary commission to dispose of in hospital and southern prisons. In the afternoon dress parade on the public square was the feature of the day for townspeople as well as for soldiers, and in the evening there would be a social gathering to raise money for some war charity, or a dance at which none but the wearers of brass buttons could expect favors from bright eyes. On the nights when news came of victories the most accessible street corner would be piled high with pine dry goods boxes and the great pyramid surmounted by a tar barrel. As the huge structure became a mass of flame fire balls of wicking soaked in naphtha were hurled up and down the streets, making ellipses of flame. After taps the provost guard made the round of the town to gather in the stragglers, and quiet reigned till reveille.

In the fall elections of 1862 the opponents of the war, aided by those who were dissatisfied by the slowness of the administration, taking advantage of mistakes, delays and defeats, of the burdensome taxation, and of the dreaded draft, returned a democratic majority of ten to the National House of Representatives. Michigan's neighbors, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, joined with New York and Pennsylvania in giving majorities against the republicans. In Michigan Senator Chandler was a candidate for reelection, and that fact made him a target for the opposition. Both his "blood letting" letter and a vigorous speech

*O. B. Curtis' History of the Twenty-fourth Michigan Infantry and Gen. John Robertson's Address at the Michigan Semi-Centennial.

in the Senate, in which he unsparingly pointed out McClellan's shortcomings and demanded that he be removed from command of the Army of the Potomac, were brought up against him. Like some prophet of old, with energy expressed in every movement of his great frame, and with flashing eyes, Chandler went from one end of the State to the other proclaiming: "There are now but two classes of men—patriots and traitors. Between these two you must choose. A man might as well cast himself into the gulf that separated Dives from Lazarus as to stand out in this hour of trial!" As the result of this stirring campaign Governor Blair was re-elected, five of the six members of Congress returned were republicans, and the opposition, although it combined on Hon. James F. Foy, a republican member of the Legislature, and a man of the highest ability and patriotism, was unable to defeat Mr. Chandler. On the floor of the Senate Mr. Chandler was a radical of the radicals. He upheld General Fremont's Missouri proclamation freeing the slaves belonging to persons engaged in rebellion, and was deeply disappointed at the action of the administration in modifying that order. He introduced a bill to confiscate the property of the rebels, and was galled at its defeat. He strenuously opposed Mr. Seward's policy of giving up to England the confederate commissioners, Mason and Slidell. Yet, unlike several of his intimate friends, Mr. Chandler had the highest respect for President Lincoln and the sincerest faith in his unflinching loyalty. As for Mr. Stanton, the crossed bayonets at the door of that irascible but loyal secretary were no bar to the Michigan Senator. He stalked between the surprised sentries, stormed at the Secretary until he had got what he had come for, and then left. Sustaining such relations as these to both the radicals and the administration, Senator Chandler was fitted to carry out a series of negotiations which formed perhaps, his great single service to his country. When the question of Mr. Lincoln's re-election came up there was a considerable element in the party which believed that "the imbecile and vacillating policy of the present administration in the conduct of the war, being just weak enough to waste its men and means to provoke the enemy, but not strong enough to conquer the rebellion * * call in thunder tones upon the lovers of justice and their country to come to the rescue of the imperiled nationality and the cause of universal and impartial freedom, threatened with betrayal and overthrow." Among those who so thought were Wendell Phillips, B. Gratz Brown, Frederick Douglass, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and James Redpath, all of whom signed the call for the Cleveland convention, at which John C. Freemont was nominated for President. Resigning his command, General Fremont bitterly denounced President Lincoln and prepared to make a vigorous canvass. To add to the misfortunes of the administration, Secretary Chase unexpectedly resigned the Treasury portfolio; those strenuous opponents

of slavery, Senator Wade and Representative Henry Winter Davis, issued a manifesto opposing Lincoln's reconstruction policy; and Early's Shenandoah raid and the heavy but apparently useless fighting of Grant and Sherman caused the national cause to seem well-nigh hopeless. Moreover, George B. McClellan, the democratic candidate against Mr. Lincoln, still had his warm admirers who regarded him as a martyr to the President's ambitions. Going first to Senator Wade, Mr. Chandler secured from that war-horse the concession that if Montgomery Blair (whom the radicals regarded as President Lincoln's evil adviser) should be dismissed from the Cabinet he would no longer despair of more aggressive action on Mr. Lincoln's part. From the President Mr. Chandler obtained assurances that a new Postmaster General would be installed in Mr. Blair's place; then going to Mr. Davis at Baltimore with Lincoln's promise he too agreed to withdraw his opposition. The hardest part of the work, however, was to secure the withdrawal of the Fremont ticket, but that also Mr. Chandler accomplished.* On reporting his success to President Lincoln the latter promptly requested Mr. Blair's resignation, and it was immediately forthcoming. Union successes in the field came in time to aid in bringing about the second election of Mr. Lincoln, but Chandler's work was of the greatest service at a time when he, almost alone among the politicians, was Lincoln's friend.

Among the two thousand regiments that made up the Union army during the rebellion, the Fifth Michigan stood fourth among infantry regiments in respect to the number of men who were killed in action or who died of wounds received while fighting, the Sixteenth stood eighth, the Twenty-seventh stood nineteenth, the Second stood twentieth, the Eighth stood twenty-second, the Seventh stood thirty-second. All of these regiments are in the list of the forty-five infantry regiments that lost in killed more than two hundred men. The Fifth, organized at Fort Wayne, was made up of companies from Detroit, Mt. Clemens, East Saginaw, Owosso, Saginaw, Brighton, St. Clair, Pontiac and Port Huron. Mustered into the service of the United States in August, 1861, in September it left for Virginia under the command of Colonel Henry D. Ferry. With bands playing and flags flying gaily, the regiment marched to the steamer; but the silk banner borne so proudly at the head of the regiment was soon to have its gold fringe torn and its silk folds shot away, piece by piece, as soldier after soldier snatched the standard from the hands of falling color bearer and bore it into the thick of the fight. Ten men lost their lives in defending that flag before peace gave rest to its tatters.

*The *Post and Tribune's* life of Chandler gives many details of these negotiations, and the author has letters from ex-Governor D. H. Jerome and Hon. E. O. Grosvenor, who were in New York at the time of Mr. Chandler's interviews with Fremont. On March 4, 1889, General Fremont told the author that confidence in Chandler's patriotism and political shrewdness induced him to withdraw his name. There was a bitter feud between Fremont and the Blairs, and Lincoln's promise had its effect on the Pathfinder. This explanation of Blair's resignation is not generally known. See Morse's Life of Lincoln.

For some months previous to the outbreak of the war, the martial zeal of the people of the beautiful little town of Coldwater had found vent in the Loomis Battery of light artillery, and when Sumter fell this command immediately asked to be received into the service. After the usual hesitation the government accepted its services, and the battery of six gleaming brass six-pounders started for West Virginia, under the command of Col. Cyrus O. Loomis. After Rich Mountain the battery gave up its old brass guns for ten-pound Parrotts sent by General McClellan as a reward for driving the enemy from a position he had supposed impregnable. Sometimes the battery was divided; one captain would take a gun on board a steamer for work along the rivers; another captain would mount his cannon on a flat-car, protect it with a screen of iron, and go dodging up and down the railroads about Nashville. The battle of Perryville was opened and closed by the Loomis Battery. In the thickest of the fight the Colonel was holding the enemy in check to permit the withdrawal of other regiments, orders came to spike his guns and retreat, but such was Colonel Loomis' fondness for his cannon that he decided to go with them. So he fought on in spite of orders, and after repelling five charges and losing eighteen men and thirty-three horses, he brought out every one of his guns. In an artillery duel at Murfreesboro Colonel Loomis, "the envy of all artillerists" as a New York Herald correspondent called him, in rapid succession dismounted five of the enemy's guns and drove a second battery off the field. At Chickamauga Lieutenant Van Pelt commanded the battery now famous throughout the Army of the West, and even by the enemy deemed invincible. Soldiers felt sure that where those stern black rifled guns were at work, the line could not be broken. Van Pelt loved his guns, and as the enemy rushed upon the Federal line he poured canister into their ranks and coolly watched for a good place to plant another shot; but his men dropped fast, his horses were shot down and the enemy pressed in hordes too great for even those swiftly-handled guns to subdue; the supporting infantry was gone, almost alone Van Pelt, sword in hand, stood by his cannon. "Scoundrels," he cried, "don't you dare lay hands on those guns;" and as he spoke he fell dead, and the on-rushing enemy bore away five of the six cannon. At Mission Ridge, when the Union army captured all but four of the eighty-six guns in Bragg's artillery, three of the Loomis cannon were among the number, and the other two were recovered at Atlanta.*

The Indians, who have been with us in every fight from the beginning of Michigan's history, had their place also in the Rebellion albeit a very

*Two of these guns now adorn the grounds of the State Capitol at Lansing.

small place.* Attached to Colonel DeLand's First Michigan Sharpshooters was a company of civilized Indians who won fame at Spottsylvania. On that bloody 9th of May, 1863, the Federal line, advancing with a cheer, met the charging enemy in a dense thicket of pines, and in the hand-to-hand struggle that followed, the Union forces were slowly forced back. On a little rise of ground the Fourteenth New York battery, supported by the Second and Twenty-seventh Michigan Infantry and the First Michigan Sharpshooters, was doing its best to hold the ground. Every now and then the Confederates would fight their way up to the battery and lay hold on the cannon to turn them upon the Union forces, but to touch one of those guns meant instant death at the hands of the sharpshooters. In this desperate encounter, the little band of Indians was commanded by Lieutenant Graverat of Little Traverse, an educated half-breed. Under a perfect storm of lead their numbers seemed to melt away, but there was no sign of faltering. Sheltered behind trees, they poured volley after volley at the zealous foe, and above the din of battle their war-whoop rang out with every volley. At dusk the amunition gave out, but with the others the Indians rushed forward at the shout of "Give 'em steel boys!" from the twice wounded, but still plucky Colonel DeLand. When darkness came to end the bloody day, Lieutenant Graverat was among the one hundred and seventeen wounded sharpshooters, and a few months later he died of his wounds.†

On the day before the battle of Bull Run George Armstrong Custer, fresh from West Point, reported at Washington for duty and was sent by General Scott with dispatches for General McDowell. It is not written how the young Monroe officer fought in that battle, but it is recorded that he ran with the others. By chance he was assigned to the staff of General Philip Kearney, an officer superlatively brave but outrageously strict; and Custer gave to Kearney the sincerest flattery of imitation, not only in his virtues, but also in his failings. When regular army officers were no longer allowed to serve on the staffs of men holding volunteer commissions, Custer returned to the Second Cavalry. One day in May, 1862, General McClellan, resplendent in speckless blue and dazzling buttons, sent his still more gorgeous staff-officers to find the young fellow whose reconnaissance at Bottom Ridge on the Chickahom-

*In 1890 there were nearly 6,000 Indians in Michigan; 1,000 near Sault Ste. Marie, 2,000 near the Straits of Mackinac; 1,000 in Mason and Oceana counties; 400 near Saginaw Bay; 500 in Isabella county, and the remainder in the southwestern portion of the State. They live in settlements of from 50 to 100 persons, use the Indian language exclusively in their intercourse with each other and are to a very large degree isolated from the whites. There are two schools for Indian children maintained by the Catholic church and supported in part by the government. Besides these is the government school near Mt. Pleasant, with a farm of 320 acres and an attendance (1894) of 150 pupils; it was opened January 3, 1893.—MSS. Report of Superintendent Spencer to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, September 30, 1894.

†Mr. Gil. R. Osmun, afterwards Secretary of State, was often sent to the trenches with orders for Colonel DeLand, and on one occasion he took an order from Sheridan to stop all firing. The Indians alone disobeyed the orders. They had come to fight and whenever a rebel head showed itself they fired at it. At last they were told that such action would cause Colonel DeLand to be shot for disobedience, and then only they ceased.

iny established the fact that the enemy's pickets could be cut off. When at last Custer was found he appeared before his General a vertitable male Cinderella, dirty, muddy, his coat creased from being slept in, his trousers ragged from hard riding, his cap discolored by rain and sun. McClellan, pleased at the boy's story, took Custer on his staff. "I felt that I could have died for him," said Custer, and never after would he admit that McClellan had a fault. At his home in Monroe, Captain Custer grieved over McClellan's retirement, and as he heard of the defeats of Burnside he prayed, "Give us back our old General!" Then the exacting Pleasanton called him a third time to staff duty.

At Aldie Gen. Gregg struck the advance of Stuart's cavalry and drove them back till Stuart could gather his forces for an overwhelming charge. On came the yelling line of rebel cavalry, while the shells from Stuart's well planted batteries shrieked on their deadly way. Before the cloud of dust that marked the onset fled the Second New York. Then through the Union lines dashed Kilpatrick and Doughty and Custer, whose long curls flowed from beneath a broad-brimmed plantation straw hat. High above his yellow curls he flashed a long, straight Toledo blade, a prize of battle taken from a rebel who could not live up to the motto written in Spanish on its face—"Draw me not without cause, sheathe me not without honor." Setting spurs to Black Harry and shouting "Come on, boys, Come on!" Captain Custer made for the enemy. In an instant Kilpatrick and Doughty were beside him. In those short moments of ecstacy, Custer did not know that Kilpatrick was down and that Doughty had tasted death. Straight through the enemy he rode, fighting as he went a duel with a single pursuer, whose dead body dropped from his horse in the quiet rear of the terrible fighting. Then back through the panic-stricken enemy, his straw hat a disguise, rode Custer to join his own men.

Four days later, when Meade took command of the Army of the Potomac, he made no change in his administration, but asked that Farnsworth, Custer and Merrit be made brigadier generals, and it was done. To crown his joy, Custer was appointed to command the Michigan Cavalry Brigade, in which was the Seventh Cavalry, the command of which Governor Blair had refused to give him, probably because he was so fond of McClellan. Hated by the men over whose heads he had been jumped, and despised for his dandified appearance, Custer at twenty-four took command of his brigade, and on the first night established a discipline which combined the rigidity of Kearney with the severity of Pleasanton. Next day they started for Gettysburg. It was on the second day of the great fight that Kilpatrick ordered Custer to attack Stuart's Cavalry. Captain Thompson of the Sixth Michigan was expecting to command the attack, when the general said carelessly, "I'll lead you this time, boys." Away dashed Company A in the wake of

the broad white hat and the yellow curls. The Michigan boys found the enemy too many for them. Thompson fell with a mortal wound. Custer's horse was shot dead and as he struggled to his feet young Churchill first shot the man who would have killed the General, and then mounted Custer on his own horse, and carried him back to his men. On the next day Custer, finding the cavalry battle with Wade Hampton going against him, had but one available regiment, the First Michigan Cavalry. The rebels, who had just repulsed the stubborn Seventh, outnumbered the First by five to one. At a mad gallop the First, under Colonel Town, rode down the front rank of the enemy. The long, heavy, rebel column stood its ground for but a moment. The flashing sabres mowed down Wade Hampton's men till the flower of Stuart's cavalry turned and ran. "I challenge the annals of warfare to produce a more brilliant or a more successful charge of cavalry," wrote Custer in a report that studiously omits the fact that he himself led the charge. That was a glorious day for Monroe, when Custer, with his long locks clipped so that he was no more "the boy General with the golden curls," stood up in his Brigadier General's uniform and was married to the daughter of Judge Daniel S. Bacon, the beautiful and stately girl who was henceforth to share his lot in camp and barrack and afterwards to perpetuate the memory of his deeds in the volumes which have been read by so many thousands. The army was no place for women said those who shook their heads at her going, but because of her presence the Michigan brigade were better soldiers and better men.

When Grant came east, he put all the cavalry under an infantry division commander, Philip Henry Sheridan, who had begun his career with Governor Blair's commission as Colonel of the Second Michigan Infantry. At the Wilderness, Custer, with the Michigan Brigade, was again at work on his old enemy, Stuart. Colonel Alger and Major Kidd, with the Fifth and Sixth Michigan, were holding the Confederate cavalry back, and the Union forces were then within four miles of Richmond. While the First Michigan was charging the enemy a Confederate General with his staff rode up in full view of the Fifth, and one of the soldiers fired at the party. "You shoot too low and to the left, Tom," said John A. Huff, who had been one of Berdan's sharpshooters. "I can fetch that man, Colonel," he added. "Try him," said Colonel Alger. Huff fired, and as the officer fell, he coolly remarked, "There's a spread eagle for you." He had killed General J. E. B. Stuart, the greatest of Confederate cavalry leaders.

In the Shenadoah Valley on the beautiful 8th day of October, 1864, Custer, a division commander now, rode out in front of his lines in full view of the enemy. His yellow hair once more flowed over his

shoulders, a broad sailor collar, a streaming scarlet tie, and a velvet jacket, well-nigh covered with gold braid, made him a dazzling spectacle as he gracefully doffed his sombrero to salute his gallant foe. The attention was meant for Rosser who had been Custer's class-mate and rival at West Point. "You see that officer?" said Rosser to one of his staff, "that's Custer, the Yanks are so proud of, and I intend to give him the best whipping today he ever got; see ifI don't." The words were no sooner out of his mouth than Custer, at the head of the Third Division, was bearing down upon him. Rosser's artillery helped him drive back the Michigan boys, till the Union guns in turn broke the force of the enemy's onslought. Then there was fair battle. Rosser vainly tried to meet Custer's sabres with powder; his men turned and fled and for twenty-six miles to Mount Jackson there was a clear track for what came to be known as the "Woodstock Races." So General Custer became a Major-General, and by way of celebrating, in February of 1865 he followed Early from Staunton to Waynesboro, seventeen miles, through mud and rain and whipped him and Rosser unmercifully. Appomattox found Custer next to Sheridan, the most brilliant cavalry officer in the army, and the Confederate General Kershaw asked the privilege of surrendering his sword to him as "one of the best cavalry officers this or any other country ever produced." On the final review* at Washington, when Custer's unruly horse bore him indecorously past the reviewing stand, the excited multitude, fearing for the life of a soldier whom rebel bullets could not harm, gave a tremendous shout of joy as the General, his horse calmed, rode gravely back to pass the stand a second time and to receive the garlands of flowers prepared for the conquerors of peace.†

To the Fourth Michigan Cavalry belongs an honor unique in the history of war. On May 7, 1865, Lieutenant-Colonel B. D. Pritchard was ordered to picket the Ocumulgee river for the purpose of preventing the escape of Jefferson Davis. By hard marching and by passing themeslves off as a Confederate force the Fourth got on the track of the fugitives, and on the night of the 11th discovered and surrounded a camp in a pine forest near Abbeyville, South Carolina. At dawn the regiment closed in upon the encampment, and after a dash the surprise and capture were so complete that the weapons at the sides of the slumberers were

*Nicholay and Hay's Life of Lincoln.

†On the beautiful Sabbath morning of June 25, 1876, Custer, at the head of the Seventh United States Cavalry, rode into the valley of the Little Big Horn in Dakota, as the advance of the force that was to "snuff out" Sitting Bull. With characteristic rashness he planned to fight the battle unaided by Generals Terry and Gibbon, who were to join him next day. Riding ahead with his brother, Captain Tom Custer, and with his favorite officers, Cook and Keough, as his eyes caught sight of the Indian tepees, he exclaimed, "Custer's lucky, the biggest Indian village on the continent!" So it was and thrice as large as he thought. Away he dashed with his command, only to become hopelessly entangled in ambushes backed by swarms of Indians. Reno, on whom he had counted to make an attack on the flank, failed through cowardice or incapacity, and Custer, with his brave men, was cut to pieces. So complete was the slaughter that only the Indians could tell the story. See Captain Cook's article in Vol. 81 of Harper's Magazine.

untouched. Before the command could ascertain whom they had secured, a tall person, robed in a woman's waterproof cloak and having a shawl wrapped about the head, started to go through the lines, but was promptly stopped. The soldiers removed the disguise to find that they had secured the President of the fallen Confederacy. Mrs. Davis and their four children, Postmaster-General Regan, Miss Howell, a sister of Mrs. Davis, and Mr. Davis' military staff were also captured. In due time the prisoners were turned over to the regular authorities and the Michigan regiment divided with the First Wisconsin, which was near by at the time of the capture, the $100,000 offered by the government for the arrest of Mr. Davis.

During the dark days of the rebellion Canada was the refuge, if not the asylum, of marauders who served the Confederacy to the best of their ability. In November, 1863, Lord Lyons, the British minister at Washington, notified the State Department that he had been informed by the Governor-General of Canada of a plot to seize several lake steamers, capture the man-of-war Michigan and release the Confederate prisoners confined on Johnson's Island near Sandusky. At this time six companies of infantry and a battery of artillery, stationed near Detroit, were relied on for protection against Canadian aggressions. Arms and ammunition were kept in readiness for use by the citizens and armed steam tugs patrolled the river. Indeed, the rumors of plots to burn the chief American cities kept the people of Detroit in a state of constant apprehension. Month after month passed, however, without any overt acts on the part of the Canadian contingent. On the 19th of September, 1864, the little steamer Philo Parsons left her dock at Detroit on her usual trip to Sandusky. At the Canadian towns of Sandwich and Amherstburg about thirty men came aboard. When about five miles from Sandusky three men stepped up to the clerk of the steamer, Mr. Ashley, and threatened to shoot him if he resisted them. Having easily gotten possession of the boat, the captors ran alongside the little steamer Island Queen, which they captured, with twenty-five United States soldiers. After transferring her passengers and crew to the Parsons the captors set the Queen adrift and left her to sink. Instead of steering for Johnson's Island, however, the pirates put a Confederate flag at half mast, landed the passengers on American territory, talked about running into Grosse Isle to rob Mr. Ives, the Detroit banker, and finally looted the boat, smashed the piano and deserted the craft at Sandwich. Bennett G. Burley, one of the leaders of the raid, was proved to be a master in the Confederate navy, and when he was arrested and brought before the court at Toronto on an application for extradition, Jefferson Davis, in a manifesto dated December 24, 1864, assumed full responsibility for the attempt as a legitimate act of war. Lieutenant

Colonel Hill, commanding the District of Michigan, had full knowledge of the plot obtained from a former Confederate soldier who was to be one of the party, and the captain of the Michigan was warned. Inasmuch as the Confederate agent at Windsor at the time was no less a personage than Colonel Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior in Buchanan's cabinet, it was thought best to allow the plot to ripen so as to get a case against the British government for harboring traitors and conspirators. Through the efforts of United States District Attorney Alfred Russell, Burley was extradited and was tried at Port Clinton, Ohio, for robbery, which charge had to be made instead of piracy, because the lakes were not then included in the high seas.* The court charged that Burley's deed was an act of war and the jury disagreed, and before a new trial could be had Burley's friends helped him to break jail and escape to his native Scotland.

On July 4, 1866, the last of the Michigan soldiers having been mustered out during the previous month, the regiments assembled at Detroit. Down the broad avenue they marched with Generals Wilcox and Custer, Ord, Williams and Casey at their head. Thinned and broken ranks they were, and tattered were the flags they bore so proudly now for the last time. The day had come when the regiments were to deliver to the State the standards in whose defense they had left their dead nearest the enemy at Bull Run; the flags that they had borne through the toilsome Peninsular campaign under McClellan, with Banks in the Shenandoah, with Grant at Shiloh, with Butler at New Orleans; the flags that stubbornly met Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and that bravely faced disaster at Chickamauga†; that fought their way inch by inch through the Wilderness, and marched with Sherman to the sea; the flags that were the first to snap defiance on the deadly ramparts of Petersburg and that waved in rejoicing at the surrender of Appomattox. The city streets, spanned by triumphal arches; the gaily decorated houses, the stores and public buildings, the roar of cannon and the shouts of the immense crowd told of the joy that the war was ended. The returning columns massed themselves in Campus Martius, that well named center of Michigan's civic life. There Bishop McCroskey gave thanks to God "whom it has pleased by His Almighty hand to put down all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion, and to restore to this nation the blessing of peace." Then General Wilcox recalled the valor of the Michigan boys in blue, saying, "At Alexandria we dictated terms to the rebels in the shortest proclama-

*The McMillan bill, which was passed by the 51st Congress, extended the criminal jurisdiction of the United States over the Great Lakes and their connecting waters. In the Alaska Pirate's case Mr. Justice Field decided that the Great Lakes were the high seas; but there were strong dissenting opinions.

†Two flags borne by the Twenty-second Michigan at Chickamauga were lost under circumstances of great bravery, and were recaptured at the fall of Richmond. In July, 1894, through the efforts of Senator McMillan, these flags were restored to the State. See Senate Reports, 53d Congress, 2d Session.

tion of war, which was printed by men detailed from the ranks. We lent independent companies of sharpshooters to New York, Illinois, and the United States; and some of the cavalry, impatient to get into the service, rode off to Missouri and there took the name of Merrill Horse. The charge of the Seventeenth at South Mountain; the recapture of cannon by the Fourth at Williamsport (cannon that had been lost at Bull Run); the passage of the Seventh at Fredericksburg, led by a drummer boy; the repulse of John Morgan's cavalry by the Twenty-fifth at Green River, with Colonel Moore's immortal words, "The Fourth of July is not the day to entertain a proposition to surrender;" the emphatic westernism of Colonel Innis at Laverque, "We don't surrender much;" and the achievements of our cavalry under Custer in the east and under Minty and Pritchard in the west, culminating in the capture of Jeff Davis, the head center of the rebellion—all these and many other feats of war give us names and fame abroad."*

As the regiments, one by one, marched past the speaker's stand they delivered the blood-stained colors to the representative of the State, and white-robed maidens crowned the flags with garlands of flowers. Then Governor Crapo, accepting the sacred emblems, exclaimed: "They are our flags and yours. How rich the treasure! They will not be forgotten nor their history left unwritten. Their stories will be as household words and the minds of those who come after us will dwell upon the thoughts of manly endeavor, of staunch endurance, of illustrious achievement which their silent eloquence will ever suggest." When the sun went down that day the soldiers had broken the last tie that bound them to the army. Henceforth they were no more warriors, but citizens; and the tramp of the little remnant of regulars, as they marched off to Fort Wayne, sounded war's taps.

*The record of Michigan sailors is very incomplete. The State is credited with 598 enlistments. It is a noteworthy fact, however, that William Gouin, of Detroit, enlisted at Boston, Mass., January 1, 1862, and served on board of the Ohio and the Kearsarge, and died June 27, 1864, in the hospital at Cherburg, France, from wounds received during the engagement between the Kearsarge and the Alabama. On the Union side his was the only life lost as the result of that engagement. Fred Walden, also of Detroit, under the alias of John Pope, enlisted on board the Kearsarge at Cadiz, Spain, January 26, 1864, as a coal heaver, and was in the memorable engagement. He was discharged November 30, 1864, and is now a resident of Redford, Michigan. The Kearsarge was wrecked while under the command of Oscar F. Heyerman, who entered the naval academy from Michigan November 29, 1861.

EVOLUTION OF RELIGION, MORALS AND LEGISLATION IN THIS COUNTRY DURING THE PAST CENTURY.

BY D. C. WALKER.

We may look at any growing plant, or even the most rapidly growing vine, with all the intensity of which our human faculties are capable, for minutes or even hours, and though we may see the green buds ready to unfold their shining leaves, still our utmost scrutiny will fail to perceive the least particle of development or progressive change; but if we apply the principle of Edison's moving kinetoscope, with observations taken at proper intervals, we shall behold the buds gently unfold their leaves, and the branches shoot forth and expand until the plant has matured its growth and finally perfected its seeds to perpetuate its species. In the same manner can we trace the evolution of the characteristics of our countrymen from its colonial period to the present time. But to trace that progressive change understandingly, it will be necessary to go back to a period anterior to the American Revolution, and note the peculiarities of the colonists, and the causes that had produced them at a time when this great nation was in an embryotic condition, and examine the causes which developed and created those characteristics and peculiarities.

It is a well known fact that the early colonists were largely induced to leave their native land, and seek new homes in the wilds of an unexplored continent, to escape the religious (or more properly sectarian) persecutions, which had, for more than a century, embroiled all christendom in a sectarian civil war, rendering life and liberty of conscience insecure and intolerable. Dynasties were overturned in these contests, and those who had been persecutors, in turn became persecuted, and had to endure the rack and fagot, which they as orthodox had relentlessly inflicted on their present oppressors as heretics, under a previous dynasty, and produced a condition of oppression and suffering which might well make the poet exclaim that

> "Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn."

Nor did this apply only to the hierarchy of Rome and the dissenters who followed the lead of Luther and Calvin, but the dissenters themselves had become divided into numerous warring sects equally intolerant towards

each other. This accounts for the fact that the different colonists did not fraternize in their settlement in this country—each sect selecting a separate location, generally along the sea coast from Maine to Georgia. The Independents at Plymouth, the Puritians at Massachusetts Bay, the Congregationalists at New Haven, Connecticut, the Quakers in Pennsylvania, the Catholics in Maryland, the Presbyterians and Episcopalians in Virginia, and the Methodists in the saddle, as a kind of flying cavalry, who invaded the outposts of all the other sects. As the first locations became overcrowded, sub-colonies pushed into the interior, and new arrivals sometimes affiliated with their sectarian brethren, but often located in uncomfortable proximity to those they deemed heretics, until ultimately each sect found itself skirted with belligerent neighbors, all having separate places of public worship, and each having a separate class of carpenters, blacksmiths, tailors and other mechanics, thus barring all business and social intercourse as effectively as if they had lived a hundred miles apart, and tending greatly to intensify and perpetuate their intolerance and bigotry toward each other. Each entertained and expressed the most uncharitable opinions of the sincerity and intelligence of their uncongenial neighbors, and of what they deemed their heretical religious faith, thus inciting a bitterness and acrimony entirely irreconcilable with the mild and fraternal teachings of christianity.

The use of ardent spirits as a beverage was universal, not only among members of their churches, but also by the deacons and ministers of the Gospel of all religious denominations. This habit was common, even within my own recollection, down to a period not earlier than seventy years ago, and I well recollect that at a meeting of church members preparatory for the next Sabbath's communion, a member made a motion that the deacons be instructed to procure rum instead of wine for use in that ordinance, and fortified his proposition by saying that he liked it better, and was sure that above half the church did. I do not mention these things by way of reproach, but to illustrate the standard of morals of that time as compared with the present, and to point out the absurdity of some who deplore the degeneracy in religion and morals of modern times as compared with the distant past. There were conditions inherent in the circumstances attendant on the colonization and early settlement of this country, which had a natural tendency to promote religious bigotry, intolerance and unsavory morals, when compared with the higher standards of the present day. Many of those conditions were inherited from pre-existing defects in the countries from which that emigration came, and which were then common to all christendom, while others were naturally incident to the settlement of all new countries.

The histories of the Pilgrims and other early settlers of our American colonies were generally written by their friends and admirers, and were

mostly eulogiums of their virtues, but are very meager when not entirely silent as to their faults and imperfections. There is, however, much to commend and admire in their character and peculiarities, resulting from their necessities and surroundings. They came to a wild and unexplored country, with generally a meager soil and far more rigorous climate than they had been accustomed to in their native land, and ill supplied with even the rudest tools for subduing the forests and fitting them for agricultural use. They must have perished before they could have cultivated the means of subsistence had not bountiful nature supplied them with plenty of wild game in the forests, and a still more bountiful supply of fish in the inlets and bays of the sea, which skirted their locations. But their access to the wild game was beset with danger. The wild Indians by whom they were surrounded regarded them as poachers on their preserves, and in hunting the game they had to contend with these most wily and stategic of rivals. It was one of the best military schools to fit them for that glorious contest for liberty and independence which was soon to follow. It rendered them hardy and capable of great endurance. Every young man, old enough to carry one, was soon furnished with a gun. The danger of collision with the Indians made him cautious and alert. The necessity of bringing down their game made them a body of sharpshooters unrivalled in any country, either before or since. Nor were the fisheries less productive of great results, as preparation for war on the high seas. The young and middle aged men took to the seas as naturally as a duck to water. To take fish required boats and sail vessels, and necessity furnished the necessary architects, and resulted in the building of boats and ships on a scale unrivalled in practical excellence by any other people of that time in the world, and which were manned by a race of hardy and expert tars, more than the equal of any others in naval battles upon the briny deep. It was with a crew of these brave men that John Paul Jones was able to achieve those deeds of daring prowess and success which placed his name high on the roll of naval heroes. It was with a crew of those valiant and daring tars that he attacked with the "Bon Home Richard" the British man of war "Serapis," a ship manned with a much larger crew and carrying many more guns, and after a conflict of over three hours, when he had burst two of his guns and his ship was on fire, ran it against the Serapis, boarded that vessel by storm and carried her and a number of her convoy of merchantmen into port as prizes. On another occasion, with a like crew, he made a descent upon White Haven, on the English coast, captured the shipping in its harbor, and would have taken prisoner the Earl of Selkirk had he not fled on Jones' approach. He afterwards returned to Lord Selkirk a quantity of silver plate, without ransom, which he had taken on this occasion. This daring exploit created more consternation along the English coast than

would now be caused by the hostile descent of the whole American navy. These are only examples of the valiant and daring achievements he performed with his Amrican crew, and the naval history of the American revolution records many testimonials of the prowess and daring valor of the American tars under other commanders, such as Stephen Decatur, and the exploits of Oliver Hazard Perry in the war of 1812 show that up to that time, at least, there had been no degeneration, either in their valor or fame. And in the war of the Rebellion David G. Farragut, the hero of the naval battle of New Orleans and Mobile Bay, more than sustained the reputation of his valiant predecessors, and of whom the poet, Parker, has said:

"Shape not for him the marble form,
Let never bronze be cut,
But paint him in the battle storm,
Lash him to his Flag Ship's mast."

But, the climax of naval fame was reserved for George Dewey, the hero of Manila, who, combining science and discipline with daring bravery, annihilated the whole Spanish Pacific fleet of eleven war ships, without the loss of a man or any serious damage to any of his ships, and who has won the championship of the world as a naval hero, and illuminated his name with a halo of glory, beside which Nelson's great fame is obscured like a tallow dip in the presence of the noon-day sun.

But there are chapters in the unwritten history of the colonists which I regret that truth compels me to record. But you may ask what authority I have to refer to facts and doings which written history fails to verify. To this I reply that in early childhood I had heard many old men, who had participated in the stirring scenes of the Revolution, rehearse the exploits in which they had participated, and I had acquired an unquenchable thirst to know more about what had transpired in that memorable period. I was of that age when all youth are as remarkable for their inquisitiveness for mental food as the young robins in their nests are for the worms brought to them by their mothers for their physical sustenance, and I opened my mouth as widely for the desired mental food upon that all absorbing theme. I searched our library for all I could find bearing upon that momentous subject, and all that I could obtain from that meager library was Jefferson's Declaration of Independence, and Patrick Henry's eloquent appeal for the liberty and independence of the American colonies. Instead of quenching my interest in that subject, it greatly excited and enhanced it. I looked at every book in the collection and found them all to be of a sectarian or religious doctrinal character, such as treatises upon baptism—the trinity—the fall of man, the atonement and original sin, and many others of a like character. Perhaps from having

too much of that original sin in my nature (as I then feared), I had no taste for that kind of reading and laid them aside unopened. I then turned the searchlight of my inquisitiveness upon the old soldiers of whom there were then many survivors, who had served in different divisions of the army and had participated in nearly every battle, advance and retreat of that memorable contest, and I was able to thus acquire, by a comparison of their details, a more accurate knowledge and history, not only of the events of that contest and of the manners, customs and events anterior to the war, than any one person could have obtained had he lived and participated in those times and events. I combined and concentrated the testimony of many competent and independent witnesses, and was enabled to take in a panorama of the events and transactions of the whole period at a single view, and to obtain a clear insight of the social, moral and religious characteristics, not only of the revolutionary times, but anterior thereto, and the causes which had produced them.

In their struggle for subsistence, the early colonists, as I have already noted, were almost wholly dependent on game and fish. After a while they had an excess of those products to export and barter for other necessaries, and even some of the luxuries of life. But the mother country sought to replenish her treasury by heavy export and import duties, and monopolize the traffic of the colonies. This caused dissatisfaction and promoted smuggling, both in imports and exports. They often clandestinely sent cargoes of game and fish to other than the mother country. On one occasion a cargo intended for trade with Spain, in order to avoid seizure and confiscation by an English revenue cutter, in stress of weather was forced south to the African coast, where by chance they were enabled to barter their cargo with an African chief for a load of slaves, which they took to the West Indies and exchanged for sugar, rum and molasses, realizing an enormous profit. This was the germ of the African slave trade, and soon opened a gigantic traffic, which every New England port engaged in. The more wealthy colonies furnished the necessary vessels for one-half the net profits, while the crews shared the balance for their service. The traffic required large numbers to man the crafts, and every town along the coast, and every hamlet in the interior, were drawn on to supply the demand. The sons of church members, deacons, and even ministers of the Gospel flocked to the sea ports to enlist in this nefarious business. The usual course was to sell the slaves for molasses in the West Indies, manufacture it into rum in the colonies, ship it with other merchandise to the African coast and exchange it for slaves again, thus forming an endless chain of iniquity. Many of the crews of these slavers took their share of the molasses to their inland homes, where they sold it to distillers who made it into New England rum for use among the colonists. So oblivious to the evil consequences of this traffic were even

the best citizens of the colonies, that distilleries were erected in every hamlet. I have been informed by credible witnesses that it was customary for ministers of the gospel to invoke the divine care and protection for the slavers and vouchsafe them a successful voyage and safe return; and also that they were often partners in the profits of the distilleries, so that slavery and intemperance, twin sisters of iniquity and immorality under the present standard of morals, were then not only tolerated but openly defended from the sacred desk. But let us not judge too harshly the shortcomings of our forefathers of the early part of the present century, in not living up to a standard of religion and morals that had not then been formulated. And let us reflect that many of the acts and opinions of the present day may in the next century be under a still more elevated standard and more enlightened public conscience, as strongly condemned as are now some of the habits and practices of the preceding century. Let us rather say in the language of Joachin Miller (California's living poet)

"In men whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot
I hesitate to draw the line (between them)
Where God has not."

Although the standard of both religion and morals has theoretically been greatly elevated in the last eighty years, still to my mind it may well be questioned whether many of the improvements are not more superficial than real; whether they are not better calculated for exhibition in show windows than for actual traffic or use on the shop shelves, whether the errors of the past were not more of the head than the heart, and whether on the other hand the shortcomings of the present time are not more of the heart than the head. It cannot be denied that the cause of temperance has been greatly advanced in the latter part of this century. The foul stain of African slavery has been blotted out and erased from our constitution and laws by legislation, induced by an enlightened public conscience; and the colored man's legal status as human, instead of brutes and cattle as formerly held, has been fully established and enforced; but their social standing has not as yet been awarded them. It is much easier to cut off the top of a thistle and stay the growth of its little thorns than to destroy its deep roots. But although African slavery has been abolished still there has grown up in its stead another kind of slavery far more intolerable than the former, and which threatens, if not checked, the entire overthrow of our republican system of government. Slavery in the abstract is the taking and appropriating by one man or class of men for their own use, the services or fruits of

the labor of another man or class of men without just compensation therefor. It is an octopus which extends its tentacles, not only throughout this country, but throughout all christendom. I refer to the tyranny of vast accumulations of wealth, begotten by unrestrained avarice, absorbing the earnings of other people's labor and toil, and means of subsistence, either by individuals or corporations or syndicates, which oppress their fellow men, robbing them not only of their well earned comforts, but even of the very necessaries of life and often subjecting them to starvation and misery, especially in the great cities of the country, worse than that of the Cuban reconcentrados. And this is done without the least apparent consciousness of the great wrong they are inflicting upon their victims, but on the contrary they gloat on their success and seek and often find sycophants to applaud and admire their villiany. Not only in this country but throughout christendom, it is a power above the thrones of kings and emperors, and greater than any of them, and before which all those potentates bow in humble supplication for financial assistance in their struggle for supremacy. It stayed the allied powers in their efforts to stop the Turks from slaughtering the Armenian Christians, and also restrained those powers from aiding the Greeks in their struggle for liberty, lest it might depreciate the value of the Turkish bonds. It assists Spain to persist in its career of slaughter and starvation of thousands of oppressed Cubans struggling for freedom, lest their success should endanger the value of its Spanish investments, and it is thought by many to have influenced both the late and present presidents of the United Sates, on account of past and prospective financial favors to this government in their course and policy in the same Cuban and Spanish struggle, and is ever prompt to interfere without regard to the question of right or wrong, extending or withholding its aid whenever or wherever by so doing it can increase its already bloated wealth.

Perhaps I have been led to digress somewhat from the strict scope of this essay in following the tracks of this octopus into its dealings with the affairs of other countries and nationalities, but it is almost impossible to separate the operations of a monster whose body may be in foreign lands, but whose tentacles are extended into and envelop every part of our own country. But some one may ask whether it is not verging upon the sphere of anarchy to question the right of the possessors of wealth legally acquired, to choose their own mode of investment, and manage their own business, as they see fit. A careful examination of the manner of the acquisition of those great aggregations of wealth by so called millionaires, will show that very few of them have resulted from strictly legal operations. It is a well established principle of the common law that fraud, deceit, extortion and bribery vitate and annul all

contracts into which they enter or by which they are obtained. Law is but a contract of the people with each other for the mutual benefit of all, and by the same rule of construction with other contracts, any enactment procured by an individual or class of individuals for their own special benefit in derogation of the rights of others, whether by fraud, bribery or any other iniquitous practice of management, whether by bribery or fraud in the enactment itself, in procuring the nomination and election of tools pledged beforehand to procure such special enactments of partiality for their benefit, should be deemed void, and their procurators held as felons, and no better than the sneak thief who robs your granary or hen roost. If this rule were enforced as it should be, multimillionaires would be more scarce than hens' teeth, and extreme poverty and want would be almost unknown.

I have no fears of injustice and oppression from those who have acquired wealth, however great, by honest industry and economy. Our government in its inception was a pyramid whose base was the people at large, and their servants were by them ranged upward in progression with their chief executive and highest servant at the top, to execute and enforce their will. But now the whole program is reversed. Multimillionaires select our chief magistrate, elevate him to the pinnacle, often a supple tool to execute their will, and through whom they select minor executive officials. Their money dictates the nomination and election of a majority of the members of our legislatures, both state and national, to make our so called laws, and the judges to interpret them for their benefit. But as there are always two rival parties to consult and manage, funds are supplied especially in doubtful cases to the managers of each party, so that whichever may be successful, they can rely upon the victors in each as their tools and servants to execute their will. This was illustrated in the case of Havemeyer, the president of the sugar trust, who admitted that that trust furnished nearly equal amounts of funds to the candidates of each party, and when an investigation of their operations was instituted in Congress, it was proved that that trust had its tools and paid agent in each party and was secure of immunity. It was flipping a penny with a head on each side.

The Supreme Court of the United States is generally composed of men of brilliant talents and great legal acumen, but still they are human and are subject to all the passions and infirmities of our race.

Sir Roger Bacon, the most brilliant and learned jurist that ever graced the English bar or bench, and who after occupying the highest offices in the gift of the parliament or crown, and among others, that of high chancellor of England, was finally indicted and convicted on his own confession of having sold his official decisions for money, and heavily fined and imprisoned in the tower.

In our own country the Dred Scott decision showed how far even that august tribunal could be swayed by extraneous influence; and in the recent decision as to the constitutionality of the income tax law, by which Congress sought to compel great aggregate wealth to pay its just share toward the support of our national government, the influence of Wall street was shown in bold relief,—one of the judges in reviewing his previous official decision in favor of the constitutionality of that law, to an adverse decision, whereby said most equitable law was nullified and wiped out, in obedience to the wishes and interests of the plutocracy. Even ministers of the gospel are not all exempt from the blandishments of wealth, and to secure large salaries in some of our cities are disposed to diminish the camel to a small insect, and to enlarge the eye of a needle, for the comfort of their rich parishioners.

To illustrate the manner in which great wealth is often acquired, let us look back to transactions in the late Civil war. When our army was suffering from want of clothing and other necessary supplies, and their pay was in arrears that great commoner and patriot, Thad. Stevens, introduced in the House of Representatives a bill to issue the greenbacks to supply the needful money for the crisis, making them a full legal tender for all debts and demands, both public and private, which was passed by that body by almost a unanimous vote and was sent to the Senate for confirmation. The financial sharks of Wall street were quick to scent their opportunity. They rushed to Washington and with their peculiar blandishments induced the Senate to amend the legal tender clause by inserting an exception in favor of the payment of customs duties and interest on the public debt. On the return of the bill to the House, that body amended that exception so as to extend it in favor of our soldiers in the field and place them on an equality of preferment with the speculations of Wall street. But the Senate, under the lash of the latter, refused to concur, and the House was forced to recede or let the army continue to suffer without even the semblance of pay or supplies. The result was a rapid and great depreciation of the cash value of the new issue to less than half its face value, and deprived our soldiers of more than half of their hard earned wages. It was then that Stevens was said to have cursed the cupidity of the Wall street manipulators and their tools in the Senate, who by their management were soon able to depreciate the greenbacks to thirty-five cents on the dollar, at which price they were able to buy them up. They then lobbied through Congress a bill (ostensibly to strengthen the public credit, but in reality to make a great financial scoop for themselves), by which they caused their greenbacks to be funded into coin paying bonds at their face value and exempt from taxation, by which operation each thirty-five cents invested was converted into one dollar and twenty cents of market value

of specie. Their insatiable thirst for gain was not even satisfied with this. Through the instrumentality of the national banking system, they were enabled to deposit their bonds in the treasury at Washington, they drawing the interest from the government, and still use them as a basis for the issuing of bank bills to the amount of ninety dollars for each hundred so deposited, (together with twenty-five dollars of coin), which bills they could then readily loan for from eight to ten per cent interest in addition to the interest on their bonds, thus making the original thirty-five cents invested equivalent in earning power to three dollars and fifty cents annually, and which was largely secured by mortgage on the real estate of our citizens, and which is generally (on renewals) made payable both principal and interest in gold coin. It is this class who have been made millionaires by manipulating legislation, and their coadjutors and sycophants who are constantly making the welkin ring with their shouts for honest money, and who are striving, and have partially succeeded for the time being, in doubling the liability of all debtors, and the purchasing power of their already bloated wealth, until they have in fact converted their original investments of thirty-five cents into seven dollars each—outrivalling the expectations of the fabled searchers for the philosopher's stone by which they hoped to transmute the base metals into gold. This may seem to be a great exaggeration to those who have not watched the growth of this monstrous octopus, but to those who have tracked its progress during the last part of this century, or will take the trouble to carefully examine the data which I have faintly outlined, will easily perceive, without the aid of a telescope, that instead of exaggerating I have but faintly portrayed the rapid progress of this great financial iniquity.

This great power does not enlist or identify itself with either of the great political parties which have long contended for supremacy in this country, in both our state and national organizations, but availing itself of the aid of both when necessary, sits by and laughs at the progress of a political contest as a popular crowd does at a sham fight. It operates largely through the great trusts—banks, railroads, telegraph, telephone and express companies, and other corporations as their aiders and abettors, and rewards them with their protection and patronage. Talk of these great acquisitions of wealth as having been acquired by honest and legal means. Much as I detest and condemn the criminality and cruelty of their methods, I should deem their punishment as perhaps too cruel and severe if they were sentenced to shovel their hoards of gold into baskets with a common shovel in the same length of time they used in their acquisition, by the scoop of special legislation.

But, you may ask, do I despair of the success of our great experiment of a republican system of government and fear its subversion and

destruction through the malign influence of this seemingly omnipotent scourge? On the contrary my faith in its perpetuity and speedy triumph has never been stronger than at the present time. I see in the signs of the times the indications of an uprising of the people which shall soon drive these money changers from the holy temple of a free and enlightened people. Within the last two months this very capitol has been the scene of such an incipient rising as will rapidly gain sufficient force to overpower the combined cohorts of plutocracy in Michigan. The sea gulls which have followed in the wake of the ship of the moneyed oligarchy of our State and fed on the crumbs swept from its deck will soon be dispersed by the blast of popular indignation. It is a true saying, though trite, that "whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." The power of plutocracy has been so long unresisted that it has become so arrogant as to throw off all restraint and to ask of its assailants. "what are you going to do about it?" The last straw has broken the camel's back. Patriotic men (like Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans), are leading the hosts of popular indignation to the onset, and made apparent its power. The people of other states oppressed like our own are already rejoicing at the successful uprising here and preparing to imitate its example, which will like "a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night" lead the oppressed throughout our land to financial freedom.

The equality of all before the law will soon be vindicated. The voting power, so long paralyzed by unjustly accumulated wealth, and drugged to sleep, will be aroused, and like an awakened lion, put forth its irresistible strength. The doctrine of the equality and fraternity of our people will soon be again recognized in fact as well as in theory, and equal privileges to all and special privileges to none will again be vindicated. Then will the great experiment of popular government be achieved and our star spangled banner, the emblem of popular government, be established on a firm foundation where it will continue to wave unfurled till ruin wrecks the spheres, and time's last whirlwind sweeps the vaulted sky.

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT IS DOING IN RELATION TO THE PUBLICATION OF THE WAR RECORDS OF THE SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY M. D. OSBAND, OF GRAND RAPIDS.

At the last meeting of this Society, I presented a preamble and resolutions which were unanimously adopted, requesting our senators and representatives to Congress to use their influence to secure the passage of a law for the publication, by the Government, of the names and records of service of all the soldiers of the American Revolution.

I had previously written to our Senator Burrows to learn if the government had ever taken any action in the matter, but had received no reply. On my return home I found a reply lying on my table, which came in my absence. The reply was of such import that, had it been forwarded to me promptly, there would have been no occasion for the passage of those resolutions. The government is now doing just what we, by those resolutions, asked it to do.

Mr. Burrows referred my letter to the Pension Office, from which he received the following reply, which he promptly forwarded to me:

RECORD AND PENSION OFFICE,
WAR DEPARTMENT.
Washington City, May 24, 1897.

HON. J. C. BURROWS, *United States Senate:*

DEAR SIR—In returning herewith the letter, received by your reference this morning, of M. D. Osband of Grand Rapids, Michigan, who desires you to advise him whether there is now any bill before Congress, or whether any effort has been made in Congress, to provide for the publication of the service records of the soldiers of the Revolution, I beg to advise you as follows:

Many bills of the character indicated by your correspondent have been introduced in previous Congresses, and there are now pending two bills of a similar character, viz.: Senate Bill No. 1105 and House Bill No. 34, 55th Congress, First Session. It is possible that other bills of a similar character have been introduced during the present Congress, but have escaped my attention.

RECORDS BEING INDEXED.

The Acts of Congress approved July 27, 1892, and August 18, 1894, provided that all the military records of the War of the Revolution and of the War of 1812 should be transferred from the various Executive Departments to the War Department "to be preserved, indexed and prepared for publication." Pursuant to this legislation many of the records of those wars have been transferred to this Department, and the work of indexing and arranging them preparatory to their publication is now in progress under my charge. But as this work has progressed it has been discovered that the collection of Revolutionary records in the possession of the General Government is far from complete, many of these records being in the possession of the authorities of various states, of historical societies and of private individuals. Efforts are now being made to procure the temporary loan of records so held in order that they may be copied, and that the historical information which they contain may be incorporated with that obtained from the records in the possession of this Department, so that the contemplated publication may be made as nearly complete as possible.

RECORDS TO BE PUBLISHED.

Congress will undoubtedly make the necessary appropriation for the publication of these records at the proper time, but it is clearly not advisable to undertake the publication of any portion of the records, especially those relating to the individual histories of officers and enlisted men, until the compilation shall have been completed and every available source of information exhausted. Too many hasty, incomplete and inaccurate historical publications have already been made, and that number ought not to be increased by the premature publication of the records of the Revolution.

It will be readily seen that there are many difficulties in the way of obtaining missing records, or copies of them, and that progress in this direction must necessarily be slow. The various patriotic societies, and all persons interested in the subject, can expedite the work materially by urging upon the authorities of the states in which they are located, or upon historical societies or individuals having Revolutionary records in their possession, the importance of loaning those records to the War Department for a short time, in order that they may be copied. The Department guarantees the safe return of all such records loaned to it, and pays all charges for transportation upon them.

MAY ASSIST THE DEPARTMENT.

From the foregoing statement it will be seen that no further legislation by Congress with the view to the collection and publication of the

Revolutionary records is necessary or desirable at the present time, and that no action with that end in view can now be profitably taken by the society mentioned by your correspondent, although that society can doubtless materially expedite the preliminary work now in progress in this department by lending its influence in the direction pointed out above.

Very respectfully,
F. L. AINSWORTH,
Colonel United States Army.
Chief, Record and Pension Office.

DEAR SIR—I respectfully transmit the above in answer to your letter of inquiry of the 11th inst., and you are at liberty to make such use of it as you see fit.

Very respectfully,
J. C. BURROWS.

PIONEER AND ABORIGINE.

CALVIN J. THORPE.

The relations of white men and red in the settlement of America are themes of perennial interest. As such they have been diligently studied and often faithfully portrayed. No pen, however, has exhausted the subject, for each incident and fact is differentiated in a striking degree, forming alone a fit subject for painter's art and critic's analysis. The object of this paper is to relate some of the experiences of the writer as a pioneer of Michigan and to bring into observation some more general facts, deemed by him important, but too often overlooked by the mass of mankind.

The pioneers of America, in view of many things, might well have wished an unoccupied country for the theater of their operations; for first of all, the Indian was his foe as soon as he perceived the tendency of colonial occupation.

Accordingly, face to face have stood the two races, as Anglo Saxon occupancy has progressed across the continent; and whether in amity or battle, each has so far shaped the other's history as to compel mention in countless ways.

To follow a single pioneer of the advance guard, is to meet a red man, to follow his trail, to be welcomed or halted by him, to be in consort, or at odds. They were life or death for each other.

Michigan was visited by French voyageurs and Jesuits in the 16th century. Its locustrine features made it the focus of commerce and the highway of traffic. Settlements or missions were planted on its soil at four several points—Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie, Mackinaw and St. Joseph. Its settlement properly began at and near Detroit, about the beginning of the closing century. At that date it was an Indian country. The native inhabitants though they had for obvious reasons welcomed the Gaul and accepted without question his claim of allegiance and authority, never accepted the English assumption of ownership and control. They had somewhat assisted the French in the French and Indian war. Three at least of Michigan's most powerful nations allied had been in the league of Pontiac to repel the advance of the English. All its tribes had assisted in the Ohio valley against the United States, defeating Generals Harmer and St. Clair in 1791-4, though beaten by Wayne. In 1795 concessions were ceded, but under coercion and fraud as was generally held.

So at the beginning of the 19th century it may be said the colonist and his government had no fair title, if he ever later obtained one, to any considerable portion of the peninsular state.

At the date mentioned, Chippewas, Ottawas, Pottawattomies, Hurons, and Wyandotts held the state, believing it their rightful, inalienable patrimony.

At that time hunters, trappers, renegades, outlaws, explorers and traders began invasion. When English occupancy terminated, in 1797, military bands occasionally traversed its confines with the assumption of authority.

In 1812 war broke out with England, assisted by an Indian confederacy under Tecumseh, extending from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico and including all the aborigines of our territory. When the struggle ceased, the republic imposed somewhat severe conditions on all the confederates, most of their domains being extorted as the conditions of peace. The attendant negotiations brought many military observers through the country whose opinions scattered through the east, drew prompt and favorable attention to these lands for homes. Homesteaders soon by ones and twos and by families began to arrive.

The Indians were, however, yet far from quiet. When the Blackhawk rebellion occurred, all the Michigan tribes sympathized with it, many bands assisting. When that short struggle ended the further treaties of 1831 gave assurance to the country that Michigan was open to peaceful settlement. The rush immediately began and for many years continued, calling together as notable a host of pioneers as can be cited anywhere in the world.

In 1838, at the age of three and a half years, arrived the writer, in Cass county, from Ohio. His ancestry, who for several generations

had struggled with border life, brought to the peninsular state such abilities and training as the frontier can bestow. In the wilderness, 40 miles from St. Joseph and about 200 from either Toledo or Detroit, far from a surveyed road was built the first family domicile, a log shanty with but a single room, to serve four years a household of eight persons.

As this sketch has a non-personal design, the course of family and personal history will not herein be further pursued. These will be left to the reader's imagination, same as the larger purpose includes the less involved events.

When the explorer and settler entered Michigan, he found a wilderness without civilized roads. He, however, was not left alone without guide or path. The red men were here and here were their trails, footpaths extending thickly in many directions and from all important points. From Toledo, an entrepot, these paths ran eastward south of Lake Erie, southeastward to Pittsburg, south to Cincinnati, southwesterly up the Maumee, westerly toward the head of Lake Michigan, northwesterly toward the Kalamazoo and Grand rivers, northerly toward Saginaw Bay, northeasterly toward Detroit. From each of these objective points likewise radiated paths through the forest to inferior points, while in every possible course from every notable interior locality ran less important lines of travel. In the writer's early home country these paths were numerous and in constant use, both by red men and white. All the earliest wagon routes followed these simple commercial trails. The great Chicago road from Detroit, the Territorial from the same place to St. Joseph and several other general highways and many less ones followed closely as possible aboriginal thoroughfares.

These roads were of incalculable use to the explorer, hunter and pioneer, along them he could proceed with safety or certainty to any place previously selected as an objective point. Their importance will the readier be seen when it is remembered that they avoided all the greater obstacles, conducted to the easier fords over streams, to the best fishing and hunting districts and conveniently near the lines pursued in trapping.

Indians were skillful pontoonists, though the structures they built were the simplest possible. Their bridges applied only to muddy streams with deep channels and miry shores, consisted of a line of poles supported on posts set and bound in X form. Such bridges were generally constructed by laying the entire works a few inches below the surface of the water. The writer close up to the middle of the century has found and used these bridges. The use was possible only for bare or moccasined feet, the support being only a pole seldom more than three inches in diameter. Even this studied crossing required the aid of a balancing pole or two water canes.

This device was occasionally copied by Michigan pioneers for surveyed, graded roads and suitable bridges of common sort were slow in entering the wilds where most needed. Where such pontoons were erected, the pole spanning the channel was not bound so that boatmen using the stream could remove and replace the central span, leaving the crossing unimpaired.

Arts among the savages everywhere were comparatively few and simple. These people were, however, unusually superior tanners. The skins of deer and other animals with or without the hair, were subjected to a process called brain and smoke tan. The skins, if desired unhaired, were rolled up moist and kept in a warm place till tainted, when the hair would easily slip out. The flesh side was then cleaned by heating, washing and scraping off the fat adhering to it. The grey, cellular envelope of animals brains was then dissolved in warm water, in which very thoroughly the skin was washed till surely saturated with the albumen, when it was hung up in the dense smoke of any convenient fire till fully impregnated with its creosote, wood alcohol and pyroligneous acid. When a buckskin so treated was scoured with a suitable stone till the cuticle was removed, it was found permanently soft and ready for any use in aboriginal apparel.

Pioneers who cared to early imitated this art and when needed were possessed of material for any variety of clothing from foot to crown. Coats, vests, wamuses, trousers, leggins, mittens, gloves, were generally in pioneer days made of buckskin. Indian processed moccasins, however, were its most common destination, than which nothing could have been more appropriate and reasonable.

The writer has worn the moccasin winter and summer, in dry weather and wet, warm and cold. If dry, feet thus dressed are able to endure the lowest temperature in our climate and even when wet the heat generated in walking is usually sufficient for safety and comfort.

An unknown author's opinion runs thus:

"The moccasin is the most rational and comfortable of all footwear. In moccasins the feet have full play; they can bend and grasp; there is nothing to chafe them or impede circulation. In moccasins one can move like an acrobat, crossing slender and slippery logs, climbing trees or passing with ease and security along dizzy trails on the mountain side, where a slip might mean sure destruction.

"The feet do not stick fast in the mud. In the north when the mercury is far below zero and no civilized boot will protect the feet from freezing, the savage suffers no inconvenience. Moccasins, stuffed with dried grass let the blood course freely. The perspiration may freeze on the hay in a solid lump of ice, but the feet remain warm and dry.

"The buckskin moccasin, Indian tanned, with deer brains and wood

smoke always dries soft after a wetting. In autumn, when all the leaves and twigs are dry as tinder, a man wearing shoes makes a noise in the forest like a troop of cavalry. But in moccasins he can move swiftly through the woods with the stealth of a panther. The feet are not bruised, for after enjoying for a time the freedom of natural covering, these hitherto blundering members become like hands and feel their way through the dark, like those of a cat avoiding obstacles as though gifted with a special sense. Best of all, the moccasin is light. Inexperienced sportsmen and soldiers affect high-topped laced boots with heavy soles and hobnails, imagining that these are most serviceable for rough weather. But these weigh between four and five pounds, while a pair of thick moose-hide moccasin weigh only eleven ounces. In marching ten miles a man wearing the clumsy boots lifts twenty tons more shoe leather than if he wore moccasins."

To all this profusion of commendation it only remains to add that this sort of foot gear is a positive preventative of corns and their surest remedy.

The pioneer in close and constant contact with the aborigine, easily and usually gravitated toward his peculiar ways, many of which were best adapted to frontier life. The natives had a simple, original method of curing meat, called jerking, which our pioneer population wisely imitated. It was this; over a suitable fire of abundant coals, the lean boneless parts of large game and fish, cut in suitable pieces, were broiled till well cooked and smoked, being held in the heat pierced by a long, sharp stick, sometimes possessing or furnished with a crotch or fork. Such meat, while hot, packed in a jar in layers suitably sprinkled with salt enough to suit taste, if covered well will keep a long time without injury. If covered with molten tallow to exclude the air the salvation is extended indefinitely.

This process became so popular in my father's house as sometimes to supplant the usual domestic style of cookery. It was long inclined to be a resort in many a home where a quarter of beef would go to roast at a time in aboriginal style. Another curious art the pioneer learned from the Pottawattomies, though he seldom had reason to practice it. The Indians dug from the muck of lakes and ponds the fleshy rhizomes—erroneously called roots—of the Sagitta Sagillaria—called by them capen and buried the same cut in suitable pieces with hot stones. The stones cooked the stems and the earth absorbed from them an acid poison which rendered their use as food in their natural state dangerous. This food was consumed as it came from the oven or it was beaten into flour in stone mortars, mixed with water, fat and salt and rebaked on hot stones and then served as short cake.

The Indians were everywhere more or less wasteful and improvident; the Pottawattomie wife looked sharply out for rainy days and winter

wants. She dried venison in large supply if her lord was a good hunter. Cut fresh from the ham and sprinkled with salt, then suspended in the smoke of the wigwam fire, animal muscle, thoroughly dried is palatable, nutritious and safe from the tooth of most of the enemies of vital flesh. His wife was also a maker of sausage, that preparation of meat whose origin no one knows. Her's was never in mass but the stuffed sort which she thoughtfully varied from pure muscle to a mixture of all varieties of tissue. Not uncommonly in the autumn when fat was abundant she would store up large quantities of deer's tallow in sausage cases for future use. These suspended and festooned in the smoke of the lodge, high up near its funnel mouth, were doubtless by aboriginal taste and prudence, regarded with yearly pride and satisfaction.

Each of these varieties of smoked sausage was often imitated as late as the decade 40 to 50 by border white men pursuing the avocations of thieves, outlaws, hermits, hunters, and trappers, long situated distant from the rising marts of that period. Nor in cold weather when hunger pressed, did the most fastidious taste reject the service and the savor of such useful morsels. Moreover, the tallow sausage was the usual means of preservation applied to animal carbon everywhere among men. This method of keeping it is reasonably believed to have suggested the art of moulding candles. The writer has seen the red man's lodge illuminated with this form of candle, a tendon beaten till porous constituting the wick. It is matter of universal assertion, based on observation that the aborigine domesticated corn, tobacco and beans for which the world gives due credit. Roasted green maize in the ear was much of the food of the pioneer. The roasting period was often with the writer a social time, Indian boys being his companions both at the family home and the adjacent wigwam. Succotash—corn and beans boiled together—is an Indian contribution to cookery which white women are not likely to allow to perish.

Indians are usually described as lazy. The charge is not true in strictness for both red men and women had their work. The difference lay in the fact, still preserved in civilized life, that women's tasks never end, while men's more or less, wholly remit. Among the natives agriculture fell to the lot of the female and well was it done when the obstacles are duly considered.

The Pottawattomies were corn growers when the writer began to know them and their fields near his home showed the hills long after reservation life was enforced, and until the land was under plow and harrow. This labor, however, was wholly the duty of squaws who were expected to do everything except war, hunting, play, traffic and diplomacy. Illustrations of the sharp demarcations observed among these aborigines in this regard were constant.

The writer once saw two Chippewa matrons in northern Michigan, bearing from Marquette huge sacks of shavings to their huts on the flats for fuel. Under the burden each bent low and moved slowly. Nearing their homes they met two men each with a lad about ten. After a brief interview all went on together. Neither man offered to relieve his wife, but each lifted his son to a seat on the sack his mother bore. Such was Indian division of labor and connubial etiquette among the Pottawattomies as well as everywhere and the women defended the encroachings of civilized customs even more sturdily than the men, apparently holding as robbery any lessening of their toil and responsibilities.

Indians as the writer knew them were fond of society. They were numerous when his boyhood was passing the heroic age and many is the game of ball played with the red boys of the vicinity. Their adult men loved the same amusement which was frequently indulged. They liked also to wrestle, race, test fingers, grips and pull sticks. Their women were less familiar and pliable, being bound by a more rigid code of customs.

The Pottawattomies were generous, sharing freely with all comers their food, their lodges, and even their chattels as there was call on humanity or an opportunity to placate a foe, secure a friend or impress the idea of the donor's wealth or liberality. For a vital service from a handsome cousin of the author, a dusky neighbor of his for a summer, offered him the pick of his wives of which he had two. For some reason only guessed, the woman concerned seemed to regard the overture with favor, and seemed disappointed when it was fruitless.

A turbulent, intemperate murderer there was among the natives of the St. Poseph valley, the ancient home of the Pottawattomies. Shavehead, as he was called, was in frequent brawls at home and among the pioneers, several of whose scalps he was reported as taking in other parts. He was the terror of our women whenever in the vicinity and not a few times has his name given the writer a sleepless night. The last of his visits to my father's residence reached the climax of forbearance. Inflamed with drink he demanded a horse, pretendedly as a loan. Being refused he resolved to take what he wanted. Cousin interfered when a collision occurred and the rascal was knocked down and disarmed before he could use tomahawk or knife which he brandished to secure compliance. He left promptly when freed under sight of a trusty rifle.

Such rogues, be it said, were few among the aborigines who were usually the victims of baseness rather than its authors. One other covetous mortal in a redskin is worthy of note. He craved the rifle of a noted pioneer, whose skill as a hunter was much celebrated, believing the germ of success was the superiority of the gun. So one day he approached the residence with the intent to trade for it if possible. The owner was away

when the rascal arrived. He accordingly set down his own piece, which was loaded, and, asking to look at the other, which was empty, immediately started off with it. The brave wife, who was a good marksman, seized the vagrant's gun and raising it to her shoulder, ordered a halt under threat of a shot. The culprit stopped, examined the gun, and finding it empty, dropped it and ran, never appearing in the community again.

Many pleasant associations arose in pioneer times between the races. A frequenter of our domicile was familiarly named John (Indians had gradually assumed European names). He was often with us calling and at table. Not seldom were we recipients of a quarter or a half of a deer brought down by his gunnery. One call was noteworthy as it illustrated aboriginal etiquette. Cakes were being fried. When a pan was nearly filled, as was usual, the dish with its tempting contents was passed around the family group, that each might have one when warm and fresh. When the proffer reached John he took the pan and making a sack of his blanket corner, emptied therein every cake. The writer's mouth waters even yet for the cake he failed to get.

Giftmaking was however an Indian trait and bounty circumscribed only by the limit of resources. Even the children gave as well as craved. The author was the recipient, unsoliciting, of his first and last bite of tobacco from an Indian lad, all of whom followed the vice of the race acquired from the Anglo-Saxon's abundance.

Intemperance was common with this people as everywhere among the aborigines. Many a day have I seen a band of savages, resident near our home, en route to town after pension day or when were wanted supplies of poison and powder. The men were in file on ponies, headed by the local chief, often gaily clad, behind trudged the women afoot, and while peculiar, occasionally motley, relatively as plain as a pike staff.

At night—alas, the contrast!—the gang wended homeward all the worse for whisky; all noisy, some reeling, many foaming at the mouth, occasionally one falling to sleep off his drug's vile potency. The day full of promise was ended in disaster, the week, the month, the season's catch of skins or the pension passing for baubles and drink to an unworthy trader or merchant of thrifty mind and easy conscience.

The whisky of the trader's stock to the red men sold was made according to a recipe that should not be lost to the temperance cause nor to the history of a period with many sins among its signal virtues. Here it is:

Unrectified spirits	2 gallons.
Water	30 gallons.
Cayenne pepper	½ ounce.
Tobacco plug	2 ounces.

Ponder it, son and daughter of a happier age and a stronger people

when you presume to contrast the natures and merits of a dying race with those of one yet in the rising scale—your own—whose faults you are prone to overlook or condone.

Intemperance was surely the vice, the bane, perhaps the destroyer of the red man on this continent. The Pottawattomies with reason, in days of which we write, claimed the disposal of their lands and rights was effected by drunkenness. They charged that they were feasted or treated till incapable of business and then induced to sign agreements they knew nothing of and of which they had no recollection.

This vice not only undermined their tribal interests but also destroyed their personal powers and social safety. They indeed knew the danger, but could not shun it, especially when using the drug retailed to them in the name of a fairer devil called "fire water." They were so aware of the risk that in its private or domestic use they generally adopted precautionary safeguards.

When wanting a "high time" by themselves they usually appointed a warden who, remaining sober, was charged with care of all deadly weapons which he hid. He was also expected to use such restraining care of the rest of the band as occasion seemed to demand. With this provision the remainder drank as they wished and general intoxication prevailed with various consequences.

One at least of these "drunks" occurred at the camp of the band, long resident a quarter mile from our first home in the State. The memory of that night's bedlam is horror to this hour, for none of the household could sleep. Every noise possible to human utterance, seemed let loose alive to strive together in space with all the demons of darkness and hate Some portion of the scene was witnessed by the older, braver of our family. Next morning when the reckoning came nearly everything breakable of their chattels was in ruins, every member of the clan was more or less bruised, maimed and suffering, while the corpse of one unfortunate woman, made memorable an event of horror and disgrace even in savage life and one the actors afterward bewailed or brooded over with silent, somber contrition.

These people long after continued on their reservations, were free wanderers of the mighty woods, occasionally making the vicinity of our home a halting place for a season on the autumn chase or the summer's outing to fish and make baskets by our convenient lakes.

At such times they were early and occasional callers for varied favors of salt, flour, pepper, milk, meal. These things they frequently paid with returns in kind and with abundant interest. Invitations were occasionally left for desired visits. One of these social functions was accepted by several of our family, the writer included. The camp was in the forest about half a mile away on our farm, the weather was cool, damp

and lowry, such as would stimulate hunger and lend cheer to the circle and the blazing hearth of a civilized home. When the guests arrived, about ten o'clock, the women were alone except the presence of small boys. Four lodges and twenty persons comprised the aggregation. At that time the Pottawattomies were half civilized in manners and costume. The boys greeted us with evident relish. The matrons brought out stools. The maidens remained concealed. We sat around the fire, built out doors, over which stood a tripod of sticks from which hung a three pail kettle of water beginning to simmer.

From the evidences we knew dinner was preparing and we guessed it would be soup. Into the water a handful of salt and a basin of meal with a pinch of cayenne—our contribution—were stirred. Next a quart of corn bruised in Indian fashion with a stone mortar and pestle was added. The men who had been out hunting, beginning to arrive, the additions were more lively and characteristic. One brought in a few pigeons, two of which were roughly picked, singed, disemboweled and cast bodily into the boiling pot without washing or removal of pinfeathers. Another contributed a squirrel or two, which cast in with heads and feet on after singeing and removal of entrails. A partridge and a lark treated as the other birds, followed, finally a less fortunate hunter who had brought in a fair sized land turtle, his only catch, contributed that bodily to the soup.

About one o'clock the pottage was deemed done and every man, provided with a gourd and a spoon, was bidden to help himself, which the aborigines did without reluctance, eating with good appetites and well earned relish. As for the pioneers they, having well breakfasted, were less hungry. Each, however, filled his gourd and made as good pretense of eating as possible, restraining to a sip or two after numerous sniffs and violent expirations to cool the mass.

Though these good people, whose guests we were, lived in part a communal body, the right of personal ownership was variously preserved among them. This was shown when the brave who caught the tortoise, finding its carapace laid claim to the same and thenceforth employed it as a cooling vessel for the food, he thus was aided in appropriating in copious draughts.

As usual the women waited, my sister with the rest, for Indian custom held it not etiquette for females to eat before or even with their lords. Against this decree of usage, squaws were never known by the author to have ever rebelled or protested. Contrarily they were ever models of propriety as they saw it, save when demoralized by liquor, the arch foe of mankind.

A historic incident fitly closes this hasty picture of aboriginal life as met on the frontier during the former half of the closing century. The constant recurrence of hostilities along the border led the general

government to adopt, during this time a new policy—that of colonization. The acquisition of a vast tract of distant territory by the Louisiana purchase gave the hope that deportation would secure peace to both races, as in that remote region the parties would be permanently separated. Agreements with the Pottawattomies contained this stipulation, obtained fraudently the natives declared and not by consent of any sort of several bands of the tribes. The application of the scheme, as generally happens in such matters, was delayed from year to year till the Blackhawk scare revived interest therein.

That trouble left on Michigan pioneer life an abiding fear which only needed a rumor to fan into the flame of terror. It was no wonder when one remembers that a company collected for military duty in expectation of local uprising was at Niles, while encamped, horrified into the extreme of emotional insanity by a practical joke, simulating a night attack by Indians. Naturally thereafter, acquainted with the national resolve the settlers kept up a bitter urgency for its consummation. Consequently authority the summer of 1838 was spurred to action. Various bands of this once mighty people, in redemption of pledge, were brought into control of the army sent here to enforce the edict. Several clans hid from sight till the danger blew over. Not a few deserted their friends while marching toward and while at the rendezvous. Still others escaped enroute. One band, that dwelling at Twin Lakes, refused to consider a proposition they had never entertained.

The government to avoid shedding of blood, adopted a ruse. The Catholic priest who administered to the spiritual wants of the clan therefore agreed to and did collect the same on a given day as if requiring convocation for religious purpose. When assembled the soldiers appeared and captured the entire body, marching them shortly for the Indian territory.

The terror, the indignation, the anger, the hate, consequent on that act of state cannot be depicted; neither can words relate the horrors of the march in which more than half who started perished from disease, fatigue, hunger, grief and cruelty. This tragedy occurred September, 1838, after which several other half voluntary deportations occurred—voluntary if hoplessness of resistance may be so termed. The movement, often since repeated, was a failure as to the Pottawattomies enough of whom managed to elude pursuit and remain in old haunts to require a degree of oversight which would have been enough to have cared for the tribe.

In this tragedy one can hardly blame the pioneers, nor the administration for the race of the one from Plymouth Rock, to rising Chicago, had been a constant battle and the duty of the other had been an endless preparation for and prosecution of war. Yet in retrospection one beholds the blunder and grieves for the common weakness of man, that brought it to pass. Indeed, today with law and peace, the fruits of

civilization and a homogeneous population, to protect rights and interests, one is amazed that in our state should so shortly ago have transpired the things of which the author writes.

Those scenes, once however real, are now gone—happily all gone. With our people there is no more a frontier, where men, if they go, take life in hand and perish or survive as they are craven or courageous, foolish or prudent. Indians, a few, still are here, but few with the virtues of their heroic ancestry—few without vices too readily copied from conquerors, whose worthier traits and examples they neglected or dispised.

A few of the Chippewas, Hurons, Wyandotts, Ottawas as well as Pottawattomies are quartered here and there. Objects of scorn or compassion, no more are they ogres to occasion fear, or teachers by whom to be instructed.

If the aborigine with his lesson is gone, so like wise are his terrors. Even the pioneer as a type of society has disappeared. A few of the old guard of frontiersmen linger with their descendants. Here and there they gather, bound by common memories to count the lessening number and recall the scenes of yore, departed forever. Soon these will migrate to another country. Then all will have become new.

No, not wholly new, for the new is always made of the old. The old Michigan can never be made wholly new. Its fabric was planned a hundred years ago; then were spun in prayer, toil and poverty its imperishable warp and woof; then was the weaving begun, but not to end —the weaving of a cloth in which pioneer and aborigine handiwork must forever appear to him who cares to ask how came these things as they are.

With the names of Cass, Mason, Barry and an unnamed host will remain those of Pontiac, Ogemaw, Pokagon and Wakeshma and together in a common glory, let them abide where God and history have placed them.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.—THE TRUE HISTORY OF ITS BIRTH.

BY HON. ALBERT WILLIAMS.

[Published in the Jackson Citizen, May 5, 1888.]

From time to time during the last score or more of years, I have been a good deal surprised to see the claim made that the first state organization of the Republican party was in some other state than Michigan.

Hon. Martin L. Higgins, now of Washington, D. C., but formerly of Flint, Mich., very justly punctured, through the columns of the Washington Critic, that ill-grounded claim, as was due to the pioneer Republicans of Michigan and to a great historical fact, that will down at no man's bidding. I well know, as does Mr. Higgins also, whereof I affirm; because, like him, I too was at Jackson, Mich., July 6, 1854, when and where, through the instrumentality of a mass meeting duly called, the Republican party of this day and generation first put on the habiliments of a state organization and received, so to express it, its baptismal name—Republican. Indeed, the full tide of national events had then come in this country when a new political party was needed and to be organized, to have a new name and to stand on a new platform, which should be hostile to the spread of slavery and defeat the purposes of the repeal of the Missouri compromise and the doctrines of squatter sovereignty, and looking to the final extinction of that "relic of barbarism" in this country.

Accordingly, pursuant to a call extensively made throughout the state therefor, a mass meeting was held, as stated, at Jackson, Mich., July 6, 1854, when and where the first state organization of the Republican party was perfected, there being in attendance, as was then estimated, from 3,000 to 5,000 Michigan electors, representing nearly, if not quite, every county in the state, no public hall in Jackson being sufficiently large to accommodate them, and they, from necessity, adjourning to and transacting most of their business "under the green spreading oaks" at Jackson, which were thereby made memorial through all coming time, looking down and witnessing, as they did, the marshalling of great fundamental political principles, that can never die, and which have since become the chief corner stone of our republic.

In organizing the meeting, Hon Levi Baxter, of Hillsdale, was elected temporary chairman, and Hon. David S. Walbridge, of Kalamazoo, permanent chairman. Hon. Jacob M. Howard, of Detroit, was chairman of the committee on platform and name of the party, which committee consisted of sixteen, being four from each of Michigan's then four congressional districts, to wit:

First District—Jacob M. Howard, Wayne; Austin Blair, Jackson; Donald McIntyre, Washtenaw; John Hilsendegen, Wayne.

Second District—Charles Noble, Monroe; Alfred B. Metcalf, St. Joseph; John W. Turner, Branch; Levi Baxter, Hillsdale.

Third District—Marsh Giddings, Kalmazoo; E. Hussey, Calhoun; Albert Williams, Ionia; John McKinney, Van Buren.

Fourth District—Charles Draper; Oakland; Martin L. Higgins, Genesee; J. E. Simmonds, Oakland; Z. B. Knight, Oakland.

Also a committee, consisting of three from each of the thirty-two sen-

atorial districts of the State, was appointed as a nominating committee of a state ticket, every such district but, perhaps, the thirty-second being represented thereon. Other committees, looking to the further organization of the meeting and the party in the State were also elected.

A platform of resolutions and name for the party, national in their kind, after mature deliberation, were agreed upon and reported by the committee thereon, through their said chairman, to the meeting, and by the latter almost unanimously adopted. Two resolutions, touching state matters, were also presented as a minority report by Hon. Austin Blair, of Jackson, he being a member of the committee, to the meeting, and likewise heartily adopted. So satisfactory were the platform and name of the party to the free Democratic party of the State, that that party, then are there, through its duly authorized committee, at once appeared by the side of the chairman of the meeting, on the stage in "the green grove," and withdrew from the political field their state ticket and organization, which had been nominated and made at Jackson, February 22, 1854. In this connection it may be well to say, by way of reminder, that the whig state convention, held at Marshall, October 4, 1854, called to nominate a state ticket and transact other business, on motion to that end, after a spirited debate, finally adjourned without day, making no nomination, it being, I believe, the last whig state convention ever held in Michigan.

A state ticket or candidates for the state officers to be elected in November of that year, was likewise agreed upon and reported, by the committee on nominations, to the Jackson mass-meeting, and by the latter enthusiastically adopted. Hon. Kinsley S. Bingham, of Livingston county, was thus put in nomination for governor, (the same as he had been by the free democratic party at Jackson, Feb. 22, 1854,) and was elected over ex-Gov. John S. Barry, the democratic candidate, by a plurality of 4,977, the balance of their ticket being also elected as they elected at the same time a considerable majority of each branch of the legislature, much the greater part of the county officers in the state and three of the four members of congress, viz.: Hons. William A. Howard, Henry Waldron and David S. Walbridge, republicans, and George W. Peck, democrat.

There were presented to the above named committee on platform, some three or four drafts, but the one framed by Hon. Jacob M. Howard, evidently with great thought and ability, with very few, if any, changes, was finally adopted, with the result stated.

As to the name of the party, Mr. Howard said, in substance, that correspondence had been had with prominent gentlemen in several other states, naming Horace Greeley as one of them, and that to them, as it was believed the party would grow into a national one, that of Republican would be as generally acceptable as anyone that could be named.

and though others were proposed, that of Republican was adopted, with the result indicated.

In their platfrom the meeting, among other things, "recommended the calling of a general convention of the free states, and such of the slave-holding, or portions thereof, as may desire to be there represented, with a view to the adoption of other more extended and effectual measures in resistance to the encroachments of slavery."

Such is a brief view of that most important pioneer mass meeting.

Hon. Mr. Higgins was a member of the committee on platform and name of the party and of the committee on nominations, as was myself, also; and hence, as above stated, we know whereof we affirm.

The proceedings of that Jackson mass meeting were quite extensively published by the press of the state of that day, and more or less noticed by the press of the country. And the Daily Detroit Post and Tribune of July 6 and 7, 1879, republished them in full, with several letters from gentlemen who were members of that meeting, giving their recollection of the leading events of the day which gave rise to it and its action. In fact the data herein mentioned is too well authenticated to admit of intelligent question. Nor can a great, honored political party, which has played so important a part on the stage in the theater of nations as has the noble Republican party, afford to have either the time, place or causes of its birth, lost in oblivion or involved in doubt. Hence I venture the injunction with all due respect: Please ye all, render unto the pioneer republicans of Michigan the things that are theirs.

BRIEF HISTORY OF SAGINAW COUNTY.

BY WM. H. SWEET.

Introductory.

The history of a nation, state or county, from the period of its formation to the present time, is an interesting study. The writer of this brief prefatory notice of the history of Saginaw county, for the work connected herewith, will not attempt an elaborate detailed review of that history, but will endeavor to present to the reader a brief statement thereof, and of its early pioneers, and others who settled within the boundaries, at what may be termed the closing of the pioneer period. The facts, herein narrated, came to the writer's knowledge in part traditionally, more or less historically, and the remainder chiefly from per-

sonal knowledge of those he may speak of herein,—of the character of such persons, and of the progress of the county, derived from an experience of nearly half a century of actual residence within its borders. The history of said county, like that of hundreds of other counties that have sprung into existence within the past sixty years, to those not familiar with the rapid march of progress made within the period above given, would seem more like romance than reality.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF TERRITORIAL LEGISLATION.

I may, I trust be pardoned for alluding to the origin of the county, emerging as it did from a territorial condition—a child of the territory, as it were, and for venturing to refer briefly to some of the peculiarities of territorial legislation—not only relative to the origin of the county, but to the government of the territory, which was organized by the United States government in the early part of the year 1805. From the territorial laws I have gleaned some interesting and peculiar facts. The first recorded act is dated July 9, 1805, providing for a temporary seal of the territory; on July 24, 1805, provision was made for the organization of the Supreme Court, to consist of three judges, the first one appointed to be "Chief Judge."

This act provided but for one regular term, but authorized the holding of special sessions whenever two of the Judges should deem it necessary. It also defined certain jurisdictional powers, procedure and practice in said Court—that paper, instead of parchment, should be used in all Court proceedings.

By act adopted July 25, 1805, three judicial districts were created, viz.: The district of Erie, the district of Huron and Detroit, and the district of Michilimackinac, and provided also that one of said three judges should preside at each term of said district court.

August 2, 1805, an act was adopted providing that "Justices of the Peace, and every regular Minister of the Gospel may solemnize marriages." This act required the consent of the father or guardian of the parties to the marriage, when either of the parties to be married were under the age of twenty-one years.

August 29, 1805, an act was passed licensing various occupations, and affixing certain penalties for its violation. It provided for the licensing of ferries, requiring each ferryman, whenever called upon at any hour of the night or day, to respond to any call, and affixing a penalty of $100 for refusing to do so; and should such ferryman demand and take a higher rate of ferriage than prescribed by law, he should pay a fine not exceeding $100. This act fixed the price of license for retailing merchandise at $20 per annum; it also required licensed tavern keepers to furnish suitable entertainment and accommodation for man and horse, and failing to do so, be liable to a fine not exceeding $100.

The Governor and Judges of the territory, who were the law-making power thereof, seemed to have an eye to the necessities of the inner man, and his creature comforts in the foregoing enactments; and what follows in relation to said last mentioned act, proves likewise, that they had a tender regard for the morals of the people of the territory, by providing that "any person licensed to keep a tavern, any retailer of wine or spirituous liquors or strong drink (whatever that may have been), who should knowingly permit or allow any rioting, or should suffer any disorders, revelling or drunkenness within their houses, out houses, sheds, arbors or other places in their occupancy, shall, upon conviction, be fined not exceeding $100, besides costs, for every such offense."

By way of compensating public officers for their service rendered to the public of the territory, on August 30, 1805, an act was adopted, allowing them compensation as follows: To the Clerk of the Supreme Court, for all the services rendered by him, an annual sum of $25, besides such fees as were properly chargeable to litigants in said Court. "To the Clerk of any District Court, an annual salary of $15," besides fees from litigants as aforesaid, which are fixed by said act. "To the marshal of the territory, an annual compensation of $25, payable semi-annually," besides certain fees from litigants, which were also fixed by said act. "To every Juror, twenty-five cents in each verdict rendered in any case." To each witness 50 cents per day, and $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents travelling fees per mile "coming only."

September 10, 1805, the Governor and Judges enacted that "there should be a tax on every coach, chariot, phaeton, chaise, calash, chair or other riding carriage, of one dollar for every wheel, and on every sleigh, carriole, or other carriage for riding in winter, of two dollars;" upon "every horse and mare of the age of three years, one dollar, and upon every other horse, mare, colt, ass or mule, of thirty cents." On every dog three months old, kept by any one person or family, of fifty cents; if more than one dog is kept, on a second dog, one dollar, and for every dog above two, one dollar and a half.

On September 13, 1805, a law was enacted relative to the holding of inquests by the marshal, which provided that as soon as he shall be certified of the dead body of a person supposed to have come to his or her death by violence or casualty, forthwith to summon a jury for such inquest, and if a juror thus summoned failed to appear, without having a reasonable excuse, "he shall forfeit the sum of thirteen dollars, thirty-three and one-third cents." This act also provided for the collection of such forfeiture. It further provided that in case the marshal failed to do his duty, as imposed by said act, for each such offense he should forfeit $100—one-half of which should be paid to the informer, and the other half for the use of the territory.

October 7, 1805, an act was passed allowing certain claims, among which were the following: To the marshal, a sum not exceeding $25, for summoning three grand juries, one petit jury, and for superintending the erection of a bower for the holding of a court. This item suggests the poet Moore's line: "Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?"

John Dodymeade was allowed twenty dollars "for the use of his house for holding a court eight days."

Louis Moran was allowed eight dollars for two months use of his house for the session of the Governor and Judges, "acting in their legislative department."

John Meame was allowed five dollars "for fitting up drums for the militia." For the service of the militia, a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars. To Michael Moneth, and I. Valusa, for labor in the erection of a bower for the holding of a court, the sum of eight dollars. To John Burnett, seven dollars for writing militia commissions.

"To meet extraordinary and unforseen expenses justly incurred, there is appropriated a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars."

October 8, 1805, the marshal was authorized to contract with any person offering the lowest bid for the support of each pauper, but limiting his authority to contract for a greater sum than twenty-five cents per day. It appears also therein that an Indian named Ke-wa-bish-kim, had been convicted of the murder of one Chas. Ulrich, in the year 1821, and on the 21st day of January, 1822, the Governor and judges appropriated $176.55, to pay to Austin E. Wing, sheriff of Wayne county, for services rendered by him in the Supreme Court, and for executing said Indian. To Thos. Rowland, they also appropriated $33.88 for erecting a gallows for the execution of said Indian.

Samuel B. Beach, by legislative act, was duly authorized to plead and practice in the several courts of law and equity, in the territory.

March 8, 1822, there was appropriated to Chas Larned, one hundred dollars for his salary as Attorney-General for one year. It is somewhat interesting after all, to peruse these brief references to the legislation of the Fathers of the territory. I have selected them because strikingly in contrast with the legislation of today, and the salaries paid to men now occupying official positions.

It is indeed interesting to "look upon this picture and upon that." A charming simplicity is exhibited throughout these antiquated tomes, the territorial laws, and withall, a directness, clearness and brevity not equalled by modern legislation.

The men who set in motion the territorial government, and erected and established its early laws, were men eminently fit "to lay the foundations of an empire."

THE INDIAN TREATY OF 1819.

In 1819 the Aborigines held absolute sway over the fertile and beauteous valley of the Saginaw and the surrounding country, and were kept in a condition of semi-allegiance and peace, chiefly through fear of the strong arm of the government, the weight of which they had but a short time previous felt at or near the banks of the rivers Thames and Raisin. In the year last mentioned, the famous treaty with the resident tribes, by that patriotic Father of the territory and State, General Lewis Cass, was made, and by it the Indians parted with the fee of the land, reserving therefrom certain lands, among which was the James Riley Reservation, so known, now lying within the corporate limits of the City of Saginaw, comprising that beautiful area of land lying north of South Saginaw and south of Bristol street, and which is now mainly occupied by the elegant homes of many of our affluent citizens.

ORGANIZATION OF OAKLAND COUNTY.

Oakland county was organized in 1819. In 1822 the territorial government empowered that county to levy a sufficient tax to defray the expenses of the county, not exceeding one per cent of the appraised valuation. As yet, Saginaw had not known a tax collector. In the same year, the unorganized counties of Saginaw, Lapeer, Sanilac and Shiawassee, were attached to Oakland for judicial purposes.

In 1830 the township of Saginaw was created, embracing within its limits the entire county. In 1831 an act for the establishment of a seat of justice at the City of Saginaw was passed. In the same year an act, defining the boundaries of Saginaw county was adopted, and included within such boundaries were thirty-two townships, embracing portions of Gladwin, Midland and Tuscola counties.

ORGANIZATION OF SAGINAW COUNTY.

January 28, 1835, an act was passed organizing this county, provided that the township board of Saginaw sit and act as a county board until three townships should be organized, and conferred upon said board authority to transact all business, as by law was conferred upon boards of supervisors. Embraced within the limits of Saginaw county, was the territory now known as Bay county. For the first time in the history of the county did the local authorities impose a tax upon its citizens. I find no record of the levying of any prior tax.

In 1857 Bay county was organized, since which time no material change has taken place affecting the boundaries of Saginaw county.

A GLIMPSE AT THE LOCAL HISTORY OF SAGINAW, PRIOR TO ITS ORGANIZATION IN 1835.

Persons now familiar with the magnificent growth of the county, with its wealth and population, can scarcely realize that the first settlers in the valley located therein in 1815. They were mostly of French origin, and half breeds; their avocations chiefly trading with the Indians, hunting and fishing. Notably among them was Lewis Campau, an intelligent, shrewd, far-seeing operator. A man who will be remembered as its first genuine pioneer so long as the records of the county shall exist.

In 1820, one Henderson, was appointed Indian agent by the United States government, a position which was afterwards filled by James Frazer and others, until the final dismemberment of the Indian bands of the valley. In the office of the Register of Deeds of Saginaw is a small volume, known as "Transcribed Records," which contains copies of conveyances and other instruments relating to the title to real estate within the county, transcribed by authority from the records of Oakland county; real estate transactions which occurred while Saginaw was attached to Oakland county for judicial and other purposes.

Recorded in said Transcribed Record Book, are eighty-three instruments, of which, there are sixty-six deeds, ten mortgages, three patents, two assignments, a plat of the village of Sagina, and the Dexter plat of Saginaw City. The first of said plats was recorded May 8, 1823. Farley and McClaskey proprietors; and the second, January 7, 1835. The first entry (original) made in "Liber A of Deeds" of Saginaw county, was entered therein April 3, 1835, and shortly after the passage of the act organizing Saginaw county. The first two conveyances found in said Transcribed Records are dated respectively, February 24, and May 8, 1823, and which purport to convey to Louis Campau lots 77 and 139, of the town of Sagina; McClaskey and Farley being the grantors therein named.

The two lots last mentioned are located near the Mill of A. W. Wright & Co. Lot 137 fronted on the river, and forms a portion of the site upon which said mill now stands. Upon said lot 137, Louis Campau erected a massive two story log structure, shortly after his said purchase. This house was of great strength and solidity—built of huge squared logs and was evidently erected to subserve a double purpose,—a pleasant residence, and a structure of sufficient strength and safety to protect an armed and plucky family from an assault by the Indians. This building for many years was a somewhat cherished landmark, an ancient souvenir of the pioneer age of the county. The recollection of the writer is, that it was destroyed by fire sometime in the sixties. For many years its occupant was one John B. Desnoyer, who evidently occupied it and subsisted upon the charity of the Campau family, and with whom he was connected. Mr. Desnoyer was a gentleman of the old French school, intelligent, voluble, communicative, polite. In

memory I can see this aged French gentleman as he appeared to me forty-six years ago on the occasion of numerous visits I made to him. I fancy I see the easy grace and refinement of manner when he greeted me, and proffered a pinch of Maccaboy from his well filled silver snuff box. To the writer Mr. Desnoyer related many a tale of frontier life, of Indian warfare, of his experience on the frontier as trapper and trader. They were then most interesting to me, and the repetition thereof would seem equally so to the reader of today.

Shortly after the death of this antique French gentleman, the old house fell a victim to the flames.

In 1821 or 1822, the general government constructed a block house, or barrack, for the use of a company of soldiers, whose presence was even then deemed necessary to hold the Indians in awe. It was erected near the site of the present Taylor House, and remained there until some time after 1850. Its occupancy by the United States troops, was of short duration. The company sent here, lost by death one or more of its officers, and the location was then regarded as one unfavorable to the health of the garrison, and it was abandoned.

One of the earliest white settlers of the valley was Eleazer Jewitt, then (if I recollect aright, his statement to me) in the employ of the American Fur Company, which had established an agency at Saginaw. He located then at Green Point, and spent the remainder of his life in Saginaw, filling many important public positions faithfully and well. I recall a reminiscence related by Mr. Jewitt of his early sojourn in Saginaw. There were no swine in the county, and the judge (as Mr. Jewitt was afterwards familiarly known) purshased in one of the older counties a number of shoats, and drove them through. In doing so, he stopped over night with his pigs at an Indian encampment on the Flint river. The Indians coveted the pigs, and on the morning of his departure, manifested a disposition to detain them. The judge started them homeward and at the first hostile demonstration, he leveled his rifle and drew a bead upon the foremost Indian, which had the desired effect, and he drove in his porkers unmolested.

In relating this adventure, the judge remarked that he felt at the time a strange commotion in his hair, and a cold sensation down his spinal column. The judge was clear grit, as were all of the early pioneers of the valley; accustomed as they were to face dangers which daily threatened them. With the judge, on that occasion, it was "root, hog or die." (The reader will pardon this classical illustration.)

In 1830 came the Hon. Albert Miller, late of Bay county, who was followed closely by the Williams brothers, Joseph and Thomas Busby, Elijah N. Davenport, Noah Brach, Judge Ure, Norman. W. L. P. and Charles D. Little, Hiram L. Miller, Charles L. Richman, Peter C. Andre,

the McCarthys and Thompsons, Beachs and Shields, of Thomastown and Tittabawassee, Lull and Spalding, Swarthout and Elmer, of Saginaw town. Of all the persons I have herein named, the only survivors remaining, are Charles D. Little, Peter C. Andre and Thomas Busby, the latter now residing at Ypsilanti, in this State.

To Mrs. Eleazer Jewitt and Mrs. Gardner D. Williams, belongs the honor of giving birth to the first two white children born in the valley.

SKETCH OF THE OFFICIAL RECORD OF SAGINAW TOWNSHIP.

A history of the rise and progress of the county and township, however brief, would be at fault without some recognition of its official proceeding. To the young, a close study of such record would prove beneficial and instructive, because it discloses the way in which the foundation of civil government is laid by the founders thereof, and upon which its future super-structure—civilly and morally—is reared. I take the liberty to present a portion of the record of the township and county:

First meeting October 2, 1835. Board met at the house of E. Davenport, in the village of Saginaw.

Present, G. D. Williams, Supervisor; Albert Miller, A. F. Mosely, Justices of the Peace; E. S. Williams, Town Clerk.

Board allowed in payment of officer's fees $71.60, included in which was the sum of fifteen dollars for attorney's services for the year 1835.

For township expenses	$93 94
For building bridges	100 00
For collector fees	9 69

1836. Amount voted to be raised for the year $2,400.62, which included an item for building jail $1,570.59.

1837. Amount voted to be raised for all purposes $2,279.04. At an election held the people voted to issue bonds in the sum of $10,000, for the purpose of building a Court House.

1838. J. Riggs succeeded G. D. Williams as supervisor, otherwise the board remained as at its first meeting.

Board met February 20th and adopted a plan for a Court House, and advertised for bids for its construction.

May 3d sealed proposals were opened by the board, of which there were four. Amounts severally bid, were as follows: $11,000, $11,500, $11,950, $12,000. Without accepting either bid, the board proceeded to sell at auction the job of building the Court House, and it was struck off to Asa Hill at $9, 510. His bid was accepted March 6, 1838.

The board allowed the sum of $9.20 for making the census of the county, "being at the rate of $1 for every one hundred persons."

The population of the county at this time, assuming the above statement to be correct must have been 920.

At the October session of the board the following sums were voted to be raised, viz.:

For Wolf Bounties	$28 80
For interest on Court House bonds	700 00
For State tax	1,709 00
For support of poor	100 00
Town expenses	646 81

November 14, 1838. Sheriff of the county informed the board that he had a prisoner on his hands and did not know what to do with him, no place having been provided for that purpose, whereupon he was authorized by the board to lease of A. Butts the block house for one year, with the privilege of erecting therein two cells. (This is the first intimation in the record of the commission of the crime in the county.)

By the revised laws of Michigan of 1838, a board of county commissioners was provided for, to be elected and to hold office for three years. The act conferred upon such board substantially the authority now vested in the boards of supervisors.

Said record of November 19, 1838, discloses the fact that Duncan McLellan, Cromwell Barney and James Frazer were elected such commissioners.

1840. Commissioners' meeting July 15. Board appropriated $40 to pay year's salary of prosecuting attorney.

The board settled with county treasurer; found his account correct, and the condition of the assets in his hands which the board accepted and allowed, were as follows:

Due on promissory note	$209 37
Due on promissory note	128 13
Check of Fitzhugh on Bank of Saginaw	50 00
Deposit in Bank of Saginaw	426 57
Uncurrent funds	38 18
On hand, current funds	145 75
State scrip	2,300 00
Due from treasurer	235 84

I give this entry in full, as it indicates the occommodating character of both the board and the treasurer, and also the effect of "Wild Cat" banking, as the banking system of the time has been properly characterized, on the county funds.

October 9, 1840. Board made appropriations as follows, viz.:

For expenses of Town of Saginaw	$673 64
For State tax	604 50
For County expenses	544 63
For making assessment roll	30 00

The board rejected the assessment roll of the township of Tuscola for irregularities, doubtless to the great relief of the citizens of that township.

At this session of the board license was granted to G. D. Williams to operate a ferry at any point within one mile north or south of Mackinac road, at the following rates:

Each foot passenger	12½ cents
One man and horse	25 cents
One man, wagon and horse	37½ cents
One man, wagon two horses	50 cents
Cattle and horses each	10 cents
Sheep and swine each	06¼ cents

January 7, 1839. Commissioners investigated the official acts of the county treasurer, touching his liability for not having collected the sum of $4,467.25, part of the $10,000 negotiated by the Bank of Saginaw on the Court House bonds.

October 9, 1839. Board appointed three superintendents of the county poor.

October 12, 1839. Board made appropriations as follows, to wit:

To pay expense of the Feb. term of the Circuit Court	$77 06
To pay expense of July term of the Circuit Court	241 07
To pay for school purposes	80 64
To pay township expenses	512 73

For the first time these records disclose the fact of an assessment of property, the valuation of real and personal property being then given at $621,652.75. At this session of the board bids were solicited for making a copy of the assessment roll of the county; several bids were submitted, and the job was let for $24.50 to Timothy Howe, the lowest bidder. The bids ranged from $24.75 to $35.00.

July 12, 1841. Board held its first meeting for the purpose of equalizing the assessment rolls, three townships having been organized, viz. Saginaw, Tuscola and Tittabawassee.

1842. Taymouth appears as a township. July 6 board equalized the assessments.

Value of real and personal porperty in Saginaw	$125,190 50
Value of real and personal property in Taymouth	27,791 25
Value of real and personal property in Tuscola	13,090 04
Value of real and personal property in Titt'b'wassee	57,259 86
Total	$223,331 65

At this time, the cashier of the late Saginaw City Bank, then defunct, proposed to turn out certain land at $5 per acre, to pay its indebtedness

to the county provided the amount was agreed upon and a settlement was soon made.

It would seem that this negotiation was not consummated, for on January 19, 1844, the board adopted a preamble reciting in substance that the bank was indebted to the county in the sum of $4,667.25; that it repudiated the claim; that by a recent decision of the Supreme Court it appeared that collection could not be enforced; and that the bond for $10,000 was held by the commissioner of the state land office; and the board appointed a committee to negotiate with the commissioner on the subject of the bond.

1844. March 4th. Such committee reported that they had agreed upon a settlement as follows: The county to give a bond payable in four annual installments for $5,257.75 and also interest to July 1, 1844, amounting to $1,208.25. The board ratified the act of the committee. The township of Hampton was organized in said year.

1846. Township of North Hampton organized. Aggregate value of assessed property as equalized, was as follows:

Saginaw Town	$196,755 58
Tittabawassee	110,825 84
Taymouth	37,465 87
Hampton	32,145 68
Tuscola	31,968 00
North Hampton	41,595 33
Total	$450,779 30

1848. Town of Bridgeport organized. Noah Beach first supervisor.

1849. October 13. The board fixed the annual salary of the prosecuting attorney at $250, payable in county orders, quarterly in advance. It may be observed that at this time, county orders were worth in the market about 60 per cent of their face value.

1850. The board directed, that the $606.00 of uncurrent funds in the county treasury, be placed in the hands of the prosecuting attorney to be collected; he to retain for his services such liberal share as he may think proper, not exceeding one-half the amount.

As the writer was unable to find any report of the success or otherwise of the attorney in making the collection, he concludes that the uncurrent funds named, and the aforesaid loss by the bank of Saginaw city, was the extent of loss of Saginaw through the "wildcat" banking system.

In August, the township of Buena Vista was organized. Curtis Emerson, its first supervisor. The total valuation of taxable property in the county as equalized was $455,197.25.

The United States census for this year gives the population of the county at 2,651. It will be remembered that in that enumeration Mid-

land county was included, and also the territory now comprised within the limits of Bay county.

1853. The townships of St. Charles, Birch Run and Blumfield were organized.

1854. The townships of Zilwaukee and Frankenmuth were organized, with Benjamin F. Fisher and George Schmidt as supervisors.

1855. The townships of Kochville, Louis Loeffler, supervisor; Pine River, Hiram Burgess, supervisor; and Arcadia, Francis Wilson, supervisor.

If I am not mistaken, the two last named townships now form a part of Gratiot county, but at the date mentioned, Gratiot was attached to Saginaw for judicial and other purposes.

1860. The number of townships in the county at this date, had increased to fifteen, exclusive of the cities of Saginaw and East Saginaw; Tuscola, Midland, Bay and Gratiot counties having been organized prior thereto. The equalized valuation of taxable property in the county this year was $2,561,478.47.

The board of supervisors at the October session, appropriated for contingent expenses of the county, $8,794.11.

1870. At this date there were twenty-one townships in the county, irrespective of the cities. The equalized value of its taxable property was $9,011,423.26.

1880. The number of townships had increased at this date to twenty-seven, and the equalized value of its taxable property was fixed at $17,977,451.52.

1890. Amount of taxable property in the county as equalized by board, was $26,319,078.

POPULATION.

As given in 1840, U. S. census	892
As given in 1850, U. S. census	2,609
As given in 1860, U. S. census	12,693
As given in 1870, U. S. census	39,097
As given in 1880, U. S. census	59,095
As given in 1890, U. S. census	82,273

FLUCTUATION IN VALUES OF PROPERTY ASSESSED, AND ITS CAUSES.

It will be observed, that the equalized value of assessable property in 1850, was $166,455.47 less than in 1839. It may not be amiss to ascertain why such a decrease in values occurred; the writer suggests the following reason therefor:

The bank of the United States was chartered by the United States government shortly after the war of 1812-15. This bank had its branches in each of the principal cities in the states; its bills were at par through-

out the entire country, and in commercial transactions throughout Europe. Its capital was $50,000,000. It was the depository and financial agent of the government. Its charter expired in 1836.

During the second term of President Jackson's administration, the General became very hostile towards the bank, because of some real or fancied opposition of Mr. Biddle, the president of the bank, to the financial policy of the government.

About 1832-33 the bank applied to congress for a renewal of its charter. Both branches of congress passed an act to that effect, which President Jackson vetoed, and congress failed to pass the bill over the veto. The bank held in deposit several millions of government money, which Mr. Taney, then secretary of the treasury, caused to be removed and deposited in various local banks throughout the states, to be used as banking capital, upon which to issue bills sufficient to replace the bills of the U. S. bank, soon to be retired. The result was that every state in the Union adopted laws authorizing the creation of banks of circulation. Many of these banking laws were most carelessly drawn, especially in relation to their ultimate responsibility.

New banks sprung up like mushrooms all over the country, and in 1836 and 1837 flooded it with their bills. An era of speculation was created thereby. The bank of Saginaw City was one of that fungous growth, as the sequel proved it to be, as well as the others.

The county then was a comparative wilderness, isolated, with no commerce, but little trade, and the population of the entire territory north of Oakland county did not exceed one thousand white people. But the speculative mania seized some of the ardent, enterprising people of Saginaw (as it did to adventurous speculators throughout the United States), and the bank was established; whether profitable or not to the county or its people, does not remain a matter of doubt. The bills of these banks flooded the country, and era of speculation was inaugurated, unequalled in the history of the nation.

Lots in Saginaw City, as the records show, sold as high as $2,000, while an eighty acre lot, within a mile of the river, sold for $80,000. Nearly the entire county, bordering on the east side of the Saginaw and Shiawassee rivers to the south side of the Cass river, and extending for a mile or so along the north bank of the Cass, was platted and brought into market for sale. These plats covered acre upon acre of land submerged at all seasons of the year; its only occupants the muskrat, the bull frog and wild fowl.

In the year 1837, under the auspices of Mr. Norman Little, a new plat of the City of Saginaw was made which, like the Rod of Moses swallowed up the smaller plats of Saginaw, for it not only embraced the "Town of Sagina" and the "Dexter Plat" before mentioned, but spread itself into

magnificent distances, embracing a great deal of territory; and however extravagant such a lay out may now seem, the entire territory, then platted as the City of Saginaw, is now covered with beautiful homes and stately edifices. Associated with Mr. Little in this enterprise, were Mr. Jennison, the father of Judge Jennison of this State, Messrs. Mackey and Oakley. Subsequently Messrs. Yates and Woodruff acquired a considerable portion of said platted territory. These persons were men of wealth, and they commenced improvements of a character that could only be inaugurated under the influence of the mania for speculation of the time. At that time vessels made but semi-occasional voyages from Saginaw to Detroit, and the road "through the woods," to use a familiar expression, to Flint, was little better than a wood road or Indian trail, and traversable at certain seasons only, with oxen and sled, or on horseback. The city and county were then in their infancy. Attracted by the beauty of the location and of the surrounding country, with its latent wealth of coal and salt, its bountiful forests and splendid water communication, these men sought to build up a beautiful city. They constructed an immense warehouse, three stories in height, and 60 by 100 feet in length and breadth. It was built on the margin of the river, at the foot of Cleveland street. This syndicate also built a large hotel, known as the "Webster House," on the northwest corner of Cleveland street and Michigan avenue. Like the large warehouse, it was of generous proportions, had its Grecian Portico, with fluted columns sustaining the entablature, spacious verandas, a fine basement, and was of sufficient size to accommodate the ordinary hotel necessities of a town of ten thousand inhabitants. "No pent up Utica" contracted the powers of the speculators of that era.

Inflation produced an abnormal condition of affairs throughout the country. Evidently the projectors of the changes spoken of, anticipated a large influx of travel, and settlers, and a corresponding increase of trade and commerce. They were strong in the faith of ultimate success, a quality indispensable to the pioneer, and men of action and ideas. One cannot study the history of the pioneer movement, however extravagant it may have been, without a feeling of admiration for the men of whom I have spoken, and their achievements; for the energy displayed by them, the most of whom left homes in the east, of comparative ease and comfort, to take up their abode amid savage life, in a comparatively unknown country, a wilderness without roads, schools, churches, or the ordinary comforts of civilized life; to give form and semblance to the embryo town and county, to establish within its borders the elements of good government, and to mold it into such shape as would ultimately enure to the benefit and happiness of its people. Such was the mission of the pioneers of the valley, and our sourroundings today attest the wis-

dom of their fostering care. There is not a page in the history of the pioneer life of the valley upon which is not impressed the work of the masterly minds whose names appear upon the early records referred to; prominent among them, in the active part taken in the administration of the affairs of the county, is the name of the veteran, Hiram L. Miller, who still lives in the enjoyment of the realization of his early hope of ultimate success. Throughout those records the guiding mind and hand of Mr. Miller is plainly and prominently visible.

In 1838 the huge bubble of speculation collapsed. But few banks throughout the United States survived the disaster, and those that did so, suspended specie payments. Then followed several years of broad-spread commercial and mercantile disaster. The business of the country was paralyzed for a long time, finding but little relief, until the passage of the bankrupt act by congress in 1842.

For several years after the collapse spoken of but very little progress was made in the valley of the Saginaw. In 1847-48 the tide of foreign emigration brought to Saginaw three colonies (if I may so designate them,) of Germans. These had, like bees, as it were, withdrawn from over crowded localities or parishes in the old country, in families and singly, and sought in the United States a new home. These colonists brought with them their pastors—their habits and customs. One of these colonies, under the guidance of Rev. Mr. August Craemer, settled in Frankenmuth, another in Frankentrost, with Rev. Mr. Seveir as their spiritual guide, and the third at Frankenhilf, under the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Graebner. These have proven valuable additions to the county; they have carved out of an unbroken forest hundreds of happy homes and splendid farms, all attesting their industry thrift and preseverance.

The reverend gentlemen I have named, deserve to rank with the Jesuit Fathers who first explored the continent, for the zeal, honesty and wisdom they exhibited in the welfare of the flocks under their care. These colonies gave to the county, the Hubingers, Kochs, Ransenbergers, Gugels, Schmidts, Gerbers, Limbergers, Friedleins and many others who have been active, prominent and useful in public affairs.

In 1848-49-50, there came to the county from the Fatherland, another class of Germans, radically different in habits and thought, from the former colonists. They were men who regarded civil and religious liberty as paramount; men who had engaged heart and soul in the revolution of 1848 that convulsed Europe; men who believed that in America they could aid in building and maintaining a home for freedom; men "whom the proud lords of other lands, through rage or fear, drove from their wasted homes."

That revolt gave us the veteran George A. Veen Vliet, the founder of the town of Blumfield, and who for many years filled positions of honor

and trust in the county. He left behind him that which to all men is of infinite worth—"a good name." It gave the county also such names as Charles Post, Bernhard Haack, Frederick Zwerk, Louis Loeffler, Alexander Alberti, the Liskows, the Seyffardts, Morris Bros., the Roesers, the Beckers, the Barks, the Vassolds, Jacksons, Achards, Kuehns and the profound student and scholarly Dr. Plessner.

In 1849, two brothers, Daniel and Solomon Johnson, located at, and platted the village of Zilwaukee. They erected, what was then and for several years after, the largest steam saw mill in the valley. Accompanying the Johnson Bros. were B. J. Fisher and other brainy, forceful men. They built up quite a village at that point. Daniel Johnson deserves more than a mere passing notice herein. He conceived the project of constructing a military plank road between this point and Mackinac, then a frontier military station. The general government, while Michigan was a territory, commenced the construction of a road from Detroit to Mackinac, the latter place being inaccessible during the suspension of navigation, except by dog train or on foot.

That road was built by the government as far as Pine Run, in Genesee county. At the time when the territory emerged from its semi chrysalis condition, and assumed statehood, the United States abandoned the road. Johnson's idea was to complete this abandoned work, by constructing a plank road on the lines of the original survey, and associating other gentlemen with him, sought to obtain from the United States a grant of lands to aid in its construction; the government to have the free use of it for any and all purposes. For two or more years, Johnson endeavored to secure the passage of an act of congress, in aid of his project, and for two consecutive sessions, a law for that purpose passed the lower house, but failed in the senate. In this effort, Johnson and his friends expended large sums of money, which involved them in financial ruin. As a matter of history, this application of Johnson's was the second of its kind of any importance, since the organization of the United States government. The first was an appropriation for the construction of the Cumberland Road, so called, passed by congress during General Jackson's administration, and was vetoed by him, and thus failed to become a law.

Johnson, at the time he was making this effort, was called by many of his neighbors, a visionary, the word crank not then having been coined. The difficulty he met with, was that, he was in advance of public opinion. But a few years elapsed after Johnson's effort, before enormous raids were made upon the public domain for purposes less commendable than that of Johnson's. Looking backward to the time I mention, it seems to the writer that of the men resident in the valley in the early fifties, two men stand out prominently, as far-sighted, public-spirited men, men

devoted to the interests of the valley, viz.: Norman Little and Daniel Johnson, and today, there seem to be none to do reverence to the memory of either. I may very properly add the fact that the Johnsons, in 1849, purchased a printing press, and published in the interest of the valley, a newspaper known as the "Spirit of the Times," for nearly four years, and gratuitously distributed it broadcast throughout the country. It was maintained by them until the said failure.

A considerable draw-back to the opening up and development of the western states, arose from the hostility of the government in an early day (and as late as 1850,) to aid in the improvement of the great western chain of water ways. The theory prevailed among the statemen of that early time, that it was unconstitutional to appropriate the public funds to the improvement of the navigation of any water way, except those that were subject to the ebb and flow of the tides.

I recall an incident of 1850, illustrative of that theory. The citizens of Saginaw memorialized congress for an appropriation to improve the navigation of the Saginaw river, by deepening the channel at its mouth. The petition was forwarded to senator General Cass, with the request that he aid in the matter. Its receipt was duly acknowledged by the general, who, in reply, promised to do all that he constitutionally could to aid the matter. Nothing was then done in that direction. As the west grew into manhood, it demanded and obtained a different constitutional construction on that subject.

In 1849, Mr. Norman Little re-appeared at Saginaw; he having enlisted the late Jesse Hoyt in the enterprise of developing the resources of the valley, resulting in the laying out of and building up of East Saginaw. A plank road to Flint was one of its earliest improvements, followed by the erection of a large grist mill (still standing), saw mills, ware houses, docks, etc., etc.

Mr. Little was a person of great foresight. The latent wealth of the valley, its productive soil and its grand forests of timber, had attracted him here in the former years, the development of which was suspended by the financial crisis of 1837-38. So great was his confidence in the possibilities which would follow development that he returned again to his first love, so to speak. I recall the fact of crossing the river from the west side with Mr. Little, at the site of the present Bristol street bridge, and walking down on the middle ground from that point to the site of said grist mill in February, 1850. The walk lay through an almost unbroken forest. In my journey from Detroit to Saginaw, in January of that year, I was not pleased with the appearance of the county of Saginaw. It was a wet, open winter, and the passage from Flint to Saginaw was made in a huge uncomfortable wagon, sometime through water and deep mud; a considerable of the way between Saginaw and

Pine Run over corduroy roads. The whole country about Saginaw seemed to me to be a vast swamp and did not impress me favorably. In my walk with Mr. Little, I spoke of the impression made upon me, and of my doubts respecting the future of Saginaw. Mr. Little drew from his pocket Farmer's map of Michigan, spread it out upon a fallen tree, and pointed to the various rivers rising on all sides in the interior. Those rivers, said Mr. Little, in substance are all tributary to Saginaw. When the great wealth of valuable timber growing adjacent to said streams shall be brought to Saginaw, when the salt and coal underlying the valley, and agriculture shall be developed and become important factors in the business of the valley, then you will know that my confidence in the ultimate growth of the valley is not misplaced. These rivers, like the ancient roads, "all lead to Rome," and if you live the ordinary life of man, you will see this valley occupied by a hundred thousand people. Prophetic vision, I then thought Mr. Little's idea that of a speculative enthusiast. Time has demonstrated the wisdom of his prediction.

At this time there were not half a dozen lumber mills upon the river, or in the county. There was no profit in lumbering. I cannot recall a single manufacturer of lumber that did not find that business unprofitable. There was no market for cull lumber—commons sold for $4.50 per M feet, and the two or three grades of uppers from $9 to $11. The waste about the mills had to be carted away and burned. Fortunately a new era in the development of the lumber trade commenced in 1854-55. Improvements in the machinery for manufacturing lumber were introduced; lines of water and land transportation inaugurated, and an improvement in the market value of lumber had taken place. Added to these favorable changes, a new life was infused into the business of the valley, by the advent and settlement therein of enterprising, courageous, thorough business men, public spirited, generous and forceful, possessing the necessary capital for the development of its industies. Among them were A. W. Wright, Ubel A. Brockway the brothers Timothy and David H. Jerome, Thomas Merrill, Frank Sears, Myron Butman, Joseph T. Burnham, the brothers David, Amaza, John and Ezra Rust, the brothers Hess, Michael Jeffers, Jefferson Bundy, Eleazer J. Ring, Newall Barnard, James Hill, Buckhout, Curtis, Bartow and others whose names I do not recall.

The political, social, moral and business structure which the pioneers of the valley had before then reared, though in somewhat infantile proportions, was the deep laid foundation upon which the new comers reared a magnificent super-structure, and the foundation thus laid, stands an imperishable monument to the prudence, foresight and wisdom of the early pioneers.

The wonderful progress made during the decade ending 1860, in the business of the valley, attests the energy and business qualities of the

people of the county. The records to which I have referred conclusively establish that fact.

SALT.

In 1859 the first salt well was sunk in the valley, under the auspices of Dr. Lathrop, William L. Webber and others at East Saginaw, followed in the same year by the sinking of a well, and establishing a salt manufacturing company in the city of Saginaw, as the west side of the present city was then called. The effect produced by the development of the saline interests in the valley, had a marvelous effect upon the lumber trade. Manufacturers of lumber, by uniting the making of salt with the lumber business, for the first time found a means of utilizing their surplus refuse material as a fuel for the manufacture for salt, thus and thereby enhancing the profit of both branches of industry.

The following table, for which I am indebted to Geo. W. Hill, Esq., the able salt inspector of the district, shows the wonderful development of the salt industry of the county and valley:

1860—The amount put in the county was..	4,000 bbls.
1870—The amount put in the county was..	450,000 bbls.
1880—The amount put in the county was..	1,121,176 bbls.
1890—The amount put in the county was..	1,006,854 bbls.

Prior to the enactment of the State inspection law in 1869, there was manufactured within the State 3,283,037 barrels of salt. Since then the aggregate number of barrels manufactured within the State is 70,798,173. The increase by decades was as follows:

1869	561,288 bbls.
1876	2,058,040 bbls.
1889	3,866,228 bbls.

LUMBER.

To Mr. E. Cowles, of the Courier-Herald, I am indebted for the following tabulated statement of the manufacture of lumber from the log, by the mills on Saginaw river.

Year.	Lumber Cut, Feet.
1851	92,000,000
1852	90,000,000
1853	96,000,000
1854	100,000,000
1855	100,000,000
1856	110,000,000
1857	113,700,000
1858	106,500,000

Year	Lumber Cut, Feet.
1859	122,750,000
1860	125,000,000
1861	120,000,000
1862	128,000,000
1863	133,580,000
1864	215,000,000
1865	250,639,340
1866	349,767,344
1867	423,963,190
1868	451,395,225
1869	523,500,830
1870	576,626,606
1871	529,682,878
1872	602,118,980
1873	619,877,021
1874	573,632,771
1875	581,558,273
1876	583,950,771
1877	640,166,231
1878	574,162,757
1879	736,106,000
1880	873,047,731
1881	976,320,317
1882	1,011,274,605
1883	938,675,078
1884	978,497,853
1885	728,498,221
1886	798,826,224
1887	783,661,265
1888	880,669,440
1889	851,823,133
1890	815,054,465

In the past few years the coal deposits underlying the surface of the valley have been rapidly developed, notably the Sebewaing mines, under the energetic and prudent management of Mr. Webber. The decadence of the timber trade, owing to the denuding of the forests of pine timber, has necessitated the introduction of other manufacturing industries, which are rapidly filling the breach made in the volume of trade and manufacture by the decline of the manufacture of lumber.

In the preparation of this brief history of the county, the writer may possibly be regarded as expressing a too roseate view of the pioneers of the valley, and of its rapid growth. It may be that to the writer "distance has lent enchantment to the view," or more correctly speaking, to the retrospect. It may be, that the favorable impressions the pioneers of the valley made upon him in the early days, grow stronger with age. He has endeavored to keep within the limits of the actual, the truthful, "extenuating nothing, nor setting down aught in malice." It is indeed a pleasure to contemplate, at this distance of time, the men who

were the life and soul of the early history of the county. These men were more or less dependent upon each other for their well being. There were no religious or social distinctions; each one regarded it a duty he owed to his compeers to aid and assist each other; the word of each was regarded as a written obligation; they were one people in the broadest sense of that expression, and "like kindred drops, all mingled into one."

The writer has lived to see this valley emerge from its primeval condition, to witness the development of its resources, and today, it stands forth clothed in the beauty of magnificent farms, of myriads of delightful and happy homes, dotted with churches and school houses, enriched and beautified by its numerous charitable institutions—the embryo village of 1850, developed into a city of grand proportions, and to know that the prediction of Norman Little has been more than verified.

Since writing the foregoing the venerable Hiram L. Miller has gone to his eternal rest, in obedience to the summons of somber winged Azrael. His head, white with the frost of age, lies pillowed beneath the verdant sod of the valley he so loved.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well." He has left behind him an unwritten history of a life of honesty, purity and usefulness, beautified with the graces of a christian life.

The annals of the city, county and State bear witness to, and attest his sterling honesty, his untiring industry exerted in the interest of the people with whom he so long sojourned. Beyond, and infinitely above all this, there dwells in the hearts of those who knew his worth and his virtues, the remembrance of a life unblemished, a career devoted to the best interests—the happiness of hunmanity. Verily it is true that

"Only the ashes of the just smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

Saginaw, May 26th, 1896.

A PIONEER'S PREDICTIONS.

THE LATE JOHN WESTREN'S PRESCIENCE OF OUR IRON MINES.

He made the first test of iron in Michigan.—The first white man to discover the ore beds.—How he urged their development.—His remarkable prescience.

In 1889 Thos. H. Westren, while engaged in looking over some ancient papers in the desk of his departed father, John Westren, came upon a letter that is remarkable in the light of later developments, since it shows

how prominent a part that gentleman took in the development of the now famous iron mines of Michigan. Though the letter was written under date of January 14, 1848, the paper retains its original color, as does the ink, and affords no evidence that it is forty-one years since it was penned. From inquiry made of other pioneers, and from an account in the History of Jackson county, the Star learns that Mr. Westren made the discovery of the iron mountains in 1845, through the agency of one Achille Cadette, a French half-breed, who had gained the secret from Man-gee-ki-jik, (Moving Day) an Indian chief, whose band camped at the mouth of Carp river. He became at once impressed with the immensity of its wealth, but found it exceedingly difficult to induce other capitalists to share his views; and alone he quarried a ton of ore—the first ever touched in this country—and by dint of much effort conveyed it to Detroit. But the iron smelters informed him that the ore was too hard to be reduced in the blast furnace; but nothing daunted he began to crush it with a sledge-hammer, and to reduce it in the forge of a local blacksmith. The blacksmith partook of something of Mr. Westren's enthusiasm, and finally a horseshoe nail was produced! The problem was solved, and the die was cast. Shortly after Mr. Westren, with a number of wealthy associates, formed the Jackson Iron Company, and each made a large amount of money from their investment. The world is familiar with the output of our iron mines since those days, and their apparently inexhaustible supply, as Mr. Westren predicted; but to his sagacity and remarkable foresight is largely due the development of the mines and the boundless wealth they are still producing. Mr. Westren came to America from England in 1832, and returned to that country a year later and married his wife, and together they returned and located in Genesee county, N. Y., but in 1843 they came to Jackson. They brought with them several tenant families, a large stock of farming implements, several fine horses and twenty-eight yoke of oxen. Hon. D. B. Hibbard is fond of alluding to the sensation created by the appearance here in that early day of the cavalcade that accompanied the indomitable pioneer, and says, it created more excitement then than Barnum's circus would today. Mr. Westren died in Marquette, near the scene of his great discovery, in August, 1868, at the age of 65 years; but his widow still lives at the old homestead on Clinton street, this city, and in whose garden today may be seen a half ton of the first ore ever taken from a Michigan mine. He was a heroic man, to whose memory might be erected a monument by the State to commemorate his part in making known to the world the resources of our iron mines. We are indebted to Mr. Thomas Westren for the use of the following letter:

I, John Westren, of Jackson, in the State of Michigan, one of the Jackson Mining Co., who first commenced the manufacture of iron in the iron

district on the south shore of Lake Superior, and assisted in making the first iron ever made from the ores of that region. The said company made their location in the year 1845, and commenced preparatory operations for working the ore in 1846. Having had opportunities of making personal inspection in the iron region and of gaining considerable information on the subject of making iron from the ore found in that region —being perfectly satisfied that the immense resources of the State of Michigan in the article of iron are generally but very imperfectly understood, beg to make the following communication to the Legislature of the State:

The Jackson company erected works on Carp river, about four miles east of their location, and commenced making iron in the winter of 1846-7. Their works are still in operation.

The ore is very rich in quality; it works remarkably easy and the iron made from it is thought to be equal if not superior to Swedish iron.

The Jackson location consists of one square mile, and probably at least one-fourth of it is covered with ore, appearing in the form of hills, often without any covering on the surface, and terminating in precipices, varying in height up to 150 feet, and composed of pure ore apparently from the bottom to the top, and with every appearance of being easy to quarry.

A great extent of country in the neighborhood of that location is found to contain vast quantities of iron ore, on portions of which several locations have been made, and some of them are supposed to contain even a greater abundance of ore than the Jackson location, which gives me reason to believe that the beds of rock ore in the Northern Peninsula of Michigan are what may be fairly termed inexhaustible.

A great portion of the country in the iron region is said to be covered by dense forests of timber and a great part of the wood well adapted to the making of charcoal, an article by which the best quality of iron is made.

The iron region commences at the Jackson location about twelve miles west of the lake shore, to which a plank road can easily be made for the purpose of conveying the ore and iron which would be ready for shipment.

It is thought an effort will be made in Congress this winter to get a canal made at the Sault Ste. Marie, which if successful will give water communication to the iron region from all parts of the shores of the lakes below, where the iron might be worked; and the shores of Lakes Superior and Huron appear to be covered with dense forests, from which almost any amount of coal could be made.

Steam power is applicable to the making of iron, and often preferred to water power, so that where wood is at hand, the requisite power and the material for making the iron is also ready.

To give some faint idea of the resources of the State in the article of iron: The ore on the Jackson location is visible in different places much above 100 feet; the depth below the surface has not been ascertained. Calling the ore on one acre 100 feet thick, and allowing 10 cubic feet to the ton, we have the immense amount of 435,600 tons of ore on one acre of land.

With regard to wood: Suppose a section of land the wood on which will average 50 cords to an acre, and that 2½ cords will make 100 bushels of coal, and we find the section will produce 1,280,000 bushels of coal.

It takes about 200 bushels of coal to make one ton of iron in blooms, so that one section of land is found to produce coal sufficient to make 6,400 tons of blooms.

The last blooms the Jackson company sold in Pittsburg at $67.50 a ton. Allowing the price of blooms to be $50 a ton where made, and the 6,400 tons will amount to the immense sum of $300,000 to be made from the coal produced from one section of land.

Supposing that one acre on the Jackson location contains 435,600 tons of ore, and that one-half the wood in the country convenient is used for the making of coal, and at 50 cords to the acre we find that we have sufficient coal on one section to make 3,200 tons of bloom iron. And that the Jackson location contains 100 acres of ore of the same thickness, and we find that we have on that location in the same ratio sufficient ore to consume the coal which can be made off from 870 sections of land, and coal enough to make 2,724,000 tons of bloom iron. A quantity which it is thought will take Uncle Sam's boys a considerable time to work up.

Taking a circuit of the coast around the bays, islands, etc., (to which water communication may be had after a canal is made at the Sault Ste. Marie), of the depth of three miles, which would be a moderate distance for the conveyance of coal, and it will be discovered that immense resources for making the iron in the article of wood, etc., are also at hand.

It must also be taken into consideration that all the iron made on those coasts is on the highway to market.

From the high latitude of the Upper Peninsula at present, it is not the favored land of the immigrant. The climate is, I believe, considered to be as healthy as any in this union. A great deal of the land in that region is applicable to raising most of the crops we raise here—winter wheat, corn, and a few other crops excepted—but grass, potatoes, and nearly all the spring crops can, I think, be profitably raised.

If the settler by clearing his land could realize a handsome profit from the sale of his coal, and find a market for his surplus of crops, I think it would be the means of quickly settling a large portion of country, which otherwise would not be settled for a long time to come, if ever.

I am perfectly satisfied that the ore is inexhaustible, and that the requisite material for making is equal to making iron enough to supply the world for a great length of time.

All that is required to throw this iron region open to navigation is the means to make a plank or railroad across a district of country about 12 miles to the lake shore. With a canal at the Sault Ste. Marie and a plank road to the lake, I am perfectly satisfied that Michigan can be supplied with iron at two-thirds the price which the same quality of iron costs here at present and with a fair profit to the manufacturer.

The principal drawback in the successful operation of making iron at present arises from the bad state of the roads, occasioned by the dry state of the snow in winter which prevents it from packing on the track, and in summer partly from the retentive nature of the soil, and the exclusion of the sun and air from the road, by the density of the forest through which it passes. Our agent at the works last spring made a new road, six miles long, to avoid a portion of the old road, which was impassible. I received a letter the other day from our present agent at the works saying it was a hard day's work for a span of horses to go to the lake and draw back three barrels of flour to a load in one day, a distance of eight or nine miles, and that out of about seven tons of blooms made at the works in September, only about one ton could be got to the lake this fall, although we had two good span of horses there for the purpose of taking off the iron. I think the sum of $20,000 fully sufficient to make a plank road as far as one is required—a very small sum compared to the object gained, namely, a supply of ore to the world if needed.

I believe no country ever had such facilities for making iron as are now found to exist in this State, and from the superior quality of the article will not much affect the interests of our sister states, in coming in competition principally with the very best articles imported from abroad, making it still a greater object of national wealth—and in due season I have no doubt iron will be an article of export from instead of import into this country.

It appears to me that the iron interest in this State is such as any nation should be proud of, and I have no doubt that ultimately it will scarcely stand second to any other interest in this State, and that its present infancy is well deserving the fostering care of the Legislature.

THE PLANK ROAD BILL PASSED.

The following letter from Col. Michael Shoemaker, then a member of the House, serves to show that the Legislature thoroughly believed in Mr. Westren's views:

Lansing, March 15, 1850.

John Westren—Your Plank Road bill has passed the House and is now before the Governor, and will undoubtedly become a law. It is the best bill ever yet passed. I hope you will derive much benefit from it.

Give my respects to Mrs. Westren.

Yours very truly,

M. SHOEMAKER.

HISTORY OF THE EPIDEMIC OF 1848 IN SHIAWASSEE COUNTY.

BY ANDREW HUGGINS.

We had not been visited with disastrous tempests, and during the time no fatal epidemic had visited us, the sickness mostly having been such as has been referred to as incidental to the clearing up and plowing large areas of new land, and turning under great quantities of vegetation to decompose, and laden with malaria, to be exposed to the atmosphere and liberated by a subsequent plowing, to which, as another cause, may be added the necessary exposures and privations attending pioneer life; and while the early settler felt as though he had brought himself in contact with these adverse conditions by the act of emigration, he felt himself as under an obligation to manfully meet and overcome such obstacles as the first settlers of a new country must encounter, and the evidence of the rapid discharge of this obligation exhibits itself in a multiplicity of ways.

The tortuous route of the Indian trail had in many places been abandoned for more direct lines of travel, established and improved under statutory provisions. Bridges had rendered many fording places unnecessary, mills in sufficient number to accommodate the inhabitants had been put in operation, schools were established, churches organized, and the signs of industry, directed by intelligence, were to be seen on every side.

Pleasant as it would be to record nothing but uninterrupted prosperity, history would be false if its pages should note continued prosperity at times when trouble and disaster overshadowed the land, and a history of our county would fall far short of its object if the fatal malady which made its appearance here early on the morning of January 1, 1848, was omitted. It is not intended that the following notice of the outbreak and progress of the malady shall be taken as a complete history of its doings, as such a history never can be given, for as careful as one might have been in making observations and taking notes at the time, there would

have been many painful incidents which would have been lost sight of, so varied were the scenes, and so rapidly were the changes made. But the time of its outbreak, and the order of its first few attacks may be given, when an approximation as to the result will give the reader some idea of its malignity.

Mention has been made on previous pages of the two brothers, Abram and Henry Jennings. Abram was one of the early brick makers in Corunna, and Henry kept a hotel on the west side of the street, south of the brick store owned by Mr. Hulick. Shortly after midnight, on the morning of January 1st, a son of Henry Jennings requested one who occupied a bed in the same room with him, to procure a light, as he was suffering from great pains in one of his limbs; and when the light was obtained he wished his father, or mother, or both to be called, when they commenced using such domestic medicines as the house afforded, or such as they thought applicable in rheumatic attacks, as the symptoms, in their opinion, indicated rheumatism. But the pain increased rapidly, and a physician was called, only to assist a short time and witness the death of the young man, which occurred in two or three hours after, and before the news of his sickness had been heard of except by a few. Another case soon followed, the patient being a Miss Kimbert, sister of Mrs. Abram Garabrant. This young lady was a member of Mr. Garabrant's family, the residence being on the hill south of the railroad, to the southwest of the place; the symptoms in this instance being similar to those of the young man Jennings, and terminated fatally. Two deaths so near together caused many remarks, and the circumstances were looked upon as but a strange and afflicting coincidence, until a child of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Cox, living near the north end of the bridge, was seized, then another, and new attacks made in rapid succession, until six of the seven children of the Cox family died. During their illness another young man, brother to the first victim at the hotel, and living there, was seized and died, when Henry Jennings, proprietor of the hotel, and father of the two young men, fell, making a total of ten cases at Corunna, all of which proved fatal.

During the sickness of the Jennings family at the hotel, Mr. Abram Jennings, a brother of the proprietor of the hotel, went from his home in the township of Venice to Corunna, to assist the stricken family, and when ready to return to his home he told his acquaintances that he should return in the morning. But it was ordered otherwise, as he was a victim to the malady, and his death preceded the death of his daughter at his home in Venice but a short time.

Speculation was now rife, and discussions frequent, as to how the disease was introduced into the village of Corunna, many thinking that as the first case was at the hotel, the contagion must have been brought by

some traveler, and the hotel was considered as the radiating point from which the scourge emanated. As every attack thus far had proved fatal, such members of the community as had visited patients suffering with the disease, or had assisted in burying the dead, became anxious as to the contagious character of the disease as applicable to themselves, and such as were not conscious of personal exposure, became cautious, thinking that in isolation there might be safety. But soon a large number of new cases, and the appearance of a number of cases in Owosso, where the same violent attacks were made, the same malignity in the nature of the disease exhibited, and the same fatal results followed. The theory of the propagation of the disease only by contact with the sick, had not so good a foundation in Owosso as it had in Corunna, as in that place the epidemic form of the distemper exhibited itself much quicker after the first attack than it did in Corunna.

There were experienced and skillful physicians, residents of both places and in other parts of the county, at the time of the appearance of the disease, but it seemed to have been different from anything they had met in their practice, or had read of in their books, or if they had met it or read of it, the meeting or reading seemed to be of no value in their efforts to save, and physicians residing in other parts of the State were sent for, who came, and others came, not as counselors, but as students wishing to note the symptoms, witness the results and treasure their observations, perhaps for future use. As one practitioner and then another would arrive from other parts of the State, the people would hope that this one, and then that one, was the one to help, but the hope was without foundation.

In experiments made for the purpose of finding a cause for the terrible visitation, portions of the atmosphere collected in the infected districts were subjected to chemical analysis, experiments made with electric instruments, and the visible perturbations of the magnetic needle noted, and while these experiments and observations demonstrated the presence of strange phenomena, nothing was elicited of value to assist in combating the malady, nothing to impede the progress of "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," nothing to check "the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

Safety was not guaranteed by the multitude of counsel, but the disease progressed, new cases multiplied and deaths were more frequent until the ordinary business of the places were suspended, schools were closed, the usual Sabbath day services of the churches were dispensed with and the time of the people occupied in efforts to relieve the sick and bestow hasty burial rites upon the dead, these rites in many cases being much abridged from those usually demanded by the customs of society, offered as a tribute of respect for the departed and offered as a pledge of sympathy with the living.

It sometimes happens that where a disease assumes an epidemic form it will put forth its greatest energy during the early attacks, and from electric, atmospheric or other hidden causes assumes a less violent form, and yields more readily to the treatment of the physician. But with this disease the amount of territory traversed or increase in number of cases did not seem to show any modification in the character of the disease, for but a few days had elapsed after it first appearance before an attack was recognized as nearly equivalent to a notice that the skeleton foot had invaded the home, that the fleshless hand was already laid upon a victim, and a suffering, struggling form was fast discharging the last obligation which nature holds against humanity.

The distemper had visited various parts of the county, and in every place its high prestige for fury, cruelty and fatality was sustained, although the experience of Corunna and Owosso had forewarned the country of its terrors, and many measures were adopted as precautionary, hoping and trusting that if the disease made its appearance it would be of a milder form than in these places, where it made its debut unannounced and unheard of.

A Detroit physician advanced the theory that the waters of the Shiawassee river were poisonous and in his opinion noxious vapors were inhaled and the disease would confine itself to inhabitants who resided near the river. But this had not a good foundation, as the cases of Abram Jennings and his daughter were among the first, and their residence was distant from the river and at an altitude much greater than the places infected; and the appearance of the disease in the vicinity of the United States barracks at Detroit was proof that the Shiawassee river was not the sole cause of the trouble; and it could not be anything pertaining to Shiawassee county or Detroit water, for the scourge had appeared in Kalamazoo and other places in a form as unyielding to medical treatment as here. But this state of affairs could not last long, for as an uncontrollable fire will destroy a town and cease its ravages only for the want of fuel, in like manner this visitation would come to an end for want of subjects, for in a few days after the first attack in Corunna, a person acquainted in the county would, in visits to the infected districts, miss many familiar faces, notice damaging checks to many newly projected and important enterprises, and he would feel sad at the sight of so many mourning friends, while the hours of night would be made gloomy by the sounds of the feet of people hurrying to and fro in endeavors to relieve and save the sufferers.

But a change came, and while it is not intended to cumber this volume with matter not directly connected with the history of our county, it seems necessary here to refer to circumstances which happened in another state many years before Shiawassee county was thought of as a

place of residence by a white man, as by so doing the manner in which the change was brought about and by whom it was effected will be understood.

During the war between the United States and Great Britain a fearful epidemic traversed the New England States and some parts of the state of New York, and in its progress it visited the neighborhood where Mr. J. F. Swayne (now deceased) and Mr. Stephen Hawkins resided when boys. After coming to Shiawassee county they became neighbors, and at the time of the prevalence of the malady here it became the topic of conversation between them and they thought it similar to the disease which visited the neighborhood in which they resided when boys; and they remembered the general ill success of physicians in treating it, and they also remembered that very severe cases had yielded to the influence of a hemlock vapor bath. These recollections resulted in the making of an arrangement to the effect that if either of the two should be attacked the other should come and administer a hemlock bath. But there was no hemlock in the vicinity except a shrub known by several names, as shrub, ground, vine, or running hemlock, which, growing in large quantities in the northern part of the peninsula was represented by two or three small parcels east of Corunna. In case of an attack this shrub was to be substituted in place of real hemlock. The arrangement had not been made but a short time before Mr. Swayne was called to assist Mr. Hawkins, when the vapor bath was used with most gratifying results. Very soon a son of Mr. Neely Sawtelle, in the township of Venice, was smitten, and the shrub was put to its second test, resulting in a cure. The news of the two recoveries was heralded as fast as messengers could carry it. As soon as the success of the hemlock treatment in these cases was heard of the believers in the practice took measures to procure a quantity of the real hemlock boughs, and for this purpose Mr. Holly, of Vernon, with Mr. Jacob Wilkinson, went to Saginaw county, as did also Mr. Walcott of the township of Burns, all coming back well stocked with the boughs of last resort.

At this time a physician by the name of Pierce resided in Corunna, who was supposed to be one of the best educated men in the country, and so far as book education was concerned it is believed that his brother practitioners awarded him a high place, and regarded him as a highly honorable gentleman; but he repudiated the hemlock doctrine, and with much zeal uttered many protests against it. Dr. Bacon was also a resident of Corunna and very soon became aware of the formidable and apparently uncontrollable character of the disease, and began to make inquiries by uniting with other physicians for counsel. He received a letter from Doctor Jewett Downer, of Dixborough, recommending an extremely hot steam bath, and when this letter came a supply of hemlock had

arrived and had been tried in two or three cases with the same results which had followed the use of the shrub.

The attention of the people was now directed to the vapor practice, and a few individuals who had witnessed its use and assisted in its application, commenced going from house to house in answer to calls for their services, and rendering such aid as they could in relieving their neighboring sick. The confidence in the hemlock had increased so much that many families had obtained a supply, while those who practiced the art of sweating with it, kept a quantity in store tied in bundles, ready for those who might be suddenly called to use some remedy for the relief of some member of the household.

EXCHANGE BANK OF SHIAWASSEE.

BY ANDREW HUGGINS.

[Written in 1878.]

At the regular session of the Legislature in March, 1837, a bill was passed to organize and regulate banking associations—authorizing any twelve free-holders of any county who desired to form an association for transacting banking business to make application to the treasurer and clerk of the county for that purpose, and books were to be opened for subscription to the capital stock of the association—in no case to be less than $50,000. Ten per cent on each share was required to be paid in specie at the time of subscribing, and 30 per cent of the entire capital stock in like funds before the association should commence operations. Thus was the celebrated "wild-cat" banking of Michigan commenced—to be only a forerunner of the "Greenback" assumption of today. Almost every body had a bank of his own. A man would put his own note in his safe for any amount, payable in specie, and commence business. Shiawassee county had the "Bank of Shiawassee," located at Owosso, and the "Exchange Bank of Shiawassee," located in the old building still known as the "Exchange," some two or three miles south of Newburg, when the county had a population of less than 1,200. To demand a redemption of these bills in coin, was for the holder to make a tour through the forest, to some unknown spot, if the location of the bank could even then be found; and in June of the same year, at an extra session of the legislature, called for that purpose, the banks were allowed to suspend specie payments—a payment they had never made; for according to the Bank Commissioners' report, subsequently made, it was found that some of the

banks were as destitute of specie as their officers were of even the semblance of honesty. The Bank of Sandstone (Jackson county), for instance, never had any specie, and although its liabilities exceeded $38,000, it had no assets of any kind at the time when it was examined. The Exchange Bank of Shiawassee threw open its safe to disclose only seven coppers and a very small amount of paper, while it had bills in circulation to the amount of $22,261.

Within the space of about a year 49 banks were organized and about 40 went into actual operation, the nominal capital of which was $3,915,000. Of the entire number that went into operation, but seven existed eighteen months thereafter.

The "Exchange Bank of Shiawassee" was a fair specimen of the entire breed of "wild-cats." Its officers were: President, A. Morehouse; cashier, G. W. Clark; directors, John Pierson, L. Brown, H. Baker, G. W. Clark, A. Morehouse, Aaron Swain, I. Castle and H. Rowe. Hosea Baker and Lemuel Brown subsequently made affidavit before the State Bank Commissioner that no cash was ever paid in and that the principal getters up of the bank, Root, Pierson, Clark, Morehouse, and others were not at that time and never had been residents of the State or county.

Andrew Parsons, afterward Governor of the State, was appointed receiver of the concern in its collapsed state, and here is his report:

To P. Morey, Attorney General State of Michigan:

Sir—In compliance with your request, of Nov. 27, 1839, I herewith transmit such information as I am able to give upon the points named.

1. The amount of notes obtained from the engraver is unknown, but were ordered by G. W. Clark, cashier.

2. As no books of the bank have ever been kept, I have no means of knowing the largest amount ever in circulation at any one time, only by a statement drawn up by the president and cashier, which is now in the bank, and it is even impossible by that to ascertain the amount positively. By that statement the whole amount of notes ever numbered and signed was $34,320, and the amount then in bank of its bills, $14,174, but when I took possession of the bank, there were but $7,303 signed by the president only, which sum, I suppose, was reckoned in said statement. * * *

3. By this statement, it appears that the amount of liabilities is $22,261—and of this amount there has been deposited in my hands as receiver $5,288.

4. I know of no way that I can calculate the amount of assets belonging to the bank, only to give such information as I am able with reference to that of which the assets consist. There was mortgaged about 1,760 acres of land to secure the payment of the debts of the bank—the title to about only 1,500 of which appears to be good. There are notes and

receipts in the bank to the amount of about $7,200—$2,940 of which are given to individuals and not to the bank; some, however, of said receipts do not even run to any one, or the bank. All the business of the bank was done in not only an imperfect but a ridiculous manner. In examining over all the notes and receipts I find but one note (on which is due $1,623) that is given to the bank, that can in any probability be collected, and only one receipt (of $48.00) that can be collected. I therefore think that about $1,676 of the notes and receipts, may be collected—and that the remainder, $5,540 cannot be collected, or at least by me as receiver of the bank. There is an iron safe belonging to the bank, worth probably 15 or 20 dollars. * * *

5. As to what amount of capital stock was paid in, I have no means of knowing anything about it. * * *

I have collected of the notes and receipts which were in the bank $3,273.

I am fully persuaded that there are not many more of the notes of the bank that will ever be deposited with me as receiver. I have been informed that many of the notes have been burned or destroyed, in consequence of their being considered worth nothing, and it is undoubtedly the fact. There were some of the directors of the bank who absconded with several thousand dollars, bills of the bank, without giving their notes or receipts, or even anything else to the bank for the amount. * *

It is of much importance to some of our farmers here, that the mortgages upon their lands are soon released.

ANDREW PARSONS,
Receiver Exchange Bank, Shiawassee.

December 22, 1839.

It is well enough, when people are running wild on the currency question, to think of these things, and ask themselves the question, whether we had not better "let well enough alone?"—and let theorists and speculators go to the dogs with their theories.

GEORGE S. GRANGER.—A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY O'BRIEN J. ATKINSON.

[Delivered at the meeting of the St. Clair County Pioneer Society, June, 1892.]

Amongst the early New York families who came to Michigan while it was a territory of the United States, was Lyman Granger, the father of George S. Granger, the subject of this sketch.

Mr. Granger sprang from an original Connecticut family, who had become invigorated by the hardships and trials of the revolution. They were a race of tall men, with fair hair, blue eyes, and intensely American in their attachments and allegiance.

George S. Granger was born in Sodus, Wayne county, New York, January 28, 1821, and he distinctly remembered the closing scenes of Indian warfare in that part of the Empire state. He was fond of relating revolutionary stories heard from his father and grand-father, and these reminiscences seemed like a link cementing the days of Washington with those of Madison, Jackson, Grant and Harrison. He commenced voting in 1844, after the Democratic party had become a feature of our political system, and he cast his vote for Polk, Cass, Pierce, Buchanan, Douglass, McClellan, Seymour, Greeley, Tilden, Hancock and Cleveland.

When Michigan owned the Central railroad, George S. Granger was locomotive engineer upon the pay roll of this State; and during all his life he retained a lively interest in the railroad development of his adopted State.

Mr. Granger was a gentleman of extensive culture. He studied law with R. P. Eldridge and in his early manhood taught school near Mount Clemens, he often referred jokingly to the "Crawford Settlement," near Birmingham, as having supplied him with wages, and furnished him with a wife. I believe that it was during his school term that he boarded with the Crawford family, and fell in love with one of their daughters. This was not the old story of Jacob and Rachel, but it may be put down as an American edition of that famous bible narrative, for certainly it resulted in the largest possible happiness for Mr. Granger, and in the most affectionate remembrance on the part of his children.

It is almost impossible to write this biography without narrating much of the history of St. Clair county, for in this instance biography and history run in close parallel lines.

He was born in January, and the organization of this county was effected in May, 1821, through a proclamation of General Cass, then Governor of the territory, issued nearly fourteen months before.

The county of St. Clair at that time embraced only one township, and yet it contained 1,500 square miles of territory, with its entire population consisting of about 80 families all settled along the river and near the border of Lake Huron.

The name of this county of St. Clair has been traced, by judge Campbell, back to the 12th day of August, 1679, when Lake St. Clair was baptized by Father Hennepin and named after the Patron Saint of that day—thus we find the county penetrating back beyond revolutionary days, and bringing its name from a saintly person on the continent of Europe; and in a similar manner we find the Granger family tracing their history back to France and into a period long before our revolution.

This county had never been taxed prior to 1821. Its subdivisions had never been known to those who looked after the revenues, and yet it is a singular fact that on June 4th of that year, within two months after the birth of Mr. Granger, the first assessment roll was made, thus constituting the primary volume of a long series with which he was connected, and with the making of which he performed so important a part for nearly 30 years.

The public buildings of this county at that time were exceedingly primitive. There was no court house; no offices for the county records, and few other evidences of the splendid civilization which now surrounds us. But the historian tells us that we had one county jail, built by contract at a cost of $35.00, and occupying an unsightly place in the rear of James Fulton's residence, in what is now the city of St. Clair. The proclamation of General Cass creating the county seat ordained that its capitol should be at the town of St. Clair, near the mouth of Pine river. And this proclamation, with the jail to which I have referred, was the nucleus for the old county seat, against which Mr. Granger waged such an earnest war in after years, and the downfall of which can be largely attributed to his marvelous energy and perseverance.

I recall this county seat controversy because this city of Port Huron owes to George S. Granger very much of its present prosperity, and because it was through his efforts (when the turning point was reached) that she became the capital of this county.

Old citizens will remember the county seat war between Port Huron and St. Clair, and the Pioneer Society will not soon forget its history. That was indeed a bitter struggle, commencing before 1851 and ending twenty years afterwards in the complete triumph of our city. A child born when that contest commenced in 1851 would become a voter the year after it was terminated, and as Port Huron has been the county seat for twenty-one years, he would now be nearly forty-two years of age. The last twenty-one years of prosperity for our city are the harvest of twenty years of struggle; twenty years of doubt in which sunshine and gloom mingled in about equal proportions. We had no railroads then to empty a teeming population into our streets and public places. Our chief outlet at that time was the river St. Clair, and that led past the door of our rival. It is true the old Fort Gratiot turnpike had been extended in a southwesterly direction through one city to the other, but the wolves and the wilderness come up amongst its earliest associations. Detroit was the metropolis of Michigan, and that city was twelve miles nearer to St. Clair than it was to us. Our people thought then, and will ever think, that a city at the foot of big Lake Huron ought to be larger than a city at the foot of little Lake St. Clair.

We had our small Black river, with its lumber mills, but St. Clair city had Pine river extending west to Memphis, and her lumber interests were

as good as ours. The rivalry between those two places was intense, warm and exciting. We could not record a deed, or discharge a mortgage without going to St. Clair. We could not try a law suit, or install a county officer except in that city. Our sons and daughters could not have their marriage records perpetuated except in St. Clair. At each term of court, the jury impaneled from the entire county, found a home in that city, and once a year the board of supervisors went there to legislate upon county affairs. Each spending weeks and months of time in the city of our rival, doing their purchasing there, and every year making it more difficult for us to wrest from her the capital jewel which we so much desired. During those twenty years George S. Granger was almost continuously on the board of supervisors from the township of Columbus. He was there in 1855, and he was there again in 1858, he was there continuously from 1861 to 1867, and he was there in 1871, '72 and '73, all the time, and every year the earnest friend and warm champion of the interests of this city.

In Parton's life of Aaron Burr, there is a strong passage in which he pictures the three great factions or families in the state of New York. The Livingston's, the Clinton's and the Schuyler's. Each contending for mastery in public affairs, and then he says: "The Livingston's had the numbers; the Clinton's had the offices, but the Schuyler's had Alexander Hamilton."

This beautiful tribute to the worth and energy of Hamilton is applicable to one feature in the life of Mr. Granger during the contest to which I have referred. At that time there existed three powerful combinations in our county. The Wards were at Marine City, and were men of marvelous energy, wonderful resources and commanding ability. Their town was then called Newport, and they were ambitious to make that locality the county seat of the county.

At St. Clair they had the prestige of present location. They had Wesley Truesdell, Harmon Chamberlain, Captain John Clark and John E. Kitten, with numerous other able men assisting them in holding the fort, while Port Huron had a mixed population, more numerous, but less cohesive for the struggle in which she was engaged.

It may then be said (to paraphrase the lines of James Parton): Newport had the wealth and power; St. Clair had the offices, but Port Huron had George S. Granger, and with his aid, and with little else except natural growth, she became the undisputed possessor of the long-coveted prize.

I have referred to this county-seat controversy for the purpose of emphasizing a trait in the character of Mr. Granger, and that trait was his constancy in friendship, and his great ability in performance; I refer to that contest from a desire also to re-kindle the gratitude which I have

so often heard expressed in this city for the services of this extraordinary man. I frequently talked with Mr. Granger of incidents in the early history of this county, and many a time he promised me to give his recollections of the "Wolverines" as they existed upon Belle river, in his township of Columbus, away back in the times when nearly everything was wilderness and lumbering was the chief occupation of our people. Mr. Granger, although a young man at that time, soon discovered that the men combined under this title, were a kind of criminal organization. Some of their members had felt the crushing weight of Captain Ward's powerful hand at Marine City. Their head quarters were at Cross' Tavern near the farm where Mr. Granger always made his home, and the lawless teachings of this society gave a wild and wicked reputation to that part of St. Clair county. They attempted to corrupt juries and influence courts, so that their overthrow was a matter of great importance and much congratulation. And to George S. Granger and his family belong the credit for those great achievements. Mr. Granger despised an unmanly warfare. He loved the open field of controversy, and debate, and study, and education were the weapons which he used. One of his relatives furnishes an incident which might illustrate the man in this regard. It was about the year 1853 when a political organization called the Know-nothings became very powerful in this part of the State; their purpose was to cut off all foreigners from political preferment, and they went so far as to proscribe those who differed from them in religious faith. Mr. Granger was an American with unquestioned credentials. His ancestral tree took root long before the revolution. In religious belief he was acceptable to this organization. His elder brother Jedediah had already become one of its members, and a committee was appointed to induce George and his father to enroll themselves in that fraternity. This committee went out to the township of Columbus. They found George S. Granger in the harvest field with his father. They explained to him the dangers arising from universal suffrage, and the old story of America for the Americans was talked over before him, but this was his reply:

"My friends, I will have nothing to do with you or your society. My father, who now stands beside me, has often said, that in the war of 1812, his comrade on the right was an Irishman, and a devoted Catholic, while his comrade on the left was a German, and an earnest Lutheran. If those men in that time of peril were good enough to fight with the Americans for our flag, they, and their descendants are good enough to vote with me as citizens of their common country. I will do nothing that will impair their rights and privileges." I revive this incident for the purpose of reminding the venerable people present of the courage and nobility of character which accompanied Mr. Granger through life. He would

have been a hero upon any field, and he would have been great under any circumstances. He would resist his friends if those friends were in error. He would defeat them in their error, but still retain their friendship. I would say of him what John Boyle O'Reilly once said of Wendell Phillips:

"A sower of infinite seed was he;
A woodman that hewed towards the light;
Who dared to do battle with friendship,
When friendship did battle with right."

Mr. Granger did not refuse to join his fellow men in any laudable effort. His nature was essentially social. He loved the companionship which came from organization, but every feature of that companionship must be pure and simple and exalting. He was a member of the Masonic Fraternity, and he loved its forms, its rituals, its invocations, its poetry, and healthful influences. He was a member of the Patrons of Industry, a pastoral organization, which existed amongst the farmers in his neighborhood.

In religious matters he inclined to be a Presbyterian with a heart big enough to make him love every man, and to be concerned but little about the church which he attended. He was a great admirer of young people. And the school children were the most sincere mourners at his funeral. The flag upon the district school house where he lived was lowered in consequence of his death, and a floral tribute made by youthful hands was placed upon his bier as a testimonial of affection from those children to this man of ripe and finished years.

It was my pleasure to hear the funeral sermon which was preached at Richmond upon the day when Mr. Granger was buried by Rev. D. Goodwillie. In that sermon we were told many incidents of the far reaching charity which beautified the life of Mr. Granger. Nothing was overdrawn, and yet the sermon was full of touching incidents. The congregation were Mr. Granger's friends and neighbors. They were in sympathy with the theme. Their hearts verified every kindly expression, and the reverend preacher received many congratulations for the simple words, the numerous incidents and the gentle language with which he touched upon the excellencies of this good man. He was the pioneer of our section in many ways. He purchased the first melodeon, he introduced the first reaper, he defended the right of women to teach in our public schools. He encouraged the young men. He suggested gently where others found fault, he spoke kindly of those who struggled against temptation and he lifted all a little higher, he made each heart feel lighter, gloom disappeared before him and, like Isaac, he might be called the "Child of Laughter."

Mr. Granger's relation to the great rebellion resembles the story of Robert Morris and John Hancock during the days of the revolution. He did not bear arms, or draw the sword, but he sustained the union, and in ample sufficiency, earned gratitude from the State.

If you look over the years of that strife, years of enlistments, war bounties, military drafts, relief funds for soldiers' families, pensions for the widows and homes for the orphans; the name and agency of Mr. Granger is woven into the narrative in powerful and pleasant ways. He was true to his country just as he was to his friends.

If he was to write his own story, "Abou Ben-Adhem" would be his model.

"Write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The angel would ask him for his loves and his merits. He would never boast, but that would be the record.
We may read it:

"The angel wrote and vanished; the next night
He came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

John Boyle O'Reilly has given us a life history with which I will close this paper as applicable to George S. Granger:

"He ruled no serfs, and he knew no pride;
He was one with the workers side by side;
He hated a mine, and a mill, and a town,
With their fever of misery, struggle, renown;
He could never believe, but a man was made
For a nobler end than the glory of trade.
For the youth he mourned with endless pity
Who were cast like snow on the streets of the city.
He was weak, maybe; but he lost no friend;
Who loved him once loved on to the end.
He mourned all selfish and shrewd endeavor;
But he never injured a weak one—never.
When censure was passed, he was kindly dumb;
He was never so wise but a fault would come;
He was never so old that he failed to enjoy
The games and the dreams he had loved when a boy.
He erred, and was sorry; but never drew
A trusting heart from the pure and true.
When friends looked back from the years to be,
God grant they may say such things of me."

THE EARLY MISSION AT SAULT STE. MARIE.

BY REV. A. BINGHAM.

(We publish for the first time a letter written nearly fifty years ago from the mission field of Sault Ste. Marie by one of the early missionaries. The value of this letter lies in the easy portrayal of the conditions at that time, and the minor details which entered into the lives of the early settlers, and more especially the life and work of the brave men who left their eastern homes of comfort to minister to, and teach and improve the Aborigine.)

Mission House,
Sault Ste. Marie, Oct. 27th, 1852.

Mrs. E. A. Sheldon, Respected Sister:

It is sometimes said "better late than never," but I fear it will not prove so in this case. I found it more difficult to comply with the request you made to me when here in the summer than I anticipated, but will endeavor to give you a few brief particulars now.

In the summer of 1828 I received an appointment from that missionary organization now known by the name of "American Baptist Missionary Union," as a missionary to this place; and in a few weeks (after making arrangements to leave my family among friends in the state of New York), I commenced my journey up these lakes, and landed at this place on the 10th of October, having been some four or five weeks in reaching here from Buffalo. On arriving here I found four companies of infantry in the garrison at this place, an Indian agency with an agent, a sub-agent, interpreter, blacksmith, etc., a custom office, five or six trading establishments, and a small population containing a few Americans, a few French, some Indians and some mixed bloods. And for the comfort and enjoyment of this people, they had two billiard rooms, almost as many card tables as there were cabins in the place, and somewhere from eleven to fifteen thousand gallons of ardent spirits. There was, indeed, a Congregational minister here (the Rev. Alvin Coe), who had been here a few months on a Domestic Mission, laboring faithfully for their good. But the great enemy of Christ and His people had evidently succeeded in raising a prejudice against him, so that he was not at that time allowed to preach to the garrison people.

In two or three weeks after my arrival, there was a change of the troops, and those four companies left, and two companies from another regiment were sent to supply their place. A number of the officers who left had families, but there were only three officers who came with the new command, and they were all single men. Brother Coe also left, and

some other individuals, which seriously reduced our circle of society for the winter, and I might say for many years.

In a few days after my arrival I had a room prepared and opened a school, and within three days I had between 50 and 60 scholars. Probably two-thirds or three-fourths of them were in the alphabet. I attached a large sheet containing the alphabet to the side of my room, formed the small scholars into classes and placed a monitor over them, whose business it was, through the day, to march those classes, one after another, to the card and teach them, the whole class speaking at once. In a few weeks we had them all nicely through their alphabet. Those who were large enough to write I taught myself, and at the same time taught it in writing on slates, and then had them write their spelling lessons instead of studying them in the usual way.

My religious services were divided between the white people and Indians. The morning service was for the white population and the afternoon, by an interpreter, for the Indians. When I commenced preaching to the Indians, I was told by some who thought themselves wise, that I was beginning at the wrong end of my work; that it was useless and abstruse to think of preaching the obtuse doctrines of christianity to them until they were civilized and educated. But the Lord showed our skeptics before the opening of the spring, that they were not as wise as they imagined themselves to be, for there were two or three hopeful conversions took place among the natives during the winter; and one was a woman 50 or 60 years of age, whose name was O-sha-sha-waw-be-ko-qua, who had long been passionately addicted to habits of intemperance. This she mentioned at the time she related to me what the Lord had done for her, and said she, "although at first it seemed like cutting my heart strings, I determined to break it off." Her habits had been such that I felt afraid to receive her to membership, and did not for about a year and a half; but after she was received she filled her place so faithfully in the church of God for 19 years that, during the whole time of her membership, there was never a single allegation brought against her; although she was a woman of ordinary talents, she shone bright as a christian, and her last days were evidently much the brightest, for her faith strengthened and the light brightened as she drew near the end of her journey. Men, who at times could make sport of religion, have been constrained to take knowledge of her, that she had been with Jesus.

I found the Indians uniformly in a very dark and ignorant state; attached to their "Metawin's" (or medicine religion), and practicing a kind of sorcery, by which their jugglers exerted much influence over their adherents. I also found there was considerable competition and strife among them for eminence in their "Metawin," and that their ambition in that heathen science occasionally led them to destroy one another with

poison. Their ideas of religion were so confounded with their medical system that they were inseparable, and their jugglers were their doctors. I have frequently seen them practicing (in former days) their heathenish ceremonies over the sick, and wondered that they did not immediately kill them and choke themselves to death with the large hollow bones they appeared to eject from their stomachs. They never administered medicine to the sick unaccompanied by their heathenish ceremonies. They appeared to consider the latter as essential as the former.

Many years ago one of our heathen women was sick and came to our place, probably for medical aid. I got the doctor to go and see her, and on examining her he decided that she had the spinal complaint, and said it would require pretty severe treatment, and concluded she would not submit to it long enough to cure her, and declined doing anything for her. They camped near the Mission House and remained some weeks. I frequently called into their lodge and read portions of the translation to them and prayed with them. She found we had cupping instruments and a few times sent for me to go over and cup her, which I did; but she returned up the lake without any manifest improvement in her health. The next spring I was up there, and in at their lodge, and addressing them on the subject of religion (she was then, indeed, measurably recovered), but she spoke up with much spirit, saying: "If I am a well woman it was this medicine religion that cured me. When I was down at your place, both you and the doctor tried your religion upon me and it did me no good; if I am a well woman it is this medicine religion that has cured me."

On my first acquaintance with these Indians I found them believing in a Great Spirit, whom they called "Kitche Munedo," and frequently they spoke it Gesha Munedo—the merciful spirit. They also believed that there was an evil spirit who was very powerful, whom they called "Mutche Munedo." They believed in the immortality of the soul, and that there would be a distinction made between good men and bad after death, but in relation to the resurrection of the body, and most of the other doctrines of the christian religion, they were dark as night, and would tell you they did not know, when enquired of concerning them. They were always ready to admit that the white man's religion was good, and that he received it from the Great Spirit, and that he designed it on purpose for them; but they claimed that they, also, received theirs from the Great Spirit and that he designed it especially for the Indians, and that it was as good for the Indians as the christian religion was for the white man. The best method I ever found to convince them to the contrary by way of argument, was to compare the two systems. This I have sometimes done, and never failed of obtaining an acknowledgment that the christian religion appeared vastly superior to theirs. I

have taken this method with a few of their most shrewd, knowing men, who had made the greatest advancement in their medicine religion. One of them admitted that their religion, when thus compared, looked like the religion of the devil; and further remarked, that all their young men carried poison with them to poison others with; but said he, "I see nothing in your religion designed to injure any one; it all appears to be designed for their good." Another admitted that we had much more evidence that our religion came from the great and merciful Spirit than they had that theirs did. I then said to him, "if ours comes from God, yours could not; for they are too opposite to each other to admit the belief that they both came from the same Holy Being," and on this we parted after he had promised that he would come and listen to the gospel.

When I commenced my labors here, intemperance was a vice exceedingly common, and prevalent among almost all classes; and the general state of things, even the manner of transacting government business, was such as tended to cherish, strengthen and perpetuate it. In the garrison, the commissary was dealing out a gill of whisky a day to the enlisted men, and they were allowed to purchase another gill at the suttler's store, and few, if any, failed of taking their full allowance, for it seemed to be viewed as unmanly for any one to fail in that particular. Hence any one can easily judge what the general state of things must be with them.

The Indian agent, also, on certain occasions, used to deal out whisky to them; and when an Indian began to drink, he must have a thorough time of it before he could go to business again; and there was nothing to hinder him from getting what he pleased, for our place was flooded with it, and a white fish would buy enough to keep him drunk all day. From what I have seen, and heard from their own lips, I am led to believe that there was not an Indian among them who did not, at least occasionally, get drunk. It has seemed to me that they might at that time in truth, most emphatically be called a nation of drunkards. The state of things was exceedingly discouraging, and it was manifest, that, unless something could be done to check so free and general a use of intoxicating liquor in the place, no reasonable hope could be cherished of any great success attending the most faithful missionary labors.

After lamenting the sad state of things, and praying over the subject a short time, the idea was suggested to my mind of making an effort to get up a temperance society. The question was, who would encourage it? Some of my warmest friends were in such business it would appose their interest, and what could be expected from those who felt no interest in the Mission? However, the suggestion appeared to be from the Lord, and the effort must be made. It was at an early day of the temperance

reform, and there was not a person at the place who had ever belonged to a temperance society, or attended a temperance meeting. The proposition was first made to the suttler in the garrison, John Hulbert, Esq., late of your city, who was at that time selling about 80 gills of whisky a day to the men. He clearly saw its bearing on the interest of the store, but with the magnanimity of a christian, he resolved cheerfully to sacrifice that, and at once pledged himself in favor of the enterprise, and in May, 1830, we organized the Ste. Mary's Temperance Society, having the commanding officer of Fort Brady, the second in command, the Doctor and suttler for the first four signers of the constitution and pledge, and in a few days we had the signature of 45 men of the command.

At first, the citizens of the place generally stood aloof from it; but in two years we got all the traders in the place into it, and under a pledge not to deal in ardent spirits. Our executive committee, on examination, found that from 11,000 to 15,000 gallons of ardent spirits had been brought to the place yearly, for four years last past, and they were enabled to report not a gallon of ardent spirits to be sold in the place.

With kindest regards your friend and brother,

A. BINGHAM.

THE DYING PIRATE.

A LEGEND OF MILLINGTON.

[Written by the Hon. Enos Goodrich, of Watertown, and read before the Pioneer meeting at Caro, August 24, 1887.]

"This broken tale was all we knew"
"Of her he loved or him he slew."—Byron "Giaowr."

I was seven years special commissioner of the Goodrich, Vassar and lower Saginaw State Road. When that work was commenced, about the year 1855, forty miles of the distance from the waters of Flint river to those of the Saginaw, were a dense unbroken wilderness. It is true that slight settlements had been started at Forest, Genesee county, and Vassar, Tuscola county, but within this whole distance there existed not one mile of road that deserved the name. To aid these frontier settlements, and to let lower Saginaw out of the woods, this State road was projected through the combined influence of the late James M. Edmunds, Townsend North, Reuben Goodrich and myself the importance of the enterprise was brought to the favorable consideration of the State Legislature. To aid in the construction of this wilderness road five thousand acres of State internal improvement land and at least ten thousand

dollars, of non-resident highway taxes were appropriated by the Legislature and probably ten thousand dollars more were raised by individual subscription, and when I laid down my commission I had the satisfaction of seeing a comfortable turnpike road throughout the whole line with twelve miles south from the Saginaw river through one of the worst swamps in Michigan, a first-class plank road and an important thoroughfare of public travel. It was rugged work to construct turnpikes through the dense forests along the line, and it was not strange that many of the contractors "backed down" and left in disgust. Indeed the man who had the pluck to stick by and grub out the massive stumps and through green roots, to construct the ditches, while assailed by malarial fevers and clouds of mosquitoes was the exception to the general rule. A few such, however, were to be found, but amongst them all, the man most noted for his indomitable perseverance, and the honest integrity with which he finished up his work, was a stranger who gave his name as Chas. Morgan, but what his real name was, we shall never know. "Charlie Morgan" as we learned to call him, was just in the prime of his life, and a nobler specimen of humanity it is a rare thing to behold. His stature must have been fully six feet three inches, with a frame well proportioned and firmly made. His rolling gate betrayed the fact that his home had been on the ocean and his accent of speech, though not exactly a brogue, would naturally impress the listener that he was probably from Wales or England. During the several years it required to accomplish the work, he stuck by me and the road like a brother. Close beside the road I had built a sugar house in the dense maple forest, on section 21, Millington. In this house Morgan took up his abode and through summer's heat and winter's cold his "bachelor's hall" was a way station for the weary traveler. In my wilderness journeyings I was frequently his guest and a recipient of his hospitality. I found his conversation interesting and intelligent. I soon became satisfied that he had read much and traveled far and wide and that he was possessed of an extraordinary memory. Scarcely could I name a country but he had visited it, and would give such accurate and minute detail as must carry the conviction of truth to the listener. Finding his desire for reading so strong and his means of gratifying it so limited, I used to store my pockets with newspapers and would sometimes carry a book for this edification. For these little favors he evinced great signs of gratitude and there is no doubt that to him, in his solitary hermit life they were a great source of comfort and consolation. Time wore on, and as one job was completed he was always ready for another, until at length my official duties closed and the road was handed over by the State to the local commissioner. Morgan, by the almost unanimous voice of the pioneer settlers, was made highway

commissioner of Millington, and the intelligence and fidelity which he brought to the discharge of his responsible duties, secured his repeated re-election. At length, growing weary of a life of solitude he selected for a wife, the daughter of one of the humblest of Millington's pioneers, and attempted the clearing of a small piece of land. A few years passed away, and as the woods receded and as harvest fields waved in the breeze and glistened in the sun, Morgan's cabin was lighted with the smiles of two or three children. At this time a disease in one of his lower limbs disabled him from labor; throwing him, to some extent, upon the charity of his neighbors—but fortunately, kind hearts and ready hands were not wanting, for the "good Samaritan" is a character that often flees from the crowded city to seek his abode in the frontier settlements. The strong man was laid low, and his limbs, like those of Sampson, were bound by the cords of fell disease, which it was not in the power of his physicians to break. All hope of recovery was abandoned and a sorrowing group of kind friends stood around his couch, ministering to his wants and striving to catch the accents of his faltering voice. Arousing from his dying lethargy, with earnest energy he called them to his bedside, and in distinct accents related, how, in his former life, he had been a pirate upon the high seas. Earnestly did they watch and listen for something of his history—something of home or friends or kindred or native land—but his lips ceased to move and the last breath parted from his strong body. Chas. Morgan had passed away, and what was his real name and the terrible history of his life on the ocean, can never be known, till the deep gives up its dead. Quietly sleeps his dust in the cemetery of the bustling village of Millington, and as to his immortal past we will only conclude in the language of the afflicted Job: "Who knoweth the spirit of man, that goeth upward, or the spirit of a beast that goeth downward to the earth."

Pioneers, there is a moral to this little story of the "dying pirate." It is not that vice and sin should be magnified and made honorable; but it is that erring man and erring woman, though they may have sunk to the lowest depths of degradation and disgrace, may yet, if they will, arise in their majesty and assert their manhood and their womanhood, be honored and respected by their friends, and at last, upon the "home stretch," finish up the journey of life with a crowning period of virtue and usefulness and honor.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE RAPID RISE AND SUDDEN FALL OF PORT SHELDON.

[From the Detroit Free Press of September 13, 1891.]

About the year 1835 a widespread "western fever" prevailed in some of the eastern states, and Michigan, which was then about to be admitted as a state into the union, received its due share of attention. "There were millions in it." It was not so much a desire to actually locate and settle in the new western country that induced these men to invest as it was to speculate in government land. Hence one of the features of these times was a mania for locating cities and planting villages. Men fancied they could see prospective fortunes in some wilderness location, and in many an eastern metropolis a thriving real estate business was carried on in the corner lots of these cities on paper.

On the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, in the county of Ottawa, township of Olive, and near the mouth of Pigeon Lake, once stood the nucleus of a city named Port Sheldon. Where, over a half a century ago, was heard the sound of axe and hammer and the noise of machinery, where shipping lay at anchor off shore, and busy hands were loading and unloading merchandise, all is now a comparative waste of marsh and sand, with hardly a building left standing to mark the spot where 160 acres of land were cleared of trees and stumps and surveyed into lots and streets for a city to be.

Few people are now living whose hopes and happiness were centered in the rise and progress of Port Sheldon as a commercial center. The "boom" of Port Sheldon, although startlingly rapid and on a scale of gorgeous magnificence, lasted for the short period of about two years.

In 1836 a number of New York and Philadelphia capitalists formed a joint stock company, with the design of founding a city in Western Michigan. They had abundant capital in hand, and more to fall back upon. In fact, it was asserted by well-informed persons that a portion of the money squandered in this "bubble" was advanced by the United States Bank of Philadelphia; and a few years thereafter, when the charter of the bank expired and its affairs were wound up, and the suspicions of President Jackson stood verified that this institution was rotten to the core, among its nominal assets and securities, there was found a large part of the "paper" of this Port Sheldon Company.

THE MOVING SPIRIT.

In the inception and building of Port Sheldon was a gentleman of French descent, from Philadelphia, named Alex. H. Jaudon, a man of wealth—measured by what constituted wealth at that time. This was in the year 1837. It was during what was known as the "wild-cat" period in Michigan.

The entire State may be said to have been "booming" then, and by most people in the eastern states it was considered not only the promised land of milk and honey, but as possessing almost inexhaustible wealth in timber, soil and mines. A number of other gentlemen from Philadelphia and New York joined with Mr. Jaudon in the enterprise of making Port Sheldon a commercial city, and a company was formed, known as the "Port Sheldon Land Company," during the year 1837-8. Detroit was at that time already the emporium of Eastern Michigan, and it was the aim of this company to establish a like city in Western Michigan. Grand Haven was first selected as the objective point, but the site and all the available lands on both sides of Grand River, and its mouth had already been secured by what was then known as the "Grand Haven Company," of which the Rev. Wm. M. Ferry was the active and resident member, with Rix Robinson, N. H. White and others as partners. Overtures were made by the Port Sheldon Company, but rejected, whereupon they selected the site now known and designated as "Pigeon Creek." And although well aware of the superior advantages of the former, they determined to become the rival of the settlement on Grand River. In the fall of 1837 they commenced operations in earnest. They came on with vessels loaded with stores and provisions, bringing building material and houses ready to set up, and about forty men, consisting of directors, superintendents, surveyors, engineers, etc., with everything necessary for equipment and comfort during the winter. During the first eighteen months at least $110,000 was expended in clearing the land, in erecting buildings and making other improvements.

At the end of the first six months fifteen first-class buildings were finished and occupied. A large general store building for the company was put up, which was at once filled with a stock of every class of goods imaginable, many of them far too rich and fashionable for the inhabitants of the country. A saw mill was also soon in operation. All the buildings were principally of wood, as no other material was then available. They built

A SPLENDID HOTEL,

at an expense of about $60,000. This hotel, in the wilderness where a traveler did not come once a month, was 60x120 feet and was called the "Ottawa House." They built an office at a cost of $10,000. Their mill

was the best in the west, costing $20,000. Good roads were made to Grand Haven, costing from $5,000 to $10,000. A lighthouse was built at their own expense and maintained for two years. They owned a beautiful yacht, Memee (Indian for pigeon), had their fancy boats and boat clubs, the members of which used to disport themselves in fancy boating costume.

The general superintendent was Saunders Coates, afterwards a manufacturer of gas works in New York, a man highly esteemed. The other superintendents were A. H. Judson and E. P. Deacon; the former was last heard of in New York, the latter in Cuba, G. M. Barker, well known in Grand Rapids, was a surveyor. An elegant map of the harbor and plat was engraved.

The city made a fine show on paper. There were 142 blocks, with twenty-four lots to the block. Seven lots were reserved for churches, one for a fish market, two for markets, four for a railroad depot, four a city hall, and one for a school house. A railroad was laid out through the city, and piers from Pigeon Lake to Lake Michigan. The soundings of the harbor were on the map, and all indicated that if there was not a city there the projectors meant that there should be. A railroad was surveyed from Port Huron via Grand Rapids (then a small village), with its terminus at the future metropolitan city. The western end of this road, beginning at Port Sheldon, for about two miles, was cleared of the forest trees and stumped and graded, all ready for the ties. The determination and animus of those engaged in this city and railroad building was shown in the erection of a depot building, the roof of which was supported by Grecian columns. It was finished the first year at a cost of $10,000. With all the hurry and bustle of modern "booms" and modern railroad building, it is doubtful whether an other instance is on record of such a building, with so many offices, being completed and ready for business with so small an amount of initial work.

NO NEAR NEIGHBORS.

The nearest house to Port Sheldon occupied by white people was at Grand Haven, thirteen miles distant. The buildings, generally were far better than those in Grand Rapids at that day. All lots were 64x128 feet, with board sidewalks along the streets. The greatest resident population at any time would not exceed 300. The inhabitants were not lacking for meat, as bear, deer and wild turkey were very numerous.

The terrible commercial crisis that soon ensued, followed by the discovery—all too late—that the harbor could not be kept open, etc., obliterated the city. The company abandoned the project, bought off those who had made investments, paid for their improvements, assuming to themselves all their losses, dismantled their mill, moved off all that

was movable, and abandoned the place, leaving their clerk, Mr. Pike, sole occupant and sole agent. There he lived for several years, endeavoring to sell the hotel and thirty lots for less than the cost of the glass and paint. The rest of the land had been sold chiefly for the hemlock bark that was on it. The old hotel still remains, though in a very dilapidated condition. Before the dawn of the Michigan Lake Shore Railroad, Port Sheldon was the half-way stopping place on the stage route between Grand Haven and Holland, and one of the buildings being occupied by W. Baker, who served in the capacity of landlord,

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STORY OF THE BAW BEESE INDIANS.

COMPILED BY A. D. P. VAN BUREN.

"If you should look the State over you would hardly find another such instance. We three brothers have lived here joining farms for nearly sixty years and are all hale and hearty," said M. D. L. Black, a prominent and genial farmer of Jefferson, Hillsdale county, the other day.

"Then you must have lived here while the Baw Beese Indians, after whom the lake takes its name, were yet here?" queried the Tribune correspondent.

"Well, I should say so; we lived neighbors to the Baw Beese tribe for 17 years, and I have eaten many a meal at the table with Chief Baw Beese himself.

"My father emigrated here with his family from New York state in 1828. We came in wagons, of course, there being no railroads here at that time. The first I saw of the Indians was about two miles east of what is now Hillsdale. We had stopped for the night in a log school house on the Fowler farm. Col. Fred Fowler of Reading was one of the boys. One of the Indians had died and Mr. Fowler had made a coffin and persuaded the Indians to bury the body in it. That was the first Indian buried in the ground in Hillsdale county. I could point out the spot today. As the coffin was put into the ground one of the tribe whom they called the good Indian—Chiquawkin by name, as I afterwards learned—stood at its head and repeated something; I don't know what, but supposed it to be some kind of religious service.

"We settled here on section 33 of this township. The main camp of the Baw Beese Indians was at Bird Lake, sometimes on the north and sometimes on the south side and less than two miles distant. The tribe numbered about 150, I should think. I know I used to count about 30

wigwams. I say their main camp was there. They were, of course, a roving people, and had different places for camping to suit the seasons of the year. In huckleberry time they always pitched their wigwams on father's farm. A part of the year they bathed their limbs in the placid waters of Baw Beese lake.

"There was, besides Baw Beese, who was known as the peace chief, Meteah, the war chief. He was a short, thick-set man, and about the sourest, crabbiest looking one in the whole tribe. He was the only one of them of whom I was afraid. Baw Beese, on the other hand, was pleasant looking, tall and finely proportioned—a handsome man. I have often thought how well fitted he was to be the leader of his people. He was well educated, so far as the education went in those days, sociable and friendly. He visited frequently among the whites and entertained them in return at his own wigwam. On the occasion of his visits he always wore a fine suit of broadcloth and one of those old-fashioned tall fur hats—the dress of the wealthier class of whites at that time. This he did as a mark of respect. He and father were close friends and often visited each other. We were about the nearest neighbors of the tribe and so had lots of dealings with them. In business transactions

THEY WERE RELIABLE,

their word could be depended upon. They would often borrow flour or money from my father and promise to pay back in game, always doing as they had agreed and giving a liberal bargain.

"In the hunt they far excelled the white man. I remember once trying to follow an Indian called 'Big John,' who started a deer just back of our house, but I soon gave up the chase. He kept in pursuit and finally shot his game only a few rods from where it started. He told me the route he had taken, and as near as I could judge he had followed that deer on the run for 10 or 12 miles.

"Their religion I don't know very much about. Besides the services at the burial of their dead, of which I spoke, they held a ceremony which we called 'sissing stones.' For this they had a long, narrow wigwam as the temple. A shallow hole was made in the center and encircled with a row of large stones. A fire was then built within the circle. When the stones were thoroughly heated five or six Indians would enter the 'temple,' shut it tightly, and pour water on the hot stones until the wigwam was filled with steam. After remaining in there for several moments they would run a few rods and plunge, all in that sweaty condition, headlong into the lake. Our wonder was that they ever came out alive, but it never seemed to hurt them. It was probably a sanitary or curative measure.

"The tribe were moved from here in 1840. The provocation was so slight that the whites as well as Indians were highly incensed at the

injustice in their removal. The tribe had previously sold their lands to the government and the contract provided that as soon as any of the whites grew afraid to live in the neighborhood the Indians were to be taken west. Two young men in our vicinity acquired a habit of tantalizing their copper-colored brethren. While the latter was chasing deer, the young men would stand beside the trail and shoot down the dogs pretending to aim at the deer. After repeating this two or three times the Indians saw through the trick; and the young men went immediately and made affidavit that they were afraid of their lives—and well they might be. One of the men is now a prominent citizen of Hudson.

THE EXPATRIATION OF A PEOPLE.

Gen. Brady, I think it was, was sent with 150 troops to remove the Indians. They were found assembled in a dance in the south part of Pittsford, and were marched back to camp to gather up their valuables. My father heard that they were going and he and we boys made haste to bid them a melancholy farewell. We had a fine patch of melons and gathering a large quantity we placed them by the roadside. As the Indians passed along we gave one to each man. They were deeply affected on leaving and many were the hearty hand-shakes given us.

"Baw Beese endeavored to retain his customary calmness and self-possession but nevertheless betrayed considerable emotion. As he took my father's hand his eyes filled with tears and he seemed to choke. 'Maybe go, maybe fight,' was all the expression he gave to his thought, and turning went on his way.

"They marched from here to Jonesville; thence west beyond the Rocky mountains. At the point where they embarked to cross Lake Michigan—I think it was a village at the mouth of the Kalamazoo river—it is said that Baw Beese could keep silent no longer, and rolling out a dry goods box, he mounted it and gave vent to his feelings in a speech which in eloquence and pathos was probably never excelled by one of his race. That speech was published, circulated and commented upon all over the United States. I used to have a copy of it, but unfortunately I have lost it. He referred to the friendly relations that had always existed between his tribe and the whites, showed in burning language the injustice of his removal and complained that he was to be placed beside and classed with the red men of the west, who were enemies of the government, and whom he therefore could not call friends. He perdicted that he would live but a short time in that far off country, and he was right. He died a heart-broken man a year or two after his removal, and his body rests, no one knows where, beyond the summits of the Rockies.

"After his death the tribe scattered. Many slowly worked their way back East, a few at a time, and settled in the northern part of the State, where in Lake and Osceola counties may be found here and there a remnant of the once proud and happy tribe of Baw Beese."

REMINISCENCES.

BY DR. N. M. THOMAS.

(Compiled by A. D. P. Van Buren for the Vicksburg Pioneer Reunion.)

It is but few remarks I have to make, and those remarks will be mainly confined to such facts as came under my observation during the early settlement of the country.

The first settlement of the country began previous to the period of railroads, and this great country was lying undeveloped, presenting attractions to emigrants from the east and south, and its settlement could not be delayed. So the steamboat of Lake Erie, the stage coach and the emigrant wagon were the modes of travel resorted to by the pioneer in pushing his way to the frontier settlements. I caught the spirit of emigration that prevailed in certain portions of Ohio, and without having heard of Prairie Ronde, and with no particular place of destination in view, I started for the west, and was nine days, exclusive of delays, in reaching western Michigan, on horseback, a journey that would now be preformed at ordinary speed on railroads, in a single day. The settlements of St. Joseph and Cass counties were principally confined to the prairies. White Pigeon was a small village and the center of business for western Michigan. It contained two or three stores and a tavern. Dr. Loomis was the only practicing physician at that time in western Michigan. He was located at that place. In south-western Michigan, the land in the southern tier of counties came into market between one and two year previous to Big Prairie Ronde, consequently the settlement of those counties was that much in advance of Kalamazoo. On the 10th day of May, 1830, I trod the soil of Prairie Ronde for the first time. The morning of that day I left Diamond Lake, Cass county, and following an Indian trail from Young's Prairie, twenty miles without a habitation, I came to Flowerfield, at the soutwest part of Prairie Ronde, and from thence to the Big Island, where Schoolcraft is now located. It was then without an inhabitant, and nearly all of Prairie Ronde except the west and south sides, was unoccupied. I followed an Indian trail east to Gourdneck Prairie, formed the acquaintance of Robert and Joseph Frakes, called upon Mr. Hunt, with whom I had

been previously acquainted. He was located on the south side of that Prairie, near the Wigwams of Sagamaw and Tauwaw, both of whom within a few years thereafter came to tragical ends. The former fell by the hand of an Indian assassin; the latter in 1833, under the influence of intoxication, fell into a roasting fire. I called to see him at the request of Derosia, the Frenchman, but he died within a few hours. I spent the night of the 10th and 11th of May with John McComsey. On the morning of the 11th he was engaged in putting in a corn crop in accordance with the custom adopted at that early day of planting corn with an axe, between the furrows of recently turned prairie sod. The 11th of May I left Prairie Ronde and pursued my journey further west, around the south shore of Lake Michigan, through an almost uninhabited country, with an occasional new settler's shanty dotting my pathway. I arrived on the evening of the 13th of May at a French traders by the name of Buy, 45 miles from Chicago, who had a squaw for his wife, where I put up for the night. Upon inquiry of the Frenchman in regard to the road to Chicago, he replied. "You had better go with the express," which I found consisted of two men on horse-back who carried the mail from Niles to Chicago. I accordingly made my arrangements to go with the express, and before the dawn of day the next morning we started, and after traveling several miles we reached the mouth of the Calumet, and as it was too deep for fording, and there were no facilities for crossing it, we struck out into Lake Michigan, and passed around the mouth of the Calumet on the bar, until we could reach the shore on the opposite side of the stream. I arrived at Chicago on the 14th. Two or three old houses and the fort, with a few United States soldiers, were all that then occupied the ground, whereon now stands the city, without a parallel, that has become the wonder of the world; and though prostrated by the great conflagration of 1871, and another of more recent date, yet, Phœnix-like, she rises again.

Northern Illinois then contained but a few scattered inhabitants, and the whole country north of Chicago, where savage man had roamed unmolested from time immemorial, was in an uncultivated state. After an excursion of a few weeks in Illinois and Indiana, I returned to Prairie Ronde, made the acquaintance of Isaac Sumner, who was located near the middle of the west side of the Prairie. I engaged boarding with him and commenced the practice of medicine. About sixty families were then located on the Prairie, and its immediate vicinity. The villages of Kalamazoo and Schoolcraft were not then in existence. There was not then a shingle-roofed house in the county, and no government land had been sold. Near that time the county of Kalamazoo, to which Calhoun county was attached, for judicial purposes, was organized, and county officers chosen and located on the west side of Prairie Ronde, and the

deeds of the land and the plat of the village of Marshall were brought in 1831, by George Ketchum, one of the proprietors of that place, to Isaac Sumner, and recorded while he was register of deeds. In the balance of the county except Prairie Ronde there were at that time but six or seven families located. Toland's Prairie had two or three, Kalamazoo, Gull, Grand, and Genesee Prairies had each one family. Titus Bronson had been at Kalamazoo, and made a squatter's claim, but was then residing on Prairie Ronde, where he remained until the opening of the spring of 1831, when he erected a log house which he occupied across the street north of the court house square. I visited Mr. Bronson soon after he moved to Kalamazoo. Mrs. Bronson stated that the snow had blown in the cracks in the house from the storm of the previous night. But few persons were then located at Kalamazoo, and improvements were just commencing. When I arrived in June, 1830, the crops presented a fine appearance. Some of the crops of wheat yielded very heavily, and was well remembered by many of the old settlers as being the first crop of wheat harvested on the Prairie. The first mill was built by John Vickers, about a half mile west of Insley's Corners, and propelled by the water of the stream at that point; it was in running condition when I came to the Prairie; the stones were dressed by Ransford Hoyt, out of a granite boulder, obtained near that spot; it ground corn only, and no other mill was running at that time; but it was abandoned in 1831, and John Vickers erected a mill on the Portage during the spring or summer of that year.

In the summer of 1831, Lyman I. Daniels and Jeremiah Humphrey came to Prairie Ronde, and were the first attorneys who practiced law in Kalamazoo county; I occupied the same room at Isaac Sumner's during that summer, and Hall and we had law, medicine, and county records in close proximity; Lyman I. Daniels located at Insley's Corners. Within a period but little antedating the first settlement of this country, and within the memory of many now living, a great revolution has swept over the world, and the great law of progress is stamped upon it in unmistakable characters, with the application of the power of steam to various manufacturing purposes, to the steamboat, and the locomotive, of imminent value to the human race. The moral has fully kept pace with the physical, and the fetters have been struck from the serf and the slave, and the world moves on with a velocity unparalleled in history, and who can tell what the future will unfold? Is it too much to anticipate, judging the future by the past, that with the close of another century, if not at the next half century, a code of international laws will be so far perfected and established as to insure the settlement of all conflicting interests between civilized powers, without an appeal to arms, and war, that relic of a savage state, with all its attending evils, be speedily banished from the earth? And now, fellow pioneers, you who have passed

through those eventful times that have made so deep a mark upon the world's history, and accomplished so much for the glory and happiness of man; those who were residents of this county at an early day, and partook of its toils and privations, joys and sorrows, and were actively engaged in making the first improvements how few are here today, how few are in the land of the living, and the number is constantly growing less. You took this county from the hand of the savage in a rude and uncultivated state; you leave it blossoming as a rose, and yielding an abundance of the fruits of the earth, and in a few brief years the old pioneers of Kalamazoo county will have passed from earth, leaving an enduring monument behind them, in the development and growth of this beautiful country, dispensing to its future occupants all the comforts and blessings incident to civilized man.

HISTORY OF THE TECUMSEH PRESS.

BY BENJAMIN L. BAXTER.

As early as 1834 or '35 the citizens of Tecumseh circulated a subscription and purchased a press and font of type. 'Twas a Ramage Press, similar to the one first used by our venerable countryman, Benjamin Franklin. The ink was laid on the type by old fashioned "hand balls" and the platen was brought down to make the impression by a lever worked by hand.

The principal object which induced the purchase of this press was to print a weekly paper and for general advertising. To work the press the citizens employed Mr. Beriah Brown, a young printer from western New York. The paper, which was immediately started and issued was called the "Tecumseh Democrat." This was the first public journal published in Lenawee county. It was soon followed by one in the village of Adrian, styled the "Gazette."

Not long after the paper went into circulation, the Hon. Peter Morey, a young lawyer from Madison county, N. Y., settled in Tecumseh, and who in 1837 was appointed attorney general of the State, and Mr. Brown purchased the paper and continued to publish it until Mr. Morey became attorney general in 1837. Mr. John A. Brown, a brother of Beriah Brown, purchased Mr. Morey's interest in the paper which was thenceforth published by John A. and Beriah Brown until 1840, when they sold out to Daniel S. Curtis, who was then a young man from Genesee, N. Y., and a practical printer.

Mr. Curtis published "The Democrat" until about 1844 when he sold out to Henry S. Hewitt, Esq., and Hewitt very soon after sold it to James L. and David Smith who worked the press some three or four years, having changed the name of it to "The Village Record." The press and type were then sold to some one who conveyed them to parts unknown. An interregnum followed until 1850.

THE TECUMSEH HERALD.

On the 1st of October, 1850, James H. Perry, Esq., an Englishman by birth and a practical printer, issued, himself as publisher, a new paper under the name of "The Tecumseh Herald." Several citizens of Tecumseh interested themselves in this matter and B. L. Baxter, then in the fourth year of his legal practice and partnership with Perley Bills, undertook to furnish the editorial matter gratuitously and several of the leading citizens contributed funds for its support. But Mr. Perry, though a practical printer, did not succeed as a publisher and was soon in limbo, the press being more than once sold out on chattel mortgage during the year.

On the 20th of February, 1851, L. G. Sholes bought the concern and published the paper until the 11th day of the next September, when it was bought by W. H. Stout.

Stout ran it just four weeks, when on Nov. 1st, 1851, it was sold to William Richard, Esq., who continued its publication under the editorship of B. L. Baxter who had all along, and during all its changes and vicissitudes, continued his gratuitous control of its editorial column from the time of its first issue by Mr. Perry.

Mr. Richard sold the paper to John Shepherd on the 25th of March, 1852, but had to take it back again for non-payment. He then sold it by contract to John Shepherd and George W. Benedict, the latter being a practical printer and an active enterprising young man, and they continued to publish it to the end of the second year of its existence, Oct. 1st, 1852.

It was then purchased and held the one-third each by William Richard, B. L. Baxter and Charles DeMott, and published by Richard, Baxter & DeMott, Baxter being as heretofore its principal editor. Dr. DeMott soon tired of the enterprise and fell out of the concern at the end of its third year Oct. 1st, 1853. It was then published by Richard & Baxter until the 13th of December, 1855, when Baxter, going to Chicago to take a position on the Chicago Tribune, left Mr. Richard to his fate, and at a pecuniary loss of $1,500 or over he continued to publish it until the end of its eleventh year.

During this time he rented the concern to Ralph T. Stocking and Mr. Baxter, having now returned to Tecumseh, edited for him gratuitously as usual.

Then for two years he rented it to George S. and Charles K. Spafford, practical printers, Mr. Baxter still adhering to the old Tecumseh Herald and continuing his gratuitous relation to it during all its frequent changes as to its publishers.

Mr. Richard then rented it one year to Mr. Nimmocks and one year to James A. Castle and on the 1st day of January, 1866, he finally sold it to C. M. Burlingame, a practical printer, who managed and published it for nearly eight years, when he sold it to S. C. Stacy on the 1st of Nov., 1874.

Mr. Stacy, a lawyer by profession, has continued since that time to own, edit and publish the Tecumseh Herald in an able, efficient and acceptable manner, and long may it live to herald both the place and the times.

It is now a large eight-page village paper, well filled with local and other matter, and is printed on a steam power instead of a Ramage press. It is independent but not neutral in politics, with a strong leaning, of course, toward the democratic side, as all the Stacys have been true blue democrats for a long way back.

It is not a little remarkable and no small compliment to both of us, I think, that while Mr. Richard was an old time democrat and a democrat all through and I was a republican of about the same stripe, during the whole ten or eleven years that I edited the paper, either with or for him, we never had one word of difficulty with regard to its management, nor during all that time, did I ever write or attempt to write anything, to which he made the slightest demur or objection. The true explanation to this is, I think, that William Richard was a true gentleman of the old school and that I, during all these years, tried to act as if I were one.

THE RAISIN VALLEY RECORD.

About the 20th of September, 1866, Peter R. Adams, a lawyer of this place, in order to furnish employment and position for his son, Waller P. Adams, as editor, bought a press and printing outfit and started in the village of Tecumseh a new weekly paper, styled "The Raisin Valley Record," by P. R. Adams & Co. (P. W. Adams and Geo. S. Spafford the company) which they continued to publish until the fall of 1867, when they sold the concern to Messrs. Geo. S. and C. K. Spafford, practical printers, formerly engaged on the Tecumseh Herald, and they continued the publication and the business about one year, but did not succeed and then the press and appliances reverted to Mr. Adams, who in October, 1868, sold it to Messrs. Chapin & Page, practical printers, under whom the Raisin Valley Record became a full fledged republican paper.

Mr. Page afterwards sold his interest in the paper to his partner, Chas T. Chapin, who continued to publish the paper here for several years, but finally removed with his press to Cadillac, Wexford county, Michigan, where I believe he still uses the press in publishing a paper.

THE TECUMSEH NEWS.

In 1881 there was a paper in Clinton called the "Clinton News," published by C. W. Clough, who in July moved with his press and printing materials to Brooklyn, Mich.

Charles F. Field purchased his list and the good will of the paper, and getting a new press and type, continued to publish the Clinton News until in April, 1884, when removing his press and printing plant to Tecumseh, he changed the name of the paper to the "Tecumseh News" under which the title he has continued its weekly issues in Tecumseh ever since.

It is a good village paper, full of local and other news, independent in politics, and further than that, we will only say as Webster once said of Massachusetts, his favorite, though adopted state, "There she is, look at her. She speaks for herself."

HISTORY OF THE GRAND RIVER BAPTIST ASSOCIATION OF GREENVILLE.

BY ALBERT F. MOREHOUSE.

[Written for the Association in 1894.]

Brother Moderator, Fathers and Mothers in Israel, Brothers and Sisters of the Association—By your vote of last year I was instructed to compile and present at this meeting a history of this association. The printed records of the association claim for it to have been the fiftieth anniversary of its organization. To me this would indicate that at that time the association had rounded out fifty years of its existence. I now propose to ascertain the time of the organization of the association, the territory embraced by it, and say something of the workers in it, with the hope that others present will speak more fully than I can, (for want of time) of those earnest laborers whom I can only recall by name. When was the Grand River Baptist Association organized? The earliest mention of this subject is in the records of the Portland church of August 6, 1843, when request was made by Rev. A. Sangster of Ionia church "that we unite with others in the Grand River valley in forming an association, to be called the Grand River Baptist Association." The church voted to comply with the request but no delegates were appointed nor time of meeting stated. The next record is of June 29, 1844, when a letter from several ministers and brethren was read, requesting the

appointment of delegates to meet at Ionia July 5, 1844, for the organization of the association. The church voted to accede to the request and appointed as delegates, A. F. Morehouse, Isaac E. Tyler, and George Lewis. George Lewis was the only one of the three who attended. He went to the residence of Judge ErastusYeomans, then the headquarters of Baptists in Ionia, but there was no other attendance. August 17, 1844, the church voted that any member present at the meeting to be held at Ionia August 30, 1844, be our delegates to form an association. Presumably the meeting was held and the organization effected at that time, but no record is extant, and no person is now living so far as I can ascertain who was then present. The first volume of records of the Ionia church closed November 3, 1844, without any mention of the association, but the second volume of records under date of December 11, 1844, shows that the Ionia church voted to appoint as delegates, Bros. Jon Van Vleck, A. Cornell, Benjamin Barber, Hiram Yeomans, Dr. Cornell, Erastus Yeomans, Ethan S. Johnson and E. K. W. Cornell, and the clerk was to write the association letter. Dr. Cornell was committee to procure a room for the association. The Portland church, on the 4th of January, 1845, appointed as delegates D. M. Tyler, Jr., George Lewis and John Brown, with instructions to request admission to that body. The association held its first anniversary at Ionia on the fourth Friday and Saturday of January, 1845. From the foregoing it will be seen that the association was not fifty years old last year, and that as a matter of fact, we are now just rounding out the first half century of our existence. The inquiry arises, how did the error originate in computing the years of our organization? I will explain. The first annual meeting was held as stated in January, 1845. The second annual meeting was held at Otisco, January, 1846, and the third annual meeting was held at Ionia, July 1, 1846, two annual meetings in one year, which accounts for the error in computation. In the semi-centennial address of the Baptist State Convention in 1886, it was stated that the Grand River Association was organized by three churches of Grand Rapids, Ionia, and Portland. I have carefully examined the records of those three churches as to their action in the formation of the association; and have already stated the action taken by the two last named, but the records of the Grand Rapids church (now Fountain Street) are sadly silent in regard to it. Their records state that for many years their earliest records are very imperfect, which we may well believe, when for several years the only record we have of their membership is the printed minutes of the association. If the Portland church was a constituent member of the association, it may be asked why at the first anniversary, they should, by their delegates, ask for admission. To this I reply, that the meeting for the organization was to have been held July 5, 1844, at which time a delegate from Portland was present, but from non-attendance of others

nothing was done. Subsequently another effort was made, presumably on the thirtieth of August, 1844, and the organization effected, but the Portland church was not then represented; just why not I cannot, after the lapse of half a century, positively say, but I well remember the terrible sickness which at that season of the year visited every family in the new clearings, and that with a disappointment at the set time and uncertainty at the time of subsequent appointment, might well have excused the Portland delegates. This will explain the action taken at the first anniversary held at Ionia in Jaunary 1845, when, on presentation of the articles of faith and practice of the Portland church, it was admitted to the association. Thus it will be seen that the statement of the convention address was practically correct as to the number of churches, and the association was formed of the Grand Rapids, Ionia and Portland churches, with a membership of 134. The former had been connected with the Kalamazoo, and the last two, with the Shiawassee association which last was the nearest to the churches of the new association, and may justly be termed the link connecting with the older associations. The new association then embraced all the territory between the church at DeWitt, Clinton county, on the east, and Lake Michigan on the west, and from the base line on the south to the Straits of Mackinac on the north, and geographically covering by far the largest portion of the lower peninsula. The association remained intact until 1870, when it was divided by the county line between Ionia and Kent counties under the names respectively by the East and West Grand River, and they were thus distinguished until 1872, when they were known as the Grand River and Grand Rapids associations, which they still retain. Of the former we have more particularly to speak. Of the field and the workers for the Master, how shall I, how can I speak, as memory turns backward the pages of life for fifty years? I see a vast wilderness with here and there a rude clearing. The settler from the east had gathered the remnants of his fortune, wasted by the panic of the times in eastern states, and sought to find a home in this wilderness for himself and wife and little ones. A rude log dwelling was sufficient for his requirements, and with many of them there was in that little log house, an altar from which ascended the incense of family prayer.

Day by day the large trees of the growth of centuries were brought low by diligent use of the axe. I need not tell you that the settler's life was one of incessant toil and privation. That with the logging and burning of the brush and log heaps, the faithful wife assisted as best she could, the labors of her husband in preparing the ground for the reception of the seed for the coming crop. The hot summer sun, beating down on the decaying vegetation produced a miasma, insidious as it was deadly. Wearied with incessant labor, the settler thought the languor stealing through his system, only the result of overwork, and comforted him-

self with the thought that when his wheat was sown he could rest, but then came the aching joints, the feverish flush and the chills, and then the settler, tossing on his bed, knew his first experience of chill fever. In this time of trial the faithful wife proved herself a helpmeet for man. It was she who, at night-fall, guided by the tinkling of the bell, sought in the depths of the forest the cow so necessary to their subsistence. It was she who did the milking, and then in weariness watched by the bedside through the night hours administering the simple remedies, or bathing the fevered brow with water fresh from the shallow well which had hitherto supplied their wants. But sometimes it was the wife and mother who were thus assailed. I have in mind an instance where a family had moved onto their farm in the fall, the nearest clearing being more than two miles away. In the following June the wife and mother was taken sick, lingered until August and then died. There was no physician within fourteen miles distance, nor was there a christian minister attainable to quote the word of Jesus, "Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid." With such material as was attainable, a neighbor several miles away, constructed a coffin in which the remains were placed, and in the edge of the little clearing nearly surrounded by the mighty forest the grave was made, and there was laid all that was mortal of the wife and mother of whom it could be said, "her sun hath gone down, while it is yet day." A half century has passed away since then, some of that family I know, and perhaps all, have died, but that solitary grave remains by the roadside a sad memento of those early years.

Deacon J. C. Buchanan, of Grand Rapids, recently stated to me that in 1843, the late Rev. T. Z. R. Jones, then living at Grand Rapids, lost by death his wife and a lovely daughter, and wishing to have the sad rites of sepulcher administered by a minister of the Baptist faith, Deacon Buchanan rode some fifteen miles and secured the attendance of Rev. Amos Chase, well known to some of us. But those early episodes were not always tragic. I have heard the late Rev. Alfred Cornell relate that one winter as himself and Mrs. Cornell were in his cutter going to the association and driving through the woods, they came to a chopping where two men had a job of clearing and as they were near together one of them had the misfortune to strike down his companion with his descending axe. Just at this juncture Mr. and Mrs. Cornell drove up. The injured man was incapable of helping himself. Mr. Cornell and the chopper lifted the wounded man into the cutter and conveyed him to the shanty used as a shelter by the choppers. The clothing of the injured man was removed, and it was found that while the clothing was badly cut by the axe, the skin of the chopper was not even scratched.

I have spoken of the early settlers, but I should be guilty of injustice did I fail to mention those minsters of the word who with but slight, and in many instances, no compensation, preached the words of life, ministered to the spiritual wants of their hearers, speaking words of comfort to the sick and dying, and when the light of the household had gone out, and the world seemed but a fountain of tears, then came the man of God with the comforting words of Him, who declared himself to be "the resurrection and the life." For several years after the association was organized, there was not a church edifice within its boundaries, and meetings were held in school houses usually built of logs, nor were the dwellings of the settlers more pretentious. Of small dimensions the loft under the roof was the only spare room for the guest. To reach his appointment the minister would follow the windings of the trail, or over muddy roads, if there were any, to meet the members at covenant meeting, and at its close go home with some of them until the Sabbath was past. The accomodations and the entertainment were of the plainest description. But if the surroundings were rude those occasions were profitable, for there the Holy Spirit did his office work and souls entered into the kingdom to become the working forces of the churches of today, but some have fallen asleep in Jesus. The fathers where are they? I shall not attempt to call the roll of all the pioneers, but cannot forbear to name some, with whom I was personally acquainted—John Van Vleck, N. G. Chase, Amos Chase, T. Z. R. Jones, John M. Coe, J. H. Basco, the first pastor of this Greenville church, Caleb Rice, F. L. Batchelder, C. Clutz, L. B. Fish, J. H. Morrison, Alfred Cornell, and lastly, but not by any means least, Henry H. Watson of the Greenville church. It was not my fortune to know Brother Watson personally until he became an honored member of the State Legislature, to which he was subsequently re-elected. He was then recognized as a courteous and consistent christian gentleman, firm in his adherence to principles, and known, as no other member was know, for his opposition to the liquor traffic. In the meeting of this association in 1866, he introduced a resolution on this subject, which was unanimously adopted. But it was in respect to the sympathy he felt for the success of the gospel that I would especially speak. In assisting feeble churches he was exceedingly liberal. I remember his contribution at one time of fifty dollars to the church at Gowan. He was a magnificent man.

I must not omit mention of that faithful pioneer preacher Alfred Cornell. I remember him as returning home fully fifty years ago from his pastorate at Macedon, N. Y. With a fervency in his love for the Master and his cause which overlooked all obstacles, he brought the power of a strong will, and in winter's cold and summer's heat he answered every call in preaching the gospel. I am now speaking of him in the strength

of his manhood, in the meridian of his life, 45 or 50 years ago. He realized that in this new country he would be called to officiate on occasions when there would not be time for preparation, and on that account accustomed himself to speak extempore, a rule which, with a very few exceptions, he maintained all through his life. His logic was clear and his argument cogent and conclusive. His sermons were grains of wisdom, and his kind deeds were not heaped on the threshing floor alone, but scattered all along life's journey. He early became a working power in this association, and because of his sympathy in suffering, his presence was always desired on occasions of sorrow and bereavment. He was a tireless worker in the vineyard of his Lord, and knew no fatigue until he was exhausted. It is not surprising then, that for several years before his death he was worn out. Human nature could not endure the strain, yet on special occasions he would occupy the pulpit doing what he could for his Lord. Thus he lived and labored until he had passed his eightieth mile post on life's journey. He was the best exposition of a christian gentleman I ever knew. Like Bunyan's pilgrim he had reached Beulah land and peacefully waited until the summons came. Such influences, such examples, such lives become a living endless power, intimately connected with the power of an endless life.

Aged fathers and mothers, how joyful are occasions like this to us. Our warfare is well nigh accomplished; the cords of our tabernacle are being loosened, and from its fluttering folds we look out, not backward upon the past, with its shortcomings, its failures and its general unprofitableness, but forward to the future when the landscape is bright, is radiant, more it is effulgent with the sunlight of God's eternal love. Apparently but one step remains yet to be taken, and when that is accomplished, with us the drama of human life will be ended, and we shall be at home with God.

HISTORY OF CRYSTAL LAKE TOWNSHIP, BENZIE COUNTY.

BY N. A. PARKER.

[Read before the Pioneer Association of said county, at a meeting held in Benzonia, August 15, 1895, and revised in 1897.]

The pioneer! who shall fittingly tell the story of his life and work?

The soldier leads an assault; it lasts but a few minutes, he knows that whether he lives or dies, immortal renown will be his reward. What wonder then there are brave soldiers; but when this soldier of peace assaults the wilderness, no bugles sound the charge; the forests, the

wild beasts, the savages, the malaria, the fatigue, are the foes that lurk to ambush him, and if against the unequal odds he falls, no volleys are fired above his grave; the pitiless world simply sponges his name from the slate. Thus he blazes the trail, thus he fells the trees, plants his rude hut, and thus he faces the hardships and whatever fate awaits him; his self-contented soul keeps its finger on his lips and no lamentations are heard. He smooths the ragged fields, he turns the streams; and the only cheer that is his, is when he sees the grain ripen and the flowers bloom where before was only the frown of the wilderness. When, over the trail that he has blazed, enlightenment comes joyously, with unsoiled sandals, and homes and temples spring upon the native mould that was first broken by him, his youth is gone; hope has been chastened into silence within him, and he realizes that he is but a back number. Not one in a thousand realizes the texture of the manhood that has been exhausted within him; few comprehend his nature or have any comprehension of his labors and sacrifices. But he is content. The shadows of the wilderness have been chased away; the savage beast and savage man have retired before him; nature has brought her flowers to strew the pathway of his old age; in his soul he feels that somewhere the record of his work and his high thoughts have been kept; and so he smiles upon the young generation and is content. May that contentment be his to the end.

But this is the serious side of the pioneer's life. There are others who have said and who will continue to say: What of hardship, when youth and beauty walk side by side. What of danger, when one feels the young heart throbbing in his breast.

Who talkes of loneliness while as yet, no fetter has been welded upon hope, while yet the unexplored and unpeopled expanse of earth beckon the brave to come to woo and to possess them. The pioneers were not unhappy. The air is still filled with the echoes of their songs; their bright and homely sayings have gone into tradition; the impressions which they made upon the world is a monument which will tell of their achievements, record their sturdy virtues, and exalt their glorified names. But I am reminded that I am expected to speak of the early history of Crystal Lake Township, in Benzie county; but as soon as I make the attempt I am also reminded that the qualifications of an historian, call for the exercise of a mind of the highest literary attainments. He should possess, in a high degree, qualifications that are antagonistic to each other; he should be a profound and correct reasoner and possess a clear and lofty imagination; yet his reasonings should not be so abstract as that the lesson should lose its vividness, nor should the imagination go beyond giving vivacity and picturesqueness to the subject under consideration. He should reason logically from cause to

effect and vice versa, but never supply matter from a too vivid imagination.

He should be unbiased and unprejudiced and refrain from casting his facts in the mold of his own hypothesis. Viewing history and an historian in this light, there is no need of an apology from me for not appearing before you as an historian on this occasion. It would be a misnomer to apply the term history, in an exact sense to the disconnected events, facts and circumstances relating to Crystal Lake Township, that I have been able to group together in the limited time accorded to me.

Suppose the history of Crystal Lake township was to be written, where should the historian begin? We call that section new; but the hills with which it abounds, are old, "Old as the hills." Where are there any hills their seniors? Geologists tell us that when the great illuminator of day pierced, at the close of the nebulous epoch, that impenetrable mist that had shrouded the earth from his gaze for ages upon ages like a pall of midnight blackness, on this continent, his first golden beams lighted up the hills in the region of Lake Superior: That the seething, surging restless sea, that had receded from their summits, lashed with angry waves their rocky cliffs, long ages before the lowest forms of vegetable life found a lodgment upon their crumbling surfaces; and yet we call those hills, valleys and tablelands new. These beautiful native forests, bedecked with their glittering, fragrant foilage were no mean saplings when Columbus played the courtier at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, while impatiently waiting the result of his petition to discover a continent and place at their disposal a "New World."

But who of the race of Adam, was its first inhabitants? The antiquarian delving into the depths of the earth, and groping among fossils and mounds has brought to light indubitable proof that our beautiful Peninsula of Michigan was once peopled by a numerous race of men, long since extinct,—powerful in frame, and majestic in mien, whose instincts were schooled in the arts and sciences, in many respects, far beyond our knowledge, in this boasted age of discovery, invention and progress. Who, among us, so bold as to doubt that these hills and valleys, and the banks of our beautiful lakes, and meandering streams, were peopled by that same extinct race, and the hum of their industries resounded from hill-top to hill-top and made glad the hearts of its teeming populace? Are we then to boast, that we are the first to occupy these hills, and the valleys that lie between? Why, we have scarcely ceased to turn to the surface with our plow-shares, the moulding remains of the red man, or to obliterate their winding trails on the hill-side, beaten and worn in his chase after the elk and the otter.

Passing by the toilsome exploits of Father Marquette, the French Missionary, in his labors among the Hurons and Ottawas and other tribes of the Algonquins, who was among the first of the Europeans to penetrate to the waters of Lake Michigan, and to gaze with wondering admiration upon its broad expanse,—we pause only to give a momentary glimpse at the burial place of this devoted, tireless worker.

A number of places along the east shore of Lake Michigan have published a claim to know and to possess the site where Father Marquette died and was first buried. If to know the exact spot or site, has an historic or other value, it may be again mentioned that not a little research has been given to ascertain that fact with certainty, as far as it was possible. It is recorded that he died, May 18th, 1675, while making north along the east shore of Lake Michigan, for "Du Traverse Bay," from his trip among the Indian tribes of Illinois and Wisconsin, when falling ill from exhaustion, old age and a fever he directed his two Indian companions to put their frail canoe into a stream emptying into Lake Michigan described on the early French Missionary's maps, of that region, as the "Fourth stream," (entering) or emptying into Lake Michigan, south from "Du Traverse Bay." This very clearly fixes the place at the mouth of the Betsy river—(See 3 Volume, page 105 and note of Wisconsin Historical Collection)—which states that Father Marquette "Died May 18th, 1675, and was buried on the bank of the Aux Becs Scies river, near its mouth," and cites an address by the Hon. Judge Law, delivered before the young men's Catholic institute, Wednesday evening, Jan. 31, 1855, at Cincinnati, Ohio.

In 1721, and before his (Marquette) remains were removed to St. Ignace, Mich. for burial, Lord Charlevoix visited the place of the first interment, and noted the fact and expressed it in that reverent frame of mind, with which it impressed him, "That the very waters of the river had receded from his sacred resting place in deference to him." This would accord with the fact or natural phenomena of the action of the waters of all streams emptying into Lake Michigan, on the east shore thereof, in event his remains were buried on the hill or mound of the so called Island, at the mouth of the Aux Becs Scies river; since that Island, (so called) or mound, was then situate on the south side of said river, at its mouth, and all the streams emptying into Lake Michigan, turn to trend to the north and thus wear away the banks on the north side, and deposits silt and alluvium on the south side at their mouths, which would produce the phenomena so observed and reverently mentioned by Lord Charlevoix. In 1865 or 1866, when Congress made its first appropriation to excavate a deep water channel from lake Michigan into the Aux Becs Scies or Betsy lake, and to make that lake a harbor of refuge, the government survey abandoned the old or original outlet of

the river and surveyed a route or course for such channel, south of the mound or site of the supposed burial place of Marquette, which was afterwards excavated and made the permanent channel to the harbor that we see at this date; the current of the river following this new channel. The winds, aided by the refuse from the lumber saw-mills, which have been deposited there, soon drifted the "old channel or outlet" with sand, so that the waters of the river and harbor, ceased to find there an exit. Still the mound or elevated land between the old and new channels is called "The Island" by people in its vicinity, although it now forms a part of the main land on the north side of the harbor, river, or channel constructed by the United States Government.

Leaving unrehearsed Longfellow's sadly but beautifully told tale of Evangeline's wanderings along the shores of lake Michigan; and onward to the Saginaws in the vain search after her lover, "Gabriel, the son of Basil, the blacksmith;" and heeding not the various hunters and trappers, that have explored this region and noted, from time to time, these beautiful hills and lakes, and their surroundings, we find that permanent settlements had been made by European descendants, in many places, in "Northern Michigan" before the first white settler pitched his tent on the Territory, now known as Crystal Lake township, in Benzie county, with a view of making that his abiding place.

In the summer of 1850, an active young hunter and trapper of English descent, launched his canoe at the South Manitou Island, in lake Michigan, and paddled his way to the main land, then south along the shore on a tour of observation, scanning the high bluffs, the tabled woodlands and sandy beach, passing capes, bays and inlets, until he reached the mouth of a stream, flowing into lake Michigan, now known as the Aux Becs Scies or Betsy river. He put into the river, beached his boat, and bivouaced for the night. The next morning he made further observation of his surroundings and was so delighted with them that he there and then determined to make that place his future abode. That person was Joseph Oliver, Senior, who was born Oct., 1821, in Pennsylvania, and the first actual settler on the present site of Frankfort, in Crystal Lake township, and who is still a resident in South Frankfort, although we regret to say in feeble health.

Although he did not carry his plans into effect until three or four years afterwards, still no one preceded him; and in 1853 or 1854, he moved with his Indian wife, family and effects to that place and erected his log house on the point of land at the confluence of the river with Lake Michigan. The site of his log hut is now the open to commons in front of the "Park House" or hotel, on fractional section 21, town 26 north, range 16 west, according to United States survey afterwards made.

For more than two years, Mr. Oliver pursued his calling of trapping, hunting and fishing, with no neighbor nearer than Herring Lake, on the south and the South Manitou Island on the north. During the interim of Mr. Oliver's first tour of observation and his settlement at the mouth of the Aux Becs Scies river, an incident occurred, although casual in its nature, which set in motion a train of circumstances that led up to the founding of a harbor and village at Frankfort, and the settlement of Crystal Lake township, and in a large measure to the development of other portions of the territory embraced in what is now Benzie county.

It was this: In the early years of the fifties, the extensive commercial and manufacturing firm or house of Tifft & Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., was carrying on a heavy commercial trade between Buffalo and Chicago and points between, along the chain of great lakes; and for that purpose they had a number of sailing vessels in their service, transporting products of exchange. Among other duties enjoined upon the masters of their vessels, they were charged with those of making exact observations of everything that was, or would likely become, of value for investments; such as sites for cities for manufacturing purposes, commercial harbors, and centers of trade, valuable timber and agricultural lands and the like, and to keep a record of the same, and report the same to their employers, which records and reports were carefully reviewed and preserved by the Tifft Company. On the return trip from Chicago, of one of their sailing vessels, at the time mentioned (in 1853 or 1854), in a heavy sea on Lake Michigan, while off the mouth of the Aux Becs Scies river, a coast then unknown to the master of the sailing craft, the vessel lost its rudder and became unseaworthy to such a degree that the master saw he must be dashed on shore before the injuries sustained could be permanently repaired. He scanned the shore with his glasses and saw a depression in the land and concluded there must be an inlet or marsh, and determined at once to head his vessel before the wind and sea and allow their forces to drive him inland as far as they would, rather than to be beached against a bold precipitous bluff. All on board were directed to bend their energies to improvise a rudder, which was thrown overboard and managed so as to head the vessel for the lowlands and with all sails set, each man stood at his post to await the result. With the Captain's hand on the helm, with the furious speed from the impelling force of wind and wave, they dashed along and entered the mouth of the river, and to their amazement and delight shot directly and unharmed into a deep-water-land-locked-bay. Sails were lowered and anchor dropped at once and they were at rest and unharmed in the placid waters of Aux Becs Scies or Betsy lake.

A boat was at once lowered and accurate soundings of the harbor were made and recorded; measurements of the extent of the inland lake were

taken and extended up to the river proper; then on shore, the land, timber, character of soil and of the surface waters were examined and recorded. While their observations and explorations were being made, the ship's carpenter was repairing the vessel, and when the wind had shifted to the east, all were ready to continue their voyage; anchors and sails were hoisted and without mishaps, they smoothly glided out on to the broad expanse of Lake Michigan, and on to their home port, there to discharge, without loss, their cargo and to report their find.

Tifft & Co. acting at once upon the vessel master's report, interested themselves to have Congress and the department of the Interior, at Washington, D. C., to cause the lands in the vicinity of the lake and river of the Aux Becs Scies, surveyed and placed on market for sale, and preemption, which was accordingly done. Mr. Orange Risdon, since deceased, who was the father of Robert Risdon, late of Manistee, Michigan, also deceased was the U. S. surveyor, who surveyed the lands. As soon as the lands were surveyed and land-office opened for their entry, Tifft & Co., who had not been idle, but had anticipated the Government's action in surveying and offering the lands for pre-emption, had secured a large quantity of soldier's land warrants, granted by the U. S. Government to soldiers of the wars of 1812, of the Mexican and Indian wars, and as soon as it was announced by the Government that these lands were open for entry, Tifft & Co. presented their land warrants at the U. S. Land-office, and pre-empted nearly all the lands lying between the Aux Becs Scies river on the south and Crystal lake on the north, and from lake Michigan on the west to some distance east of the outlet of Crystal lake. About the time these lands were being secured by Tifft & Co., George S. Frost, of Detroit, since deceased, who was a brother of Eugene B. Frost, now a resident of Frankfort, became aware of the location and value of their lands and of the great natural advantages of the water-ways in their vicinity, and of the desirability of the present site of Frankfort, for a commercial and manufacturing city, combined with other capitalists of Detroit, among them Nelson H. Wing and Henry K. Sanger and Mr. L. O. Medbury and some others, who located other tracts of land in the vicinity not covered by the Tifft Co., and then made a proposition to Tifft & Co to purchase all the lands they had pre-empted, with a view of founding a colony upon them; but Tifft & Co. held their interests, in the said lands so high in price that a deal and transfer was not made at that time. About two or three years later, and during the widespread financial panic of 1859, Tifft & Co. becoming financially embarrassed, sent word to George S. Frost and his associates, they were then ready to sell them said lands, on the terms they had offered to pay two or three years before. Mr. Frost was dispatched at once to Buffalo and consummated the purchase and from that time on the lands in question were known as

the property of the Frankfort Land Co. Although the company was not a corporation, nor yet a co-partnership, the lands being owned in severalty, yet George S. Frost was made general agent for all the owners, and manager of the enterprise of platting the town, and founding a colony according to their original plan projected some three or four years previous.

In 1855, Joseph Robarge, of French descent and since deceased (several of whose descendants survive him, and are still living in South Frankfort; among them are five daughters, Mrs. Joseph Oliver, Sr., Mrs. John Greenwood, Mrs. Daniel Buchanan, Mrs. Couse and Mrs. Frank Martin), was the next to settle with his family, on what was to become the sight of Frankfort and became a neighbor to Mr. Oliver; locating two fractional lots, in section 27—26—16, embracing nearly all of the platted grounds of the present site of the village of South Frankfort.

The same or next year, Mr. John Dora, also of French descent, who is still living in South Frankfort with his family, settled on the north side of Betsy lake near the present site of Bellows Bros. steam saw-mill. In May, 1858, Charles Lavaux came from Chicago in a sail vessel to Herring lake to assist in lumbering operations being carried on by a Mr. Harrison Averill, and soon after visited the Robarge family on Betsy lake.

Notwithstanding the efforts made by George S. Frost and his coworkers to found a colony at Frankfort, as the location had now taken that name, the spring of 1859 still found Mr. Oliver, Mr. Dora and Mr. Robarge and their families, the only residents at the mouth of the river and lake Aux Becs Scies; but they had not long to wait, for in the early summer of that year, Louis A. and Henry G. Doaby, two young men without families, came on with a contract with the so called "Frankfort Land Company" to improve the outlet of the river so as to admit lake vessels and to construct permanent piers at the channel. They erected for a boarding house the two story frame building now standing on the corner of Second and Main streets in the village of Frankfort, and drove the first piles in what was known as the "Old Piers" at the original outlet of the river on the north side of the so called "Island."

The first fourteen blocks of the village of Frankfort having been platted and recorded in August, 1859, William H. Coggshall (who died in Frankfort in 1888), with his family moved from Glen Haven, Leelanau county, Michigan, and was the third to settle on the north side of Betsy lake, and the first to purchase lots in the recorded plat of Frankfort; and afterwards erected the two-story frame building, now situate on Forest avenue between Second and Third streets, and occupied by him when he died. Before erecting their dwelling, the Coggshalls occupied the Doaby boarding house, boarding them and their men, while constructing the

piers and channel between Lake Michigan and the harbor, Wm. N. Coggshall becoming the first U. S. postmaster in Frankfort.

In the spring of 1860, the first town meeting of Crystal Lake township was held at the "Doaby House," in Frankfort; the township at that time comprised all the present territory of Benzie county and was then a township of Leelanau county and attached to Grand Traverse county for judicial purposes, and men came from what is now Almira, Platt, Benzonia, Blaine and Gilmore, to vote. Among the voters at that first town meeting as appear on the records still extant of Crystal Lake township, appear the names of John Bailey, Charles Eliphalet Bailey, Horace and Elijah Burr, Pitt Barnes, of Benzonia, Harris Abby and James Ayers, of Almira. Louis A. Doaby was elected supervisor, William H. Coggshall, treasurer, and Charles C. Adams, clerk.

In the fall of 1858, Alvinzi S. Dow and family, formerly of Pennsylvania who is still residing in South Frankfort, came with a contract and with machinery, sent by the "Frankfort Land Company," to erect and construct a steam saw-mill on the site of the one now owned and operated by D. B. Butler, which was aftewards destroyed by fire, September, 1875.

In the fall of 1859, John Greenwood and Frank Martin sons-in-law of Joseph Robarge and two or three other families settled in South Frankfort; in April, 1860, Mr. Richard Ball came with his family from Cleveland, Ohio and settled on Sec. 16, where he now resides.

During the spring and summer of 1860, the steam saw-mill was completed by Mr. Dow, also the channel and piers to the harbor, by Messrs. Doaby, but no new or further additions to the population for permanent settlement were made. The transient workers on the piers and mill had completed their work and gone. The spring of 1861 (Dora, Oliver and Dow, having moved to South Frankfort), found Mr. Coggshall, Charles Lavaux, son-in-law to Mr. Coggshall, and Mr. Ball and their families the only occupants of the north side of the lake and river, when twelve months before they were cheered with the prospects of a rapid and permanent settlement and improvement. The war of the southern Rebellion, having burst upon the American people, turned the attention of all toward the south, rather than founding colonies and cities in Northern Michigan. During the next succeeding seven years, Mr. Coggshall and Chas. Lavaux remained the first and only purchaser and settler on the first recorded plat, of the village of Frankfort, which plat embraced all the land lying between the harbor on the south to the bluff on the north, and from Fifth street on the east to the Park on the west. In 1865, the war having closed, the ownership in the lands possessed by the so called "Frankfort Land Company," having changed in part and Mr. George S. Frost having become the controlling owner and manager, active measures were taken by him to renew the project of colonizing the town and of

building up the contemplated commercial and manufacturing city of Frankfort. Congress was memorialized to make the Aux Becs Scies lake a "harbor of refuge." The petition was granted and an appropriation of $98,000 was made for the purpose and to open up a new channel on the south side of the so called "Island." The contract for excavating such channel and constructing the piers was awarded to Hon. D. C. Whitwood, of Detroit, since deceased, and Thos. Hubbell of Saginaw, who commenced work under the contract in 1866 with Edward G. Chambers, who is still living in Frankfort, as U. S. Government Harbor Master, and inspector of the works under the contract. In 1866, Jacob E. Voorheis, since deceased, was sent to Frankfort as local agent, by the Frankfort Land Company," to look after their interests and to encourage settlements and improvements, who in 1867, was succeeded by Eugene B. Frost, who, as before stated, is a brother of George S. Frost, and who is still residing with his family in Frankfort.

In 1867 and 1868 the tide of settlers tended towards Northern Michigan and mechanics and artisans, traders and settlers, ex-soldiers and land speculators came pouring in from every quarter, and in such hurried confusion, and in such numbers that the mechanics and builders could not construct buildings or provide accommodations fast enough to meet the pressing demands of the hour. Not only was Frankfort being settled and built up, but the Government land throughout the county was being rapidly located and settled until, by 1869, it was difficult to find a forty acre lot in the county that was not pre-empted as a homestead or purchased for agricultural or speculative purposes. The succeeding years have been reasonably prosperous for the people of Frankfort and Crystal Lake township. During periods of business depressions, we have had to slaken our pace and some of our people have become dissatisfied with the prospects of Frankfort and Benzie county (and we regret to count among them, sometimes, some of our most esteemed citizens), and have gone to other sections of our country in the hope of bettering their condition, until almost every state and territory in the union, has or has had, its representatives from Crystal Lake township; and after wandering for a time, feeding upon husks, some have returned quite content to remain; while from others who have not returned, the word has come back from them: "Don't come to this place or country; you are better off in Benzie county."

Geographically Crystal Lake township is the west central township in the county, and embraces a portion of the sections of land in town 26 north, in ranges 15 and 16 west, according to U. S. survey, and is bounded on the north by Lake township, and a beautiful sheet of water about nine miles in length and nearly three miles in width bearing the same name as the township; on the east by Benzonia township; on the south by Betsy

river and Gilmore township, and on the west by lake Michigan. In extent of surface it embraces as near as may be fourteen sections of land; many of its sections being fractional, owing to much of the land bordering on the Betsy river and the contiguous lakes. As previously stated when Benzie was organized as a county, Crystal Lake was the only organized township in its limits, and in territory co-extensive with the limits of the county. As other townships have been, from time to time, carved out of its territory it has become reduced in extent to its present limits. The surface is rolling or moderately hilly between Betsy river and Crystal lake, and in some places the bluffs on lake Michigan attain an elevation of 400 feet above the level of the lake. The soil is varied, but the sandy gravel loam with a clay subsoil predominates in all uplands, while considerable tracts of muck or peat lands are found along the river bottoms and at points near Crystal lake.

The prevailing native timber here, as throughout the western half of the county, is maple, beach, hemlock and cedar with a sprinkling of white and black ash, oak, cherry and birch. The land when cleared of its forests and under cultivation, as a large portion of this township now is, is found to be well adapted for all farm crops grown in the lower peninsula of the State and especially for all kinds of fruit including the peach and grape, pear, plums, cherry, as well as apple and all the small fruits, that formerly was thought could only be successfully grown in more southern districts.

The modifying influences of the open waters of Lake Michigan during the winter (Lake Michigan never freezing over) upon the temperature owing to the prevailing winds from the west, are so marked, that a uniform temperature is maintained on land but little below the freezing point during the winter months, and even during the cold waves that are general throughout the State, mercury uniformly registers 15 degrees to 20 degrees colder at Lansing, Ann Arbor and Kalamazoo than at Frankfort.

The adaptability for fruit growing of all these lands contiguous to the east shore of Lake Michigan in what is known as the "Fruit Belt," has induced most of the cultivators of the soil to engage in that industry, to supply the markets of Chicago, Milwaukee, the mining regions of the Upper Peninsula and other western and northern districts with fruit.

The population of Crystal Lake township as given by the census of 1894, was 1,604; at date hereof (1897), is estimated to be 2,000 or more, which is largely centered in the incorporated village of Frankfort, situate on the north bank of the Betsy river at its confluence with Lake Michigan.

The first settlers in Crystal Lake township were nearly all American born, who came here largely from Southern Michigan, the New England

States, New York, and Ohio, and that element predominates at this date, although there has since come a sprinkling of Germans and Norwegians.

The education of the young received early attention by organizing and establishing schools under the system of the State, and the first teacher of a public school employed in Frankfort, was Miss Minnie Gillott, who became the wife of N. W. Nelson, an attorney, who settled in Frankfort in 1866-7, both of whom died recently in Manistee. From the first, careful attention and liberal patronage has been given to maintain efficient schools with competent teachers. After the township became reduced to its present territorial limits, it was organized into a graded school district, and has since maintained a Central High School with ward schools annexed. In 1893 the district erected the present three story, ten room brick, central school building, finished and furnished with all modern improvements and appliances for school purposes, and employs eleven teachers, including the superintendent. The school population of the district as per school census of 1896 was five hundred and twenty-two. In 1870 the "Frankfort Literary Society" was organized by the adult portion of the community for advanced study and the discussion of practical subjects, and founded a library of several hundred volumes of valuable books covering a wide range of practical and useful subjects; having for its bases, Appleton's American Encyclopedia, Worcester's Dictionary, and other Lexicographic works of reference, and maintained weekly meetings to the acknowledged benefit and advantage, not only of the participants, but to stimulating the community in educational subjects and to the betterment of public affairs; which society and library is still in existence and doing practical work.

In 1867 the Congregationalists organized the first church or religious society in the township, and erected a frame church edifice on the corner of Forest Ave. and Fifth St., in Frankfort, (which they have lately improved by constructing under it a substantial brick basement) and installed Rev. A. H. Fletcher as first pastor, who officiated as such until 1874, when he was called to another field of labor, and has since died. Mr. Fletcher is revered by all who knew him for his labors, reformatory and educational. Subsequently other religious societies organized and erected church buildings and have since maintained church services, viz., and in the following order: Methodist Episcopal, Norwegian Lutheran, Adventists, and Catholic. The Congregationalists and Methodist have been and are today the dominant societies. Other societies, charitable, social, reformatory and beneficial have been organized and are existing and flourishing at the present time; prominent among which may be mentioned: Masonic Societies (Master Mason and Royal Arch), Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Grand Army of the Republic, Knights of the Maccabees—Ladies of the Maccabees, Independent Order

of Foresters, Sons of Temperance, Knights of Pythias, Knights of the Royal Guards, and the Ladies' Literary Society. The natural advantages and accessibility of Aux Becs Scies lake at the mouth of the river for a harbor, having been observed and reported to the government by the early U. S. surveyors of the east shore of lake Michigan, it was designated by Act of Congress in 1866 as a "Harbor of Refuge" for the commerce of the lakes; and annual appropriations have since been made by Congress for its improvement as such, and also for erecting and equipping and maintaining a Government Light House, Fog bell, and Life Saving Station and Weather Signal at the entrance of the harbor, until it is now counted one of the best harbors of refuge on the east shore of lake Michigan; the harbor also being designated a port of entry, a Dept. U. S. Collector of Customs is also stationed here.

Four miles north of the harbor on the shore, is located the Point Betsy U. S. light house, and also another U. S. Life Saving Station, both of which are well manned with trained crew, who are equipped and on duty during the season of navigation.

The earliest methods of communication by water between Frankfort and other ports and places along the shore was by small sail boats called "hookers" and by crudely constructed row boats called "Mackinaws" and canoes, the latter were mostly used by the Indians, hunters, trappers, fishermen, who frequently visited Frankfort from Leelanau county, Manitou, Fox and Beaver Islands to sell baskets and other wares of their construction, and also berries in their season. Later and about 1866, a small steamboat called the "Barber" plied along the shore from Manistee and as far north as Glen Arbor, touching at Frankfort, which was then regarded a great improvement on the former methods of travel by water, and a great convenience to the early settlers who came from Detroit and points east via "Northern Transportation Company" propellers, that at that time plied between Ogdenberg, N. Y., on the St. Lawrence river and through the Welland canal to Chicago and intermediate ports, stopping at Glen Arbor for wood supply, landing passengers and freight at that place, which were taken by the Barber to Frankfort. In 1866 or 1867, the "Fountain City" and Mohawk," two large lake propellers plying between Buffalo, N. Y. and Chicago, began making fortnightly stops at Frankfort on their trips up and down the lake, alternating so as to give Frankfort a boat each week, usually, that greatly facilitated travel, traffic, and communication, "outside," as it was commonly called from the closed in, or confined, feeling experienced by each new comer after leaving the boat and watching its departure, who had been accustomed to living where there was ample railroad facilities for travel and traffic.

In 1869 the "Frankfort Furnace Company" (a corporation having its principal office in Detroit) had erected its smelting works in what is now South Frankfort, employing steam barges to bring iron ore from lake Superior region and carry away "pig iron," the products from its smelting works, opened another avenue of communication to points not only on Lake Michigan, but to Detroit and Cleveland, Ohio, where a portion of said products was marketed. About 1870 the "Englemann Transportation Company" organized by Milwaukee and Manistee capitalists, put a line of steamers on Lake Michigan to run between those two ports, touching at Frankfort, as the passenger and freight traffic had increased so considerably as to induce the undertaking which proved successful. By this time (1870 and 1871) the business of Frankfort had increased to such proportions, by reason of iron works, and the saw mills, coupled with the fishing interests on Lake Michigan and the influx of population settling in the interior, that a considerable fleet of steamers, barges, sailing vessels, and steam tugs were daily seen coming and going from the harbor during the season of navigation; but when that closed, the term, "outside" had an intensified meaning to the inhabitants, since the nearest railroad was the "Detroit, Milwaukee and Grand Haven," at the last named place, fully 200 miles away, which could be reached only by horse and wheel or sleigh travel over unimproved roads, through vast forests of native timber, until the Traverse City branch of the "Grand Rapids and Indiana R. R." was completed in November, 1872, which brought a station within 40 miles. In 1881-82 "The Flint and Pere Marquette R. R." was completed to Manistee which reduced the distance by 10 miles to a R. R. station. After that our R. R. communication with the outside world was not improved until the "Ann Arbor R. R." was constructed west from Cadillac, and the "Frankfort and South Eastern railroad," from Frankfort east until the two roads formed a junction at Copemish in the fall of 1889.

The county being so long without railroads, the settlers gave early and judicious attention to laying out, building and improving the highways and in constructing bridges, to which end the State contributed substantial aid in constructing in 1869 and 70 two State roads through the county; one extending from Manistee to Traverse City and the other from Manistee along the shore and through Crystal Lake township to Glen Arbor in Leelanau county, all of which greatly facilitated business intercourse and U. S. mail service, which, with post offices, were early established throughout the county upon solicitation of the settlers.

While much may be said of Frankfort and vicinity as a summer resort for the tourist, invalid and angler, its delights and beauties and benefits may be better told by the hundreds that annually make their pilgrimage hither, to avail themselves of the advantages they afford in those direc-

tions. And while one recognizes those advantages to exist here in a degree unsurpassed by any other section of the State or country, still it is not claimed they are superior to many other places in northern Michigan and Wisconsin; which sections it is believed are soon to become, and are fast becoming, the summer breathing places for the teeming thousands of the sweltering cities and towns in the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, as the Highlands of Scotland are to the invalids, anglers and tourists of London and Continental Europe.

Among the special attractions of Frankfort and vicinity may be mentioned, Crystal lake, two miles north, Herring lake, five miles south, and Betsy river and its tributaries all of which have been stocked by the State Fish Commissioner, from the State hatcheries, through the solicitations and aid of some of its enterprising citizens, with gamey trout and other fine fish which are free to the public in the season of catching; while Frankfort itself, is nestled between two hills rising abruptly to an altitude of 400 feet above the level of Lake Michigan, that are covered with native hard-wood timber, affording inviting retreats that overlook at the same time the harbor, town, and the great lake.

The village is regularly laid out with broad streets and alleys, lighted by electric lights, and has spacious public parks of native forest trees, streets graded and improved, walks safely constructed, with ample mail, express, and telegraphic facilities, and two flowing mineral wells spouting their crystal waters from a depth of 2,000 below the surface, millions of gallons of the same flow that comes from the wells at Ypsilanti and Mt. Clemens in this State, as shown by the official report of the analysis by Prof. Kedzie of the Michigan Agricultural College. The village owns and operates its system of water works for fire protection and domestic use. Here too is seen the daily practice of the U. S. L. S. crews, the daily departure and arrival of the mammoth car ferries of the Ann Arbor R. R., taking each trip an entire train of cars, loaded with freight, across Lake Michigan, that rivals in boldness of conception and in perfection of execution all similar undertakings the world around.

The entire township is rich in geological, archaeological, paleontological and prehistoric finds, with ancient mounds and Indian burial relics, such as flint clippings, copper tools and ornaments, stone implements, etc.

Among the earliest investors in Crystal Lake township who were interested in or have contributed to its growth and development, that have since died, may be mentioned Hon. Erastus Corning of Albany, N. Y.; Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Henry Day of the law firm of Lord, Day and Lord, New York City; Hon. Horace Fairbanks, of Fairbanks scales celebrity of St. Johnsbury, Vt.; also Sumner S. Thompson, Dudley P. Hall and Benjamin F. Lincoln of same place; Henry K. Sanger, Nelson H. Wing, L. O. and L. R. Medbury, Geo. S. Frost, Mr. Mills and

Hon. Deodatus C. Whitwood of Detroit; Prof. Alexander Winchel, State Geologist, Ann Arbor; Hon. James M. Ashley of Toledo, Ohio, the projector of the T. and A. A. and Northern R. R. and the mammoth Car Ferries across Lake Michigan, and of actual settlers who have passed away; Joseph Robarge and wife Margaret, Wm. H. Coggshall and Margaret, his wife; Mrs. Galusha Ball, wife of Richard Ball; Mrs. Anna Eliza Voorheis, first wife of Dr. Isaac Voorheis; Rowland O. Crispin, John H. Adams, judge of probate for several years; Thomas Cooper, Charles C. Adams, first town clerk; Levi Lee, Hiram D. Keeler, father of Mrs. P. McGregor and Geo. Wm. Keeler; Mrs. John B. Collins, Henry Bellows, father of Bellows Bros.; Dr. Thomas M. Harvey, Solomon and Victory Saterlee, who built and kept the first hotel; F. Wm. Hopkins, Orrin Heffron, Martha Waldron, maiden sister of Mrs. Joseph A. Pierce, Samuel W. Benton, David M. Fish, son-in-law of Eugene B. Frost; Eli B. Lansing, Stephen B. Wallis, Nathan G. Wakesfield and wife Anna, parents of Ausborn Wakefield; Warren H. Marsh and wife, Diana Spicer, wife of Hiram M. Spicer; Henry H. Woodward and wife Frances, parents of Geo. C., John H. and E. Tracy Woodward; Jacob E. Voorheis, Abram G. Butler, for many years agent for the "Frankfort Land Co;" James, Mathew and Anna Gallagher, N. West Nelson and Minnie, his wife, first attorney at law to locate in Frankfort, afterwards judge of probate for Manistee county; John Greenwood, Mrs. Isaac Carver, Daniel Marble, Joseph Oliver, Scotch stone mason, and his wife, Mrs. Charles Crittendon, Rev. A. H. Fletcher and wife, Mrs. Edward B. Fletcher, daughter of Levi Lee, Christian C. Curtis and wife Ann, John Sites and wife Alvina, parents of John and Lyman Sites, Albert E. Banks, Thomas C. Anderson, Lucius S. Marvin, Chas. Shepherd, Jerry Marquette, Peter Plont and wife, parents of Frank Plont, Thomas Gregerson, Dr. Alozo J. Slyfield, first keeper of Point Aux Becs Scies, U. S. Light House, Riley Carlton, Frank Martin, Mrs. Sarah (Pierson) Sensabaugh, Munson K. Hooper, Mrs. Hugh Lockhart and son William. The names of many others who came to Frankfort later and have since passed away might be recorded if space would permit in this connection.

OLDEN TIMES IN DETROIT.

FROM AN OLD LETTER COPYBOOK IN POSSESSION OF EPHRAIM S. WILLIAMS OF FLINT.

I propose to give the Pioneer Society a few copies of letters, invoices of goods, bills of lading, and shipping receipts from an old letter copy book. In those days there were no copy presses, but papers were copied

by writing the copies. I may not be able to get them perfect; although the writing and ink are perfect yet, the paper is very tender from age. I have had this relic for many years and still wish to retain it.

July 6th, 1774, Detroit.

Mr. Hayman Levy

Sir: Yours of the 22d April is just come to hand by Mr. Mitchell, but as the vessel goes away immediately, I have not time to reply thereto & this serves to advise you that I have been obliged to draw on you in fav'r of Messrs. H. Basset for £209, at 20 days sight for so much of Capt. Grant's carrier bills he had in his hands, & which I could not release otherwise.

There will go a vessel from here in two or three days by which I will write you more fully. I am &c. S. M. P. & G.

P. S.—I shall want very few articles from New York this year, as the Rum trade is confined to the Fort, it will lessen the consumption of that article.

[Please notice the dates. July 6 answer to one just received dated April 22, about three months, you will find it about from 3 to 6 months, and goods for spring trade, ordered in the fall, and for fall and winter ordered in the spring. There follows an order for goods:]

2 Brls. coarse salt. 1 bl. fine salt. 3 boxes chocolate.
3 boxes soap. 3 boxes mold candles.
3 " spermacity if they have cheapened.
1 Tierce loaf sugar. 11 lb. Bohea Tea in a keg.
12 Cannisters tea and 1 lb. Green tea.
15 lbs. Pigtail Tobacco. 15 lb. Hogtail Tobacco.
2 Brls. Mad[a]. Wine of about £50 the pipe.
1 " Teneriffe Wine full barrel.
2 " Red wine (Muscat.)
2 " Shrub. 1 bl. New England cheese.
40 prs. Mens shoes coarse.
20 " " neat coarse.
20 " Womens leather coarse.
20 " everlasting coarse.
3 doz. Check shirts. 1 ps. of coarse blue coating.
2 ps. Russia sheeting. 6 doz. cheap blk. silk hand'f's.
3 doz. pairs Milled stockings.
2 Rheams P Printing Paper.
2 Hundred Quills. 2 bls. brown sugar.
1 Brand old spirits.
20 Beaver traps.
15 White Wampum
15 Black " } these for Indian trade.
Then follows two shipping bills of furs.

Invoice of Pack sent Mr. Hayman Levy, Detroit, 1774.

Mark and numbers.	Beaver.	Raccoon.	Parchment.	Dressed leather.	Red skins.	Blue skin.	Grey skins.	Bear skins.	Catts.	Panthers.	Wolves.	Foxes.
M. B. No. 20	122											
Pack 21			124									
" 22			118									
" 23			121									
" 24			123									
" 25				126½								
" 26				125½								
" 27						127						
" 28						116½						
" 29						125						
" 30					123							
" 31					111							
" 32					122							
" 33					120½							
" 34			122									
" 35			129									
" 36			121½									
" 37		175						2	23			
" 38		170							20	2		
" 39		200						1			1	
" 40							126½					
" 41							126					
" 42							130					
" 43			126½									
" 44							127					
" 45							121					
" 46							121					
" 47							127					
" 48			125									
" 49						126						
" 50					120							
" 51		100					4		13			70
" 52		200					4					
" 53			123									
" 54			122									
" 55							125					
	122	845	1,355	252	601	494	1,012	3	56	2	1	70

33 Bear Skins. Rec^{d} Detroit June 25th 1774, the above Thirty-six packs and thirty-three bear skins of Mr. Bannerman all in good order which I promise to deliver to Mr. Edw^{d} Sythe at Fort Erie in the same good condition, dangers of the Lake excepted, having signed two rec'ts of this time and date

by me Rich^{d} Wright Capt.

I will give another small order and letter which will show the times in Detroit in 1774. There are many more but these few will suffice.

Detroit, July 21, 1774.

Mr. Hayman Levy

Sir I inclose an order for what articles I require to assort me up for winter, draw upon me upon the old terms of 2½ Commission. As there is no Rum, you will have but little money to advance on this order. Let the goods be sent up as soon as possible, that they may not be by the was as some of my Fall supplys did last year, & which arriv^{d} only yesterday.. I have sold one piece of the blk strouds for £10. (strouds is a cloth used by Indians). The common piece of blue, cant expect to dispose of that to such advantage. I intend to set them up at the first Vendue as there is no liklihood of selling them at private sale. * * * I will give the order for goods spoken of above. To wit

2 Keggs Barley.
2 prs fashional neat errings, 2 prs Gold Rings Sett.
2 " Neat Gold Sleave buttons. 2 Bladders Scotch Snuff.
2 pair Looking Glass Mahogany gilt fraims—not too large.
A Barrel Ginger. 2 doz Chalk lines.
This is the order (enclosed.)

There is much more but it is in about the same style. Perhaps some day I may let the Society have the relic.

Detroit, June 25, 1774.

Mr. Hayman Levy

Sir; Your letters of the 29th & 31st of March & 15th of April are come to hand, but none of the goods are come this length yet. I am far from being satisfyed with your persisting in charging me the 2½ pr ct more in my supply's than what you began with & what I expected would be the rule you should stick to. Had I judged you capable of taking such an advantage without my approbation I would never have dealt with you, nor am I yet so involved with you, but I can easily be off. Inclosed you have the Invoice of the Contents of 36 Packs, I have this day Ship^{d} on board of one of the vessels to be forwarded to you. There will be very little Beaver this year owing to the hight of the Flood in this

region of country, which has overflowed & broke all the Dams & thereby hurt the Indians hunt.

I am &c, ————

Try if you can send me 50 or so good black Wampum soon as it will not take much room, any person thats coming will bring it up.

Then follows another invoice of 10 packs of furs consigned to H. Levy and shipped May 13th, 1774, containing 1350 Raccoon, 122 Beaver, 1105 Parchment, 128 Red Skins, 133 Grey Deer, 40 Catts & 12 Bear Skins.

Outside the Packs are 10 Red Skins, 5 Parchment, 1 Bear Skin.

[There appears no shipping receipt for the above 10 packs.]

ADDRESS BEFORE THE WASHTENAW COUNTY PIONEER SOCIETY, JUNE 12, 1895.

BY MRS. JULIA DEXTER STANNARD.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen and Pioneers of Washtenaw County:

The history of Washtenaw county and its early settlers claims our thoughts today. We put aside the cares and responsibilities of busy life and go back to those early days, when old Washtenaw was young. Some of the events of those times are amusing, and some are pathetic, but now, all are history.

Pleasant Washtenaw! with euphonious name, which we dwell upon with lingering fondness, with the beautiful river Huron which has brought to us, and to our children days of restful and healthful recreation, wonderful river, clear as crystal and as lovely as a dream.

Bryant's song to the Green river may well apply to the Huron. Listen to a few lines:

"Oh loveliest these the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees hum;

"The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air;

"And sweetest the golden autumn day,
In silence and sunshine glides away."

My childhood's early days were passed near the river Huron and to me it is the river of all the world, and the hills of Washtenaw have pleasant memories too. As a little girl on my bay pony, Dolly, I cantered over the hills and through shaded woods, and as an older girl, I galloped

away on my father's cream saddle horse to Washtenaw's beautiful lakes. My earliest recollections are of sitting on the stile and watching men chop down, and dig out pear trees, and level the road bed for the Michigan Central railroad, and putting down the strap rail, right through our pear and apple orchard, the pear trees were in the way and were taken up everyone of them. We were living in the house near the river, it was the first frame house built in Dexter. To this house my mother came as a bride, not sixteen years old. The wedding trip was most romantic; she was married in a large log house on the Mathews place in Webster now owned by Mr. Backus. The bride was seated upon a pillion, which is a cushion attached to a saddle. The groom in the saddle upon a large, white horse, his bride sitting upon the pillion behind him, and thus they journeyed and following an Indian trail, fording the Huron river traveling three miles to the new home of the bride. The bridesmaid, who was the bride's sister Hannah, was on the bridal trip, sitting behind Mr. Calvin Smith, who was the "best man" at the wedding. It was a happy and hopeful bridal party as ever started for a bridal trip in Pullman cars.

The first 4th July was a grand celebration and picnic on the bank of a pleasant lake in Webster. The neighborhood coach and four, which was a two wheeled cart and a tall, light yoke of oxen, loaded with baskets of refreshments and the older women. The men and younger women enjoyed a morning walk. It was a merry company by the lake that day. Patriotism was at its height, loyal and true to our country was every soul. But the lake must be christened, what shall the name be? 'Tis Independence Day and then three cheers went up to heaven for "Independence Lake."

My grandmother Bond was very fond of reading; they had four books, the Bible, "Baxter's Saint's Rest," "The Scottish Chiefs" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw." The log-house was not quite finished, a blanket was hung up for the front door, a large brass kettle was on the front piazza, the hour was late, and grandmother was enjoying the most interesting chapter of her book when to her horror some inquisitive wolves commenced playing with the brass kettle. We know animals like music, and the musical ring of the hand as it fell upon the kettle seemed to please the wolves, for they played their brass band most of the night. But my grandmother did not enjoy the serenade, as much as some people enjoy midnight music under different circumstances, and she waited anxiously for the musicians to come to the tune which begins "Oh, we're going home," but they finally went as daylight began to dawn in the eastern sky. Mrs. Luther Boyden was my mother's cousin, and there the widow Bond with two daughters and Mr. and Mrs. Mathews were hospitably made at home when they first came to Michigan in the year 1827, arriving

the 19th of May. In August they moved into their own home surrounded by all of the novelties and inconveniences of a new country, baking bread out of doors in a bake kettle with sudden storms on the fire, etc. Mrs. Boyden gave my mother an old hen and some eggs to set under her. We of these times of plenty cannot know how rich the Bond girls felt with this addition to the family stock. When the hen hatched her chickens the girls went to bring them home; when half way they were stopped by a large black snake lying across their path. He raised his head but did not give the right of way. Millicent struck it with a stick. He turned and gave fight. Like a true Yankee girl she marched into the combat, sticks were broken again and again, the dust flew, and warfare raged until at last the girl of 15 had killed a snake which measured 9 feet long, and Miss Millicent was complimented for her courage killing such a monster.

The long front piazza of my father's house was the church and town hall for the community. There my father preached many an excellent sermon, as he stood on the front steps, and the beautiful grassy lawn sloping away to the river bank was a fine auditorium, well ventilated and healthy. There the 4th of July oration could well boast of "Our Glorious Country," "The Land of the Free and Home of the Brave," for here were both a beautiful, free country and brave women and men. My revered and good father, besides being judge of the court, was editor and proprietor of "The Emigrant," our first paper. It was printed in Ann Arbor. My father was also postmaster and my mother was "sworn in" as deputy postmaster in 1828, a wing of one room of our house being set apart for the postoffice. Once a week my father rode to Ann Arbor on his fine white horse, with saddle bags strapped to the saddle behind him, filled with letters, to edit and print his paper and bring back the mail for our neighbors far and near. From that printing office several green and awkward boys were started on life's journey to become notable men. The Rev. Louis Noble was one of them.

Sometimes it was necessary for my father to remain in Ann Arbor over night, to attend court. At such times my mother would accompany him in the morning and return in the afternoon bringing the mail to the post office. She rode a spirited horse, but was a fine horsewoman and a fearless rider. The court was in session and my mother was to return alone, but was detained by a severe storm. As my father placed his young wife in the saddle, he patted the nervous horse and bade him be careful, saying, "You will soon be home." Away flew the horse and rider like an arrow from the bow-string, following the Indian trail over the hills, and through the dark woods. In a deep ravine the horse sprang aside, snorting with fear, as the fiery eyes and hot breath of a hungry panther were upon the rider's face. It was a wild race between the

trembling, terror-stricken horse and the fiery-eyed, panting panther. With the sight of the lights in the windows at home the panther gave up the chase, and the horse, foam-covered and tired, was led away to the stable, and the rider bravely reported herself as the fastest mail carrier west of Detroit.

The Indians had a camp near the junction of Mill Creek and the Huron river, and were very friendly, bringing cranberries and venison to exchange for potatoes, pork and bread, and for the children they brought little boxes made of birch bark worked with porcupine quills, brightly colored, and the boxes were filled with new maple sugar.

The leather saddle bags in which my father carried the mail back and forth between Dexter and Ann Arbor, sixty-eight years ago, are now safely cared for, and my mother says they are to be given to the Washtenaw Historical Society. My mother often talks of those friends and old times. She writes:

"Tell them I am almost home, and that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us through Christ Jesus."

On the gold spectacle case which my grandfather in Boston used always to carry were engraved these words, "Generation follows generation, as wave follows wave." I feel the force of this as I look at these before me, who can say with my dear mother, "I am almost home."

Would that we of the next generation, who are following them so closely, had led as brave, pure, useful lives—and may we, when we sit where they sit today, have it said of us as it is today said of them, "Well done."

THE PIONEER FARMERS' CLUB OF MICHIGAN.

[The Southern Washtenaw Farmers' Club: The Original.]

BY L. D. WATKINS.

In the winter of 1877, a little band of farmers met in the directors' room of the People's Bank of Manchester, Washtenaw county, by appointment to talk over the advisability of forming some kind of an association through which to compare notes of experience in every department of special or general farming, stock handling, including sale and purchase, and upon any other subject of interest or economy.

The first meeting of this organization was held March 8th, 1877, there

being present the following persons: David G. Rose, Junius Short, John G. English, Samuel Cushman, W. W. Hess, Frank Spaford and L. D. Watkins. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Watkins, Mr. Hess acting as temporary secretary. An election of permanent officers resulted as follows:

President, David G. Rose, Sharon.
1st Vice President, Junius Short, Bridgewater.
2d Vice President, John G. English, Manchester.
3d Vice President, Samuel Cushman, Sharon.
Secretary, W. W. Hess, Bridgewater.
Treasurer, Frank Spaford, Manchester.

A constitution and by-laws were drafted and adopted. Members were to be elected by ballot, one vote against rejecting. Membership fee was placed at $1.00. Meetings were held regularly each month at the bank.

No additional members were received for several months and it began to look as if the club was near its end, when at close of one of the meetings, President Rose invited the club to meet at his home and bring their wives, curtly remarking "that he would see that they had a good dinner." The invitation was accepted and an exceedingly pleasant meeting was the result. At this point there commenced the itinerancy of farmer's clubs that made them so attractive socially and intellectually. The meetings are conducted in regular parliamentary form, with a regular order of business as follows: Prayer by chaplain; music; secretary's report; reading selection; reading press clippings; paper on the subject previously selected for discussion; discussion of the subject by the club. No political or sectarian subject is allowed to be discussed at any meeting of the club. The result is a good dinner and a pleasant useful day.

As the club grew in years and experience, it was found desirable to limit the number of male members to twenty. All members of their families were expected to attend. This made as many as the average member could conveniently entertain at his home. The features that developed as the club grew in years were the purchase of folding chairs and tables by the club that were carried from place to place of meeting, the appointing of a farm committee to report on the condition of the farm and premises, the naming of the farms by the club, a committee on refreshments, whose duty it was to see that the spread was not too elaborate, and a committee on programs and resolutions. Meetings were assigned to members according to alphabetical order, thus assuring a continued succession of places of meeting. Members had the privilege of exchanging dates with each other but one was held responsible for the date being arranged for. These farmer's clubs are filled by a class of our best educated, advanced business farmers, and have now spread over nearly all parts of Michigan and the northern states. They exert an influence that

is felt in all departments of business and State and invariably for the good of the people.

List of Presidents to date:

1877-81—David G. Rose.
1881-82—Junius Short.
1882-83—S. M. Merithew.
1883-86—Richard Green.
1886-90—S. M. Merithew.
1890-95—B. G. English.
1895-98—Wm. Pease.

SETTLEMENT OF THE TOWNSHIP OF BRIDGEWATER AND VICINITY, WASHTENAW COUNTY.

BY L. D. WATKINS.

In May, 1830, James and Mrs. E. P. Crampton moved to what is now the township of Bridgewater, and settled on section 17, being the second family locating in the township. They built them a log house on the Pottawattomie trail, the Indians being their most intimate neighbors and often coming in such numbers as to completely fill the one room of the house. The Indians came to beg or to swap Spanish coins, beads or game, for bread.

In the fall of 1830, Mr. Crampton got in a small patch of wheat, which in the summer of 1831, as soon as the wheat was mature, was cut and placed in small bundles in the sun to dry. It was then pounded until the kernels of grain were secured, when it was boiled and eaten with milk, the family having a cow. For a table a board on top of a barrel; for a bedstead, poles in holes bored in the logs, with one leg at the outer corners, with ticks of straw and shavings pillows. For six years these were the conveniences of these early homes.

In October, 1829, Daniel Hixon and wife settled on section 35. In the fall of 1830, Jacob Gilbert and family, 1831, Thomas Gilbert and family, in 1832 George How and family came and staid with Mr. and Mrs. Crampton until the following spring. In 1832 Daniel Brooks came and erected the first frame house in the township. In 1832 the first town meeting was held at the house of Daniel Brooks; his house being partially enclosed.

George How was the first supervisor, Robert H. Haggie the first clerk, H. B. Norton the first justice of the peace.

The first marriage in the township was that of Dennis Lancaster to Harriet Frederick on April 9th, 1832, by Justice Norton. The first birth was that of Henrietta Hixon, now wife of Rev. A. S. Kedzie. She was born December 30, 1831. The first death, that of the wife of Thomas Bolton, June, 1830.

James Champton was a private in the Indian war of 1832, which left Mrs. Crampton to manage alone not only the household affairs but also a new, wild farm.

In the fall of 1830, James Crampton and Jacob Gilbert started out on Sunday in search of game, they lost the trail and wandered all day. At night they came upon a cabin occupied by one man where they remained all night and in the morning started once more for home. They traveled all day again and at night arrived at the same cabin from which they had started in the morning. The second day they made another strike for home but as night came on they found themselves in the dreary wilderness without their former host. They cooked a supper of game and lay down beside a huge, fallen log to rest, expecting in the morning to find some outlet, but another night found them still in the deep forest without knowing which way to seek their homes. Nothing but wild game, without salt, was eaten all this time. Again they tramped faithfully, and about noon reached home, it being now Thursday.

There being no mills in the country, the grain was ground in coffee mills to take the place of waiting for the grist. Such were some of the trials of early pioneers in Bridgewater.

Of the old first settlers none remain except Mr. Daniel Hixon, now 93 years old, and Mrs. B. K. Felton now 85 and as gay and lively as a girl of 16.

LIVINGSTON COUNTY PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

The association had its origin in an accidental meeting of E. J. Hardy, M. L. Gay, William C. Rumsey and E. F. Gay. The first preliminary meeting was held at the office of Milo L. Gay, July 4th, 1871. On motion of S. F. Hubbell, William C. Rumsey, the oldest resident of the county present, was elected chairman and Milo L. Gray, secretary. A temporary organization was formed and it was also decided that any person who came into the county previous to the year 1843 should be considered a pioneer and be eligible to membership. E. N. Fairchild, W. C. Rumsey and E. F. Gay were appointed a committee to draft a constitution

and report at an adjourned meeting at the court house, September 27th, 1871. At this meeting a permanent organization was effected with William C. Rumsey, President, Milo L. Gay, Secretary, and Hiram Wing, Treasurer. Those present were much pleased with the first address before the association by Hon. Josiah Turner. Many of the gentlemen most active in effecting the organization have gone over the silent river, but their memory still remains. At the next annual meeting, January 10th, 1872, E. F. Gay gave the address and the same officers were re-elected. The meeting January 15th, 1873, carried out no regular program but listened to remarks by E. F. Gay, Judge Turner and Geo. C. Wood. January 14th, 1874, the meeting was held in the court house in the evening and S. F. Hubbell was elected president while the other officers remained the same. The address was given by Wm. C. Rumsey. At the next annual meeting January 13th, 1875, in the court house, Wm. R. Cable was elected president and Jerome W. Turner delivered the address. The regular annual meeting for 1876 was held at the court house January 19th and Edward Bishop became president and Hon. Wm. A. Clark of Saginaw gave the address. During the year 1877 two meetings were held. The annual meeting occurred January 17th, 1877. The constitution was changed at this meeting so that any person who became a resident of the county prior to 1850 might become a member. Neil O'Hearn was elected president and Geo. B. Wilkinson read a sketch of Marion township. The June meeting the same year was an unusually large and interesting one and was addressed by C. C. Elsworth of Greenville; at that time the following stanza was recited:

"And now you are at the foot of the hill old man,
At last at the foot of the hill,
And your sun has gone down with a golden glow,
And the Shiny City lies just below,
Go in through the Pearly Gates old man;
The beautiful Pearly Gates."

T. R. Shields read a paper on the history of Unadilla. The pioneers of Livingston county filled the court house, January 16th, 1878. An interesting paper on the early history of the county by Thomas J. Rice was read by Gov. E. B. Winans; also a well prepared paper on Iosco by Isaac Stowe. The June meeting this year was largely attended and was addressed by J. W. Turner of Owosso. Incidents of pioneer life were related by Rev. E. E. Gregory and a paper on Handy was read by R. Fowler. At the January meeting in 1879, the remotest corners of the county were represented by pioneers to listen to the address of B. T. O. Clark of Brighton. In June of that year E. B. Winans gave the address. Rev. A. L. Crittenden also gave an address and a paper on Unadilla township was read. The meeting in 1880 was held in June and was of an

irregular nature as those on the program were absent. A large meeting assembled at the court house January 22d, 1881. E. J. Hardy of Osceola was elected president, while Jacob Cornell of Lansing delivered the address. The annual meeting for 1882 was held at the Baptist church and E. J. Hardy gave the address. An address was also given by Rev. I. W. Lamb. At this meeting A. Tooley of Genoa was elected secretary, a position which he has since held with credit. In the year of 1883 a change of program was made, a pioneer picnic being held with the annual meeting August 23d. Interesting papers were read by Marvin Gaston, R. H. Person and Hon. William Ball. This meeting was so successful that a similar one was called for the fair grounds August 27th, 1884. Jos. Rider of Genoa was elected president. C. W. Barber and E. G. Embler of Howell and C. M. Wood of Putnam were on the program. The meeting of 1885 was also held on the fair grounds. Jacob Kanouse became president and was president until 1891. The year of 1891 the annual meeting was again held in the winter in the new court house on February 23d. The meeting was well attended and a full and interesting program carried out. C. W. Barber was made president and the address was given by D. Shields.

Thus one by one their ranks are breaking and a few more winters at best and the old pioneers will be numbered on the other side of the silent river.

In 1891, February 23d, there was 52 deaths; in 1892, February 23d, there was 54 deaths; in 1893, February 23d, there was 50 deaths of old pioneers reported in the county of Livingston.

We have date of settlement as early as 1826, but the largest settlement was in the year 1836.

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE FIRST DETROIT NEWSPAPER.

BY C. M. BURTON.

On Friday, September 27, 1891, The Free Press published a notice of the commencement of case No. 30,000 in the Wayne Circuit Court and referred to file No. 1 of the court as a case commenced on December 15, 1825, by Charles Larned vs. Ebenezer Reed. The case proves to be an unusually interesting one from the following hitherto unpublished history given by C. M. Burton, the abstract man:

As I read the item in The Free Press I wondered if the reporter knew

the story of file No. 1, Larned vs. Reed. The newspaper fraternity of Detroit ought to be familiar with that case, as it is the first newspaper libel suit in Michigan. In 1825 there were two newspapers printed in Detroit; the Gazette, of which Ebenezer Reed was then the editor (in the absence of Mr. Sheldon, proprietor), and the Herald, edited by Henry Chipman, the father of our congressman. Both editors were forceful writers and both believed in the freedom of the press, and carried their belief into full activity. The party or the person who fell under the ban of either editor was sure to hear of it at all times when opportunity offered.

Michigan was entitled to one delegate in Congress and an election had lately been held but the result was still in doubt. There had been three candidates for election to fill the place made vacant by the expiration of the term of the Rev. Gabriel Richard, viz.: Rev. Gabriel Richard was himself a candidate for re-election, and John Biddle and Austin E. Wing were also striving for the place.

Mr. Richard had been elected before by the solid vote of the Catholics, but one of his strongest Catholic adherents, Gen. John R. Williams, had deserted him with a considerable following and it was unlikely that he could again obtain votes enough to elect him.

Biddle and Wing were then the real contestants.

Party feeling ran very high and bitter words were uttered in Biddle's favor by the Gazette and as sharp retorts were made by the Herald in behalf of Mr. Wing.

After the election it was questionable who had received the most votes, and the contest was raised before the board of canvassers, which consisted of William Woodbridge, Secretary of the Territory, Robert Abbott, Territorial Treasurer, and Charles Larned, Attorney General.

The board of canvassers threw out enough votes, as illegal, to give the certificate of election to Mr. Wing and the contest was thus removed from Detroit to Washington where it hung along till pretty near the expiration of the term of office and was then decided in favor of Mr. Wing.

In the contest in Detroit Mr. Larned did not take a very active part, but, for that reason, he fell under the extreme displeasure of the Gazette.

Mr. Larned then held the offices of Attorney General for the territory and judge of probate for Wayne county.

On October 18, 1825, the editor of the Gazette says that he considers it the duty of every editor to expose fearlessly the malfeasances of public officers and then sails into the Attorney General in a manner that would make the modern editor stare. He accuses him of gross and scandalous corruption in office and dares him to seek redress in the courts. He cites instances to prove his charges true, and says that Mr. Larned's

partner, John Hunt, is commonly known as the Defendant General, as he is usually employed to advocate the interests of defendants in criminal suits where Mr. Larned would represent the people. If Mr. Larned is not satisfied, he (the editor) will give him some more facts in the next issue; and in the next number of the paper and in several succeeding numbers are long articles minute in details, seeking to prove the charges already made and calling upon Mr. Larned to test the matter in court or to resign his offices.

On the 7th of November, 1825, Mr. Larned sent a letter to Gov. Cass asking him to investigate the charges made against him by the Gazette, but the next day the Governor sent the following reply:

"Detroit, November 8, 1827.

"Sir—I have received your letter of the 4th inst. requesting that an inquiry may be instituted into your official conduct as Attorney General, in consequence of the charge of 'gross and scandalous corruption in office,' which has been made against you.

"Never having doubted the integrity of your official conduct, and satisfied that your motives in the discharge of your public duties have been pure, I cannot accede to the request you have made.

"Respectfully, I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"LEW CASS.

"Charles Larned, Esq., Attorney General."

This letter should have ended the quarrel between the parties, but it did not, and a few days afterward (November 15, 1825) this suit, file 1, was commenced, Charles Larned, plaintiff, vs. Ebenezer Reed, defendant, for the publication of articles in the Gazette that tend to injure the plaintiff's standing and reputation; damages, $5,000.

A few days later (November 22, 1825) it was officially announced that "William A. Fletcher has been appointed Attorney General of this territory, vice Charles Larned."

"William W. Petit has been appointed Judge of Probate of this county, vice Charles Larned."

At the time the suit was commenced the court was held in the Council House, a stone building which then stood on the southwest corner of Randolph street and Jefferson avenue, but one of the papers in the file summons a witness to attend court in Woodworth's Hotel, which stood just below the Council House and on the corner of Woodbridge and Randolph streets.

The suit never came to trial. Mr. Reed removed from Detroit, but returned in 1826 to prepare for the trial, but was taken sick while here and asked for a postponement. His attorney, Andrew G. Whitney, had

died and he at first undertook to act as his own attorney, but it appears that finally Cyprian Stevens acted for him.

Mr. Larned's attorneys were Henry Chipman, William Woodbridge and Joseph W. Torrey.

Early in January, 1828, Cyprian Stevens, as attorney for Mr. Reed, filed a statement setting forth that the defendant was satisfied that the published articles were untrue and pleading guilty to the several counts in the plaintiff's declaration, and on January 11, 1828, the plaintiffs attorneys state that they did not commence the suit to recover pecuniary damages but to vindicaate character, and feeling that the plaintiff's character is vindicated they waive and remit all damages. Thus the matter might have been permitted to remain, but it was all raked up again a few years later.

In 1832 there were new papers in the field and the old ones had disappeared. The Herald had gone out in 1829, and the Gazette had been burned out in 1830. The Journal and Free Press had taken their places. William Woodbridge, Henry Chipman and Solomon Sibley were the territorial judges.

When the term of office of the judges expired that year, Judges Woodbridge and Chipman were unceremoniously dropped and George Morrell and Ross Wilkins appointed in their places, Mr. Sibley, who seemed to be universally liked, being reappointed.

The lawyers proposed to give a bar dinner to the retiring judges and Gen. Larned took a prominent part in getting up the entertainment. Mr. Reed did not live in Detroit at this time, but he knew what was going on and the Free Press has several articles from him that would do credit to a Junius. He made it exceedingly interesting for all parties. Not only does Mr. Larned receive his attention but Mr. Woodbridge and Mr. Chipman are "prominently mentioned."

Referring to this suit he says: "Mr. Larned's incautious friends persuaded him that something should be done; without an effort all would be lost. A law suit would be dangerous, for the unsuccessful issue would seal the total ruin of a reputation having as little to spare as to risk." He had wished the case tried by a jury but the attorney whom he had employed to protect his interest had, without his authority and contrary to his directions, entered the plea of guilty above referred to. He then takes up the names of the attorneys for Mr. Larned, Mr. Woodbridge, Mr. Chipman and Mr. Torrey, and presents the character of each in a manner highly entertaining to us, who, from a distance, watch the panorama of the early years of our city's history.

OUR GRANDMOTHERS, TOGETHER WITH A SKETCH OF MRS. CAROLINE BAKER CHALKER AND MRS. ABBIE KIMBALL BEECH.

BY MRS. ALICE COOPER KELLOGG.

[Read before the Shiawassee County Pioneer Society, Feb. 22, 1896.]

When Mr. Holman asked me to give a paper at this meeting and later said he had a subject he would like me to write upon, I wondered if it were hypnotism or the new woman, but was surprised to learn that in place of either of these new and popular subjects it was one of the long ago, "Our Grandmother, the Pioneer Woman." She who has wrought her image into every issue, place and event since Isabella proclaimed she would give her own jewels to aid the winning and persistent young Genoese to find our rich and beautiful land, "Thus giving to history an immortal song, a glow of heroism pure and sweet." One would think to see our papers, to hear the discussion for and against woman suffrage and woman's right to suffer, that she was a new creature of today. But I hear of no bravery of the woman of this late date that exceeds the bravery of our grandmothers. In the early history of our country they were often called to make free with the axe and gun to defend themselves and little ones from the wild beasts, and even more ferocious Indians. Surely this required as great daring as to encircle the world with a bicycle or come in contact with the wonderful trolley car. Fair Elizabeth Haddon dared woo Friend John Ertangle and it was not leap year either and they lived happy ever after. But while woman's efforts and her achievements have not always been heralded with song and trumpet, while in the battles she has fought she has not been cheered by the bugle blast nor backed by an army, "still the bravest battles that ever were fought were fought by the mother's of men." Not only these lonely warfares carried on in solitude and hardships come to us from the past, but through the wars of the revolution, of 1812, the Mexican war, we find that woman was not only the father and mother of the family, but ofttimes they were in the thickest of the fight, displaying bravery equal to the bravest man. They hazarded their lives under the most trying circumstances as well as cheerfully sacrificed their homes for our fair land. They demonstrated fully in those early wars the falsity of the proposition that woman should not vote because she cannot fight. Again, many of the greatest victories gained were through the informa-

tion taken by women to the American armies under the most perilous circumstances. But courage never rose to greater height than in the homes of the early frontier, when young wives followed their venturesome husbands into this lone land; when they entered the Mayflower they left behind luxury, ease, aye, all the refinements. The maids whom brave hearts had enticed into this uninhabited land nobly fulfilled their promise "I'll go with thee; I'll go with thee all the way." They supplemented the courage, the daring of their young husbands with their loyalty, their faith, their love, their sympathy. While the men toiled in the field under the beautiful sun near to the same nature they had left in their old homes, these delicate young women, many of them never having known work ere this, labored with their hands in the most barren of houses. But devotion for their husbands, and the sweet hopes they bore for their children in the future, the advantages and comforts their labor and sacrifice would bring those dear ones sustained them through all. The bravery those frail women displayed in protecting their homes and children from the barbarous cruelties of the Indians has not been outdone in history. The tact that never seemed to desert them were smiles more convincing than bullet shots, even were their dearest being molested, and perhaps killed, making them heroes with Washington, Grant and Sherman. Are not the records and the memories of these brave women who gave their comforts, their advantages, their friends, their youth, and many of them life itself, our land's richest legacy? They have been the joy and the inspiration, the helpmates indeed, of the brave and original men that made our country an Eden not a waste. Their hardships developed such perseverance, such patience; their industry laid a foundation for such wonderful possibilities, inspiring their posterity with unbounded ambition, energy, boldness and a persistency that dares all and expects all.

Success has lured their dear ones on with its brilliant and powerful prizes until the man of Galilee calls them in thundering tones that cannot be silenced, to remember the God of their mothers who sustained and comforted these noble women; who taught them a calm fortitude under all difficulties. The lowly Nazarene calls to their followers today, also, that the law of life is not love the mighty dollar, but "love thy neighbor as thyself." The careless lad seems not to realize the rich, unselfish love his mother lavishes upon him, but grown to manhood, and as the years advance, the sweetheart and wife must divide with the mother the tenderness and chivalry of his nature.

> Backward, flow backward, O, tide of the years!
> I am so weary of toil and of tears—
> Toil without recompense, tears all in vain;
> Take them, and give me my childhood again!

I have grown weary of dust and decay—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures—
Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours;

None like a mother can charm away pain,
From the sick soul and the world weary brain,
Slumber's soft calms o'er the heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep mother, rock me to sleep.

The New England Pioneer woman is a faithful picture of the brave women who have been the help, the joy, the comfort of those adventurers who have from time to time changed our line of frontier, until the Pacific slope is adorned with the most beautiful homes of culture and elegance. But the slogan dearest to us is "Plant a ten penny nail at night and before the dawn of day, it will grow to be a crowbar in Michigania." Of course there were many variations, but this was the lead. Our forefathers followed to Shiawassee county and our grandmothers accompanied them.

It was deemed fitting that a tribute be paid to two of Shiawassee's representative pioneer women at this meeting, Mrs. Caroline Baker Chalker and Mrs. Abbie Beech. I never had the pleasure of Mrs. Chalker's acquaintance. On looking for facts in her life I am handed an article written by Miss M. Carruthers which I could in no way improve and felt that it was sacred to a friendship born in the childhood of the lady, and nurtured through years of mutual affection and respect.

MRS CAROLINE BAKER CHALKER.

A noble representative of this class of pioneers was the late Mrs. Caroline Baker Chalker, whose name has been familiar to the people of Shiawassee for more than sixty years. Though belonging to a time when the individual was more conspicuous than at the present day, hers was in many respects a remarkable, even picturesque character, and one to leave an influence and a memory beyond the ordinary. She is remembered best as a brisk, successful woman of business who personally superintended the management of her large farm, but there are those among the older residents who remember Caroline Baker as a beauty and belle in pioneer society. She was the youngest child of the first family that settled in the county, and at the time of her death, November 16, 1893, was, by some years, the county's bona fide oldest inhabitant.

Born in Wells, Bradford county, Pennsylvania, August 22, 1819, she lived there with her parents until their migration to Michigan in 1833.

Though less than fourteen years of age at that time, she retained a vivid memory of the journey and described it in detail a few days before her death. Her father, Hosea Baker, had come in the previous spring and made the rude beginning of a home. The farm on which he settled at Newburg was that owned by the late Cameron Carruthers.

The young daughter of the pioneers took kindly to forest life, laying aside her school books to study the lore of the woodland. She learned to use the rifle with the skill of an accomplished frontiersman. Nature kindly spoke to her "in various language" and to her last days she had a passionate love for all out of doors life. The last two years of her life were darkened by illness, yet even when suffering intense pain, she was the same cordial and entertaining hostess. To sit by her bedside and listen to some variation of her favorite theme—pioneer life—was to mark a bright day on your calendar. The black eyes under the snowy brows would glow with the fire of former days as she related to some young guest a story of times when wolves crept snarling to the doorstep in search of a morsel of food; and of a certain night when she stood before a doorway, closed only by a blanket and, axe in hand, drove back wolf after wolf until daybreak frightened the ravenous pack into the forest.

There is a lasting evidence of her thrift on the beautiful farm where she first lived, a fine old apple orchard. Her parents brought a collection of apple seeds from their Pennsylvania home, and Caroline planted them near her farther's cabin. When they sprouted, she enclosed the little nursery with a pen built of rails, and later transplanted them in the place where many of them stand today.

November 19, 1842, Caroline Baker became the wife of Horace Knapp. His death occurred three years later, and March 14, 1849, she married Charles D. Chalker. Except a few years spent in Vernon, their home was always near Newburg, in the picturesque farm house on the Bancroft road, which is, to every passerby, a reminder of its interesting mistress. And many bright recollections remain of the woman, who, whether she was directing the harvesting of a crop, or housing in a storm some weakling from her flock, driving a bargain with some keen man of business, or delighting an audience with a tale of humor or pathos, most beautifully and delicately told, was ever the same, a grand old human landmark, a woman to whom courtesy was a principle and industry chief of the cardinal virtues.

It is an undoubted and regrettable fact that much valuable information regarding the early history of the county was lost with the death of Mrs. Chalker. Her fund of positive and accurate knowledge, and the graphic qualities of her descriptions, together with really dramatic powers of narration, would have made her a treasure to a worthy chronicler, had one but chanced to meet her.

Abbie Kimbal Beech was born in Presson, New London county, Conn., October 15, 1803, and died in Owosso, October 8, 1895. She was a sweet and lovable child, winning all with her sunny smile. To her natural grace she added an excellent education for the times of her youth. She was fortunate in having as a teacher Lydia H. Sigourney (the poetess) in a private school in Norfolk, Conn. And among her acquaintances Harriet Beecher Stowe and Catherine Becker. In 1825 she was wedded to Governor Phillips, but in one short year death claimed her young husband, so good and kind, but in after years she married Mr. Lucius Beech; with Mr. Beech's two children she shared the love she had lavished upon her own young Governor Phillips. Two other children, Mr. John Beech and Mrs. Tillotson of Owosso, came to share this home. In April, 1838, she moved to Michigan with her husband and family. In the summer Mrs. Beech was eager that her young children should be attending school and resolved to overcome all barriers to that end.

And when asked who would teach the school? replied. "I will if I can find no other teacher, and I will give my parlor for a school room; anything was better than to have her children running wild as the Indians about here." But it is said for every need there is a supply and in this case it proved true. One Mr. Wilcox chanced this way and longed to teach the young idea how to shoot, or at least to read his mother tongue and kindred branches. He taught this first school in Shiawassee County in Mrs. Beech's parlor.

The first missionary society in Shiawassee county was also formed at Mrs. Beech's. She was its first president with Mrs. Colt of Owosso as secretary; Mrs. Lucinda Lyman was also secretary of this society. The charm that had attracted all to Mrs. Beech in her eastern home lingered with her in these western wilds and the love, the kindness she lavished on her friends bound them to her with "hooks of steel." The gracious hospitality that encircled the stranger that entered her gates, inspired them with the desire for fate to repeat the happy time and thankfulness for that bright spot.

While Mrs. Beech was a timid woman in a sense, fearing the Indians (remembering the awful and tragic scenes in other parts of our land), and dreading many such dangers, still a moral courage was hers that far surpassed mere physical daring. She was ever bright, entertaining and attractive in time of ease and pleasure. And in distress and sorrow even, her spirit was buoyant, her mind was quick to discern the right, energetic to execute, patient to endure until the darkest days were passed or the hardest task accomplished. To those who knew and loved Mrs. Beech, memory pictures a queenly woman, with graceful and vivacious manner and a character so strong, tactful, loving and generous that it covered ever the failings of her family and friends, and drew them to her in spite

of distance or the duties and allurements that might beckon elsewhere. In conversation she was always animated and pleasing and with her young friends she has left a fund of amusing stories of pioneer days as well as noble precepts to a higher life.

She builded each day so grandly that the light that her life radiated, sickness of mind and body could not dim, but it will ever brighten the pathway of all who came within its circle. These noble women left their impress for good on their day and generation. Could man do more?

We toil at our task in the burden and heat
Of life's passionate noon. They are folded in peace.
It is well. We rejoice that their heaven is sweet
And one day for us all the bitter will cease.

We too, will go home o'er the river of rest,
As the strong and the lovely before us have gone;
Our sun will go down in the beautiful west,
To rise in the glory that circles the throne.

Until then we are bound by our love and our faith,
To the saints who are walking in paradise fair;
They have passed beyond sight, at the touching of death,
But they live like ourselves, in God's infinite care.

OUR NATION'S PROGRESS.

BY JOHN M. NORTON.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is with pleasure that I respond to the invitation to be present with you on this occasion and do what little I can to add to its many pleasures. All things considered, it has seemed fitting and proper to me that in what little I should have to say, that I call your attention in a word to the changes that have taken place in the development of our Nation, and the progress that we have made in the advancement of our civilization.

In the onward rush of humanity, in the struggle for the almighty dollar, we are apt to forget the past and think only of the future. But it is well for us that we sometimes stop, and, standing on the mountain top of the present, cast our eyes back o'er the path we have trod; we scarcely realize what we are, until we compare ourselves with what we have been.

Time works wondrous changes. It seems almost incredible that a little over a hundred years ago our wonderful Nation was a wilderness of forest and prairie, and yet during my life I have seen the telephone, telegraph,

electricity, steam, the railroad, the self-binder, and a thousand other inventions, spring into being and common use. And naturally the question presents itself: Why this wonderful development in so short a time? What mighty spring has been back of the American people? What unseen power has been pushing them onward and upward? And the answer, in part, seems to be, that our forefathers came to this country in order that they might secure the blessings of liberty. They left behind them the pomp and glory of the old world and came to the new, where every man was on the level with every other man. Every mile between them and despotism served to increase their patriotism and love for self-government, and when they reached here there were none to welcome them save the wild beast and the savage. An unbroken forest lay before them, their future home in embryo. But they were men of undaunted courage. They had taken their lives in their hands and were ready to sacrifice all in order that posterity might hand down to them a home freed from the oppression of monarchy. Their needs were many. Necessity became the mother of invention. Progress with giant strides moved across the face of time.

Since that day what a change has come. We have seen a land of paradise grow out of a wilderness. The forest and prairie have been made to blossom like the rose. Under the magic hand of western civilization we have climbed the ladder of national fame as has no other nation in the history of the world. Rome in her glory, as she achieved power, became cruel and oppressive until the mere name of Rome caused her subjects to tremble. But America, as she unfolded in her national strength, developed those traits which are so becoming to true greatness. She became the friend of the oppressed. The haven of rest for all. And in the course of time the cancer that had been eating at the heart strings of the Nation was blotted out. Slavery was shot to death. The fetters dropped from the limbs of four million slaves. Auction blocks and slave pens turned into school houses and churches. Well do I remember those days. Days that were heavy with sorrow and pain. The war cloud hung thick about us and there were hours when we were afraid to think what the outcome might be. But the good God who holds the destinies of nations in his hands, was watching o'er us. Christian men and women were praying for us, and in the fullness of time the hour came when the contest was over, and peace, like a white winged messenger of love, came to bless our land. The North and South became one. Mason and Dixon's line was blotted out and a united Republic took up the thread of National life and pressed on to the goal of victory.

And from that hour to this what a magnificent spectacle it has been. Thirty million of people have grown to seventy-five. Our mineral wealth has doubled again. A floating palace is driven across the sea in six days.

The iron horse, with its load of human freight, rushes through space at seventy miles an hour. The oceans are bound together by bands of steel. Our country is a network of railroads, telegraphs and telephones. You can stand in Detroit and talk with and recognize the voice of a friend in Washington. What transpires in Russia or China today will appear in our morning papers tomorrow. Truly we have reached an age when a day is as a hundred years.

And not only have we developed in the eyes of ourselves, but we have developed in the eyes of the world. England, Germany and France stood as the foremost powers of the world for many years. Their navies carried their flags o'er every sea and into every port, while America was considered by classical Europe to be little less than a relic of barbarism. But all this has passed away. During the last twelve months America has forced the old world to recognize her greatness, and when Spain was in the dust at our feet, Europe was lifting its hat in admiration of the new star that had risen in the west, a star that outshone in brilliancy and power anything they had ever seen before. For never in the history of the world had a nation hunted down the navy of another nation like wolves do their prey, and sent ship after ship to the bottom of the sea, until none were left, as our nation had done with Spain.

We scarcely realize ourselves what we did, and not until years have drifted by, and we view ourselves on the pages of history written by the sober judgment of years to come, will we recognize what a wonderful victory, what a magnificent achievement was wrought by the American arms in the year 1898. Napoleon, with all his dash and daring, with his brilliant generalship, and matchless courage, never equaled Dewey as he sailed into the harbor of Manila on that morning in May in the face of a whirlwind of fire. But our successes did not lay alone in the leadership of the army, other elements entered into the contest which the casual observer may fail to note. A French officer sent to Cuba to report the war says: "The wonderful thing about the American army is the intelligence of the private soldier. Every man is a leader. All seem to have the fullest confidence in their ultimate success and triumph." What a wonderful tribute, and yet how true it is. Our private soldier comes from the office and the college, a cosmopolitan collection of men, and when you consider it a moment you recognize that this is one of the prime elements in America's greatness, and in times of danger becomes her bulwark of strength.

Thirty-three years ago saw nearly two million American citizens on the field of battle, and yet when peace came they vanished into thin air. Wiseacres in Europe wagged their heads and said you can never absorb that many soldiers. But we did, and we did it because they had come from the ordinary walks of life, and when the war was over loved ones

were waiting to welcome them home again. And so in 1898 when the call came for brave men to lay their all on the Nation's altar, every class in life made their contribution to the sacrifice. And because of this fact we need no standing army. America's safeguard ever has been, and ever will be, in the rank and file of the common people. And so in this, the closing hours of the nineteenth century, we have a right to feel proud of our position in the galaxy of nations. Columbia has raised her standard high above the standard of any other nation in the world, and stands today the foremost figure on the pages of time.

But it takes great men to make great nations. Something never had its root in nothing. A chain is as strong as its weakest link, and so a nation determines its strength by the rank and file of its citizenship. The early pioneers of this country were stalwart men and women. And I say women, because in our bestowal of praise, we are apt to forget the women and think only of the men, but in this hour when we are reviewing the scenes of the past and marking the progress of the Nation, we would do ourselves and the nation an injustice if, for one single moment, we forgot the noble, brave hearted, generous pioneer mothers. And because of the sterling worth of the early pioneer we have our Republican form of government. The best form of government for a free, enlightened people, that God ever made. A government where every man is a king. Where every man in the Nation, regardless of rank or position, counts one on election day. Where every citizen has the liberty of free speech and free action.

It is a grand thing to be an American citizen, and yet many of the younger generation fail to realize what it has cost to establish and perpetuate a Republican form of government. But we whose heads are frosted by the snows of many winters, we who have been through the conflict and the struggle, we know what it cost, and because we know, we love to gather together on occasions like this and honor the memory of those who have gone on before. But such a government as we have imposes on every citizen a burden and a duty. A government like ours demands, and it ought to have, the best brain and thought in the Nation. No man should be too good to mix in the affairs of State. Standing as I do today, surrounded by all the memories of the past, with visions of all the sacrifices that have been made for this country coming up before me, remembering the fathers and sons who went out from loved ones to return no more, the nameless graves on the battle fields, the vacant chairs at the firesides of many homes, the martyred Lincoln who gave up his life for the cause of freedom and supremacy of the Constitution, remembering all this, and multitudes more, I say to you again, it is a grand thing to be an American citizen. And the man who fails to play his part in the great drama of national life is not worthy of

the name American. There are questions yet to solve, but I have faith in the citizenship of the country. I believe the twentieth century holds much in store for us as a people. I thank God for the blessings of the present, and as I turn my face to meet the future, my heart is filled with joy, for I believe that in the future, as in the past, we shall continue climbing the stepping stones to better things.

DETROIT IN 1837.

WHAT THE CITY'S OLDEST DIRECTORY DISCLOSES.

[The following series of articles appeared in the Detroit News-Tribune in 1895.]

MOSES F. DICKINSON.

Moses Field Dickinson lived in Detroit from 1831 until his death in 1871, a period of forty years, during which he earned and deserved a reputation for integrity and capacity as a business man and was a good citizen in all the relations of life. He was born at Petersham, Worcester county, Mass., on September 18, 1800, and was the only son of Captain David Dickinson, who received his commission in 1815 from Caleb Strong, governor of Massachusetts, for services in the war of 1812, and Mary Ann Field Warner. Moses was a bright, clever youth, the admiration of his two young sisters and the pride of his exemplary parents, who took great care in his training. He finished his education at the Amherst Academy, in Hampshire county, which was a noted school in Massachusetts before Amherst College was founded in 1821.

His first work in life on his own account was as a clerk for Woods & Company, merchants and manufacturers of woolen goods at Enfield, a neighboring town. Then he went home to Petersham and taught school. While a pedagogue he invented a system of stenography, which he taught in his own and neighboring towns. When the term was ended an inclination to see life and business in a large city took him to Boston, where he became a clerk in the dry goods house of James Brewer. His last situation in the East was at Hardwich, in his native county, where he was a clerk in the dry goods house of S. F. & E. Cutler. Here he met his fate in the person of Maria Loraine Wesson, the eldest child and only daughter of Rev. William B. Wesson, pastor of the Congregational church of Hardwich, and sister of the late William B. Wesson, of this city. The marriage took place on September 27, 1831.

COMES WEST.

He had long entertained a desire to settle in a western state, and about a year before had made a short tour in these parts and had been favorably impressed with Detroit. Immediately after being united the youthful pair set out for the Strait City, traveling by stage from Hardwich to Albany, thence by canal to Buffalo and by steamer to Detroit, arriving in October, 1831.

In Detroit he was first employed in the general store of Phineas Davis & Company, who had succeeded to the business of Thomas Palmer in 1827, and whose store was on the southeast corner of Jefferson avenue and Griswold street, where the old Board of Trade stood.

STARTS FOR HIMSELF.

Dickinson was now over thirty years of age, with excellent habits, good business character and possessed of some means. About 1834 he started for himself, and the directory shows that he was in partnership with James Stewart in the firm of "Dickinson & Stewart, coppersmiths and hardware merchants, 32 Woodward avenue." The store and shop was on the east side of Woodward avenue, between Jefferson avenue and Woodbridge street, on the site of the building now occupied by M. N. Rowley. This building was erected by Mr. Dickinson in 1843. Stewart was a practical smith and a popular man, and was afterward chief engineer of the old fire department in 1847-9.

A few years afterward Stewart started a shop for himself, but Dickinson remained at the old stand, where he did business for twenty years, retiring in 1852 with a respectable fortune. A large portion of the copper work done in his shop was for steamboats. He had a large trade, was scrupulously honest in his dealings and charged moderate prices. Every piece of work that left his shop was done in a workman-like manner and he would suffer no carelessness on the part of his subordinates.

APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER.

Personally he was a man of good size, being over five feet nine inches in height, well proportioned and weighing about 150 pounds, dark, nearly black hair, rather small gray eyes, bright, healthy complexion, with whiskers and full beard, but no moustache. His facial expression was that of keenness and resolution. He was erect, lithe and active in his carriage. Until within a few weeks of his death and when a boy and young man he was a good wrestler and graceful dancer. He was always neatly dressed, and wore a high black satin stock and high standing collars.

In business affairs and in contact with strangers he was dignified and rather formal in manner, but at his home and among friends his bearing was courteous, genial and pleasant. He was punctilious in money matters,

paying promptly one hundred cents on the dollar, and expecting the same from his debtors. He never indorsed a note or asked a similar favor for himself and was square and honorable in all his engagements. He was a democrat in politics, and was a fire warden in the early days, and always left his staff of office and his black leather hatband, with "fire warden" in white letters, near his bed. His house and store were always well supplied with leather water buckets.

Mr. Dickinson never speculated with his surplus capital, but whenever he could secure an advantageous investment in real estate, he would buy the property and improve it, and in this careful manner he accumulated a snug fortune of about $200,000.

A FRIEND OF EDUCATION.

His home for many years was on the south side of Lafayette avenue, between Shelby and Wayne streets in the block where the new federal building now stands. In 1851 he was one of a number of parents who paid Miss Sarah Hunt, the sum of $3,000 to start a girl's school, the money to be repaid in the tuition of their children. The Hunt school was first in the Norton Strong house, at the southeast corner of Fort and Cass streets, where Jennins & Hagar's merchant tailor establishment is now located. It was then removed to a house previously occupied by Dr. George B. Russell, on the north side of Fort street, about where the front entrance of the new federal building is situated. Two of Mr. Dickinson's daughters were educated in this school. He was a firm friend of Miss Sarah Hunt, Professor Henry Chaney and Professor Elisha Jones, who taught his children. It was in recognition of this friendship, as well as his interest in educational matters, that Henry A. Chaney, when a member of the board of education, procured the naming of the Dickinson school in his honor.

When the late William B. Wesson, his wife's brother, came to this city, he treated him like one of his own children, encouraged his ambition, and paid his expenses in college. He had the satisfaction of seeing his young brother-in-law steadily climb the ladder of wealth to millionairesdom. "Wesson," he frequently said, "was the only boy I ever had about me who always did exactly as he was told without objections or tendering advice."

From the time of his arrival in Detroit he was a pew owner and regular attendant of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. For a year or two in the 60's he was a vestryman in St. Peter's Church, in the organization of which he took great interest.

HIS COUNTRY HOME.

In the 40's he purchased a forty-acre farm in what was then Springwells township, on both sides of Grand River avenue, and in 1851 he built

a commodious frame residence on the south side of the avenue, between National and Harrison avenues. To this house he removed in 1851. The house was in the gothic style. It had immense double windows with diamond-shaped panes, and green blinds. The posts which supported the verandas were natural oak logs with the bark on. The house itself stood within the shelter of three superb oak trees. Here he attended closely to his crops and store, and as in other realty investments, set out a large number of shade trees. He did not, however, disregard public affairs, and served a term as justice of the peace, and was largely influential in the organization of school district No. 5, and in building the first school house, which was situated on the south side of Grand River avenue, east of Twelfth street. He was also one of the promoters of the Grand River street car line.

He was very kind and accommodating to his friends; and his two-wheeled cart, and in later days his carriage, was always in use. On his way to and from church he would always stop and pick up a neighbor, being anxious, as he would say, to have "a full load." When the weather was inclement he would drive round to the teachers of No. 5 and take them to the school house and back, for there were no sidewalks in those days.

A GOOD LANDLORD.

Mr. Dickinson was punctual in collecting rents from his tenants, but was very far from being a hard landlord. In the forties Marshall J. Bacon, a well known lawyer, was one of his tenants. Bacon was noted for several things. One was his prominence in temperance circles, in which his fiery red nose seemed strangely out of place, and his perpetual impecuniosity, which never allowed him to pay any rent. One time he was accosted by Mr. Dickinson, who said:

"My dear Bacon, you have occupied my house for a whole year without paying one cent of rent. Now won't you remove to another house and give me a chance? If you rent another place for a year I may let you into my house again."

HIS HOME BURNED.

At 5 o'clock in the morning of February 23, 1854, his house and outbuildings were burned to the ground, much of the furniture and all the contents of his barn, horses, cows, pigs, fowls, etc., were destroyed, only one chicken and two cows being saved. It was a bitter cold night, and the morning still colder, but very clear. Sunrise found Mrs. Dickinson sitting on the lawn in front of her flame-swept house, a babe of eight months in her arms and four or five other little ones nestled about her, for there was no friendly neighbor within half a mile to offer shelter.

Her little daughter, Harriet H., now the widow of Edward T. Baker,

of this city, was carried from the fire some distance to the tollgate by R. W. King, then an active member of the old fire department. The other little ones, half clad, trotted over the frozen snow behind Mr. King to the hospitable toll-house, and were there warmed and given breakfast. Later Colonel Nathaniel Prouty sent the keys to the Buena Vista House, then vacant, and the family were sheltered there for six weeks until a little cottage was built in the orchard. In this cottage Mr. Dickinson lived with his family until the rear of the present brick house was ready for them in July.

The fire was evidently the work of an incendiary, and a man named Martin was arrested. The evidence at his trial showed that he had openly boasted of having set fire to the house, for which he had been promised $20, but had not received the money. Suspicion fell upon a neighbor with whom Mr. Dickinson had some trifling difficulty, but it was never verified. Martin was sentenced to state prison for life, it is said, but was afterward pardoned. A brick house was then built on the site.

In the evening of his life Mr. Dickinson was elected school inspector of the Ninth Ward in 1857, and was one of the board of commissioners on the plan of the city for 1869 to 1871, his colleagues being George S. Frost and J. N. Ford.

HIS CHILDREN.

He died in his house on Grand River avenue on April 7, 1871, in his seventy-first year. Mrs. Dickinson died on June 17, 1887, in her seventy-seventh year. She was a devout church woman, and many years a trustee of St. Luke's Hospital. They had thirteen children, of whom the following survive: Wm. Cutler Dickinson, proprietor of the Fort Wyman Stock Farm, Rolla, Mo.; Horace Hills Dickinson, hardware merchant; Maria L., wife of Thomas S. McGraw; Harriet Holden, widow of Edward T. Baker, and Emily Hills Dickinson. The children, except the first named, live in Detroit, and Miss Emily lives in the paternal homestead on Grand River avenue. Mr. Dickinson's living descendants are five children, eleven grandchildren and three great-grand-children.

THE DOTY FAMILY.

"Doty, E. & H., auction and commission merchants, 135 Jefferson avenue, residence at 159." This was Ellis and Henry Doty, father and son. The directory also contains "John Doty, bricklayer, residence 64 Woodward avenue." This was a cousin of Henry Doty, E. & H. Doty's store

was on the north side of Jefferson avenue, five or six doors east of Bates street, where they did a fair business.

Ellis Doty, the father, was born at Wardsbury, Vt., on July 7, 1783. His wife, whose maiden name was Ruth Pierce, was born at Sandersfield, Mass., on February 22, 1784. They were married on October 28, 1805. In 1825 they emigrated with their family to the West and settled in Mt. Clemens, Mich., but subsequently removed to Detroit in 1826, where Mr. Doty went into business. He was a man of serious mood, and one of his first acts was to become a communicant of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and he was made a vestryman in the same year. Thereafter he was a prominent member of that denomination. In 1832 he was on a committee with Henry M. Campbell and Charles W. Whipple, to call a convention to organize the diocese of Michigan. Rev. Rufus W. Clark, the present rector of St. Paul's who furnishes the above facts, says: "He was a man of force and religious conviction, and took his place among men of prominence in the organization of the Episcopal church in this city. He was one of the fathers of this diocese, and was a frequent and large contributor to the church." In civil life he was several times honored by office. He was street commissioner in 1827, justice of the peace in 1828 and assessor of the old Second Ward in 1842. He was one of the directors of the Michigan State Bank, which was organized in 1835, and which continued in existence for twenty years.

Ellis Doty died on June 9, 1843, of apoplexy, aged sixty years. On the day following his death a meeting was held in St. Paul's Church, at which Bishop McCoskry delivered a feeling and appropriate address. In business he was fairly successful and left a comfortable estate, which included a home, and several hundred shares of stock in the Michigan State Bank.

THE WIDOW DOTY.

Mrs. Ellis Doty, who was generally called the Widow Doty, after the death of her husband, kept a select boarding house, on Jefferson avenue for a short time, and afterward at the northeast corner of Monroe and Farmer streets, until she died on December 11, 1866, in her eighty-third year. She was petite in person, and of marked intellectual ability, and was noted for her kind and motherly qualities. Up to 1847 when the capital was removed to Lansing her house was a favorite stopping place for the legislators who preferred a quiet and refined house to a hotel. Among her young male borders in the early 40's were Anson Burlingame, L. W. Tinker and David Smart, and in later years Addison Mandell, Tom Edmunds, Charles A. Ducharme, W. M. Lyster, Edwin Gryham, David R. Pierce, and other well known citizens. Mrs. Doty became a communicant of St. Paul's Church with her husband in 1826, and was a member of that church until she died.

The children of Ellis and Ruth Doty were Henry, George, William P., and Adeline.

HENRY DOTY.

Henry Doty, their son, was about five feet eight inches in height, and weighed about 135 pounds, with a slender, well-knit frame, light complexion, sandy hair and beard, and blue eyes. He was quick and nervous in his motions, rather decided in speech, and prudent and honorable in character. In 1835 he was public auctioneer, which was the only civil office he ever held. He was born in Canandaigua, N. Y., on September 1, 1813, and came with his parents from Mt. Clemens to Detroit in 1826, when he was thirteen years of age. His wife, whose maiden name was Rachel Edwards, was born at Neath, Wales, on June 22, 1818, and died on April 9, 1880.

After his father's death Henry continued in the auction and commission by himself for several years. He then formed a partnership with Thomas F. Abbott, who had formerly been a partner of Luther Beecher. The firm of Doty & Abbott carried on an auction and commission business on Wodward avenue, a few doors north of Jefferson avenue, on the present site of the Merrill block for several years. Their "business elocutionist" was Tom Edmunds, the old time auctioneer, who was a very uncertain quantity, and always had to be hunted up when they had an auction sale. In 1849 David R. Pierce, Henry's cousin, came to Detroit, intending to proceed to California, but on being offered a situation as clerk in Doty & Abbott's store, accepted it, and served there for several years, and is still in this city.

In 1853 the firm went into the wholesale dry goods trade on the south side of Jefferson avenue, between Bates and Randolph, but about four years afterward went out of business. Mr. Doty then went into the lumber trade, and from 1859 to 1871 had a lumber yard at the foot of Eleventh street. During this period he was, at intervals, in partnership with E. P. Campbell, O. Adams and Messrs. Luce and Mason. In 1871 the firm of Henry Doty & Company, auction and real estate, was formed, and did business at 221 Jefferson avenue for a short time.

His last occupation was as secretary and treasurer of the National Leather Company in 1876-7, and he then permanently retired from active business, and attended to his real estate interests. About ten years before his death he removed his house on rollers from the southeast corner of Layette avenue and Cass streets to No. 37 Parsons street, where he died on July 13, 1885, in his seventy-second year.

Like his father, he was a good churchman, his record being as follows: Baptized at Canandaigua, N. Y., by Rev. A. W. Welton, August 1, 1815. In 1826 attended St. Paul's Church, then held in Military Hall, in Fort

Shelby. Confirmed in St. Paul's church in 1841. Vestryman from 1843 to 1851. One of the founders of Emanuel Church in 1873.

He left an estate of over $80,000, mostly in real estate.

The children of Henry Doty and Rebecca Edwards are: Florence, wife of George A. Converse, mining operator, Denver, Col., Mary Doty, who lives with her sister Florence; Charles Doty, traveling agent for Edson, Moore & Company in Lake Superior; Alexander Doty, merchant, Detroit; Ellis A. Doty, of Mack & Doty, grocers, Detroit; Henry B. Doty, bookkeeper, Detroit, and Thomas P. Doty, manager R. H. Traver clothing establishment, Detroit.

WILLIAM P. DOTY.

William P. Doty, brother of Henry Doty, was short and thick-set in person, a devotee of pleasure, a free liver, and lived and died a bachelor. He was a clerk for Abbott & Doty for several years, and in 1849 went to California, where he resided several years. He then returned to Detroit, and in 1853 went into business on Jefferson avenue, between Bates and Randolph streets, as a piano agent. He subsequently went to Saginaw, where he built and managed a saw-mill, in which venture he was backed by his brothers George and Henry. He died of consumption, on May 25, 1857, in his thirty-fourth year.

GEORGE DOTY.

George Doty, son of Ellis Doty, was born at Canandaigua, N. Y., in 1818 and came with his parents to Detroit in 1826. Shortly afterwards he went to Buffalo, where he learned the jeweler's trade. Returning to Detroit he formed a partnership in the jewelry business with Edmund Kearsley, son of Jonathan Kearsley, on Jefferson avenue, which only lasted a short time when the Canadian rebellion commenced in 1837, he sympathized with the patriots, and was a participator in the battle on Fighting Island below this city, on Feb. 25, 1838. He was then nineteen years of age and an expert rifle shot. As the red-coats advanced from the Canada shore on the ice, he picked off several, one of them, it is said, being an officer on horseback. He was a member of the Brady Guard, and later of the Light Guard, and was a fine looking soldier in city parades. He was also an active member of the volunteer fire department.

FIRST PLATE GLASS WINDOW.

In 1849 he purchased a lot on the south side of Jefferson avenue, between Bates and Randolph streets, and built thereon a store, which stood on the present site of No. 218. In the same year he put plate glass windows, five by seven feet each, in his store, which were the first of the kind in Detroit or any city west of New York. He was also one

of the first merchants in this city to make an attractive display of goods in his windows. He was the leading jeweler in Detroit for over ten years, and was in business here for about twice that period. In politics he was rather independent, and never sought or held a public office. His favorite saying was: "The democrats steal and the whigs and republicans rob."

Mr. Doty was short and stout, weighing about 170 pounds, with a fair complexion and blue eyes. As a merchant he was a man of integrity, honorable and enterprising, and was also rather eccentric in his ways. He was an enthusiastic hunter, and was also fond of aquatic sports.

A QUEER SHIPYARD.

About 1855 he concluded to build a yacht, and resolved to say nothing about it to his friends until it was completed. At that time he had a country house on Lake St. Clair, near where the present Newberry and McMillan residences stand, and the yacht was to be his conveyance to and from Grosse Pointe. It was built in the second story of his Jefferson avenue store, by Phil Dunphy, an Irish ship carpenter. Robert Roehm, who was a journeyman jeweler in his store, and his cousin, Donald R. Pierce, also helped in the work.

When it was finished, the work of removing it to the river commenced about midnight. It was found, however, to be too large for the rear door, so the brickwork was torn down on one side, and a derrick was extemporized. Several truckmen aided in the work, and the yacht was finally lowered to the ground. It was then loaded on the truck, taken down to the river and launched about daylight. This was probably the first and last yacht built in a Jefferson avenue store, and the affair created much merriment at the time.

George was a conscientious tradesman, and no article left his store that was not finished in good style. He would do good work even if he made no profit. The first public clock was furnished by him for the steeple of the First Presbyterian church, on the northwest corner of Gratiot avenue and Farmer street. The church paid for the clock, but it was only a nominal price, and was really a donation.

UPS AND DOWNS.

But the later '50s he was in prosperous circumstances, and he branched out by starting a lumber yard in Chicago, and became the owner of the tug Lyon, on the Detroit River. He was also the owner of the Michigan Farmer in 1861, for about a year. His Chicago interests were placed in the hands of a superintendent, but in the business stagnation that preceded the war he suffered severe reverses. The Chicago superintendent was dishonest and stole his money. His devotion to outdoor sports also

took time and attention that could have been more profitably employed, and as a result of these causes he made an assignment in 1861. His store passed out of his hands by foreclosure of a $9,000 mortgage in 1863. He removed to New York, but the change did not result in restoring his broken fortune.

A few years afterward he returned to Detroit and commenced business again in the second story of the King block, on the southeast corner of Jefferson and Woodward avenues, which was owned by his brother-in-law, Jonathan King. Here he went into partnership with Daniel W. King. On the night of Oct. 2, 1866, the store was burglarized and nearly all the stock of jewelry and watches, valued at $4,000, was stolen. Suspicion fell on James M. Hollywood, a practicing physician, whose office was on Jefferson avenue, in the next block west, and he was arrested. Hollywood's office at that time was the resort of suspicious characters, and some of the goods was found in his possession. At the trial next year, however, the evidence against him was insufficient, and he was found not guilty. Hollywood was afterwards implicated in several questionable transactions and has since died.

Mr. Doty did business afterward in several locations on Woodward avenue and Jefferson avenue, and about 1876 removed to Colorado, where he followed the business of assayer. He is now seventy-seven years of age, and lives at Breckenridge, Colo. Two of his married daughters reside at Denver. He occasionally visits this city, where his wife, whose maiden name was Rachel L. King, still lives. She is a sister of John E. King, of the real estate firm of Hubbard & King, and the late Jonathan King, the old-time clothier.

Their surviving children are three daughters—Mary, wife of Henry Farncomb, lawyer, and Cora, wife of Charles Harwitz, dry goods merchant, both residents of Denver, Colo., and Louise, wife of C. O. Roney, of C. H. Mills & Company, Detroit. Their son, Edmund Kearsley Doty, secretary of the late Captain E. Ward, and later bookkeeper for several leading firms, died in December, 1894.

ADELINE DOTY.

Adeline Doty, daughter of Ellis Doty, married Richard Connor, who went alone to California during the gold excitement in 1849 and died in that state. Their children were William Connor, jeweler, Buena Vista, Colo.; Richard Connor, deceased; Mary, widow of Mr. Miller, Manistee, Mich., and Caroline, wife of William Lamport, Pontiac.

JOHN DOTY.

John Doty, cousin of George and William Doty, was born at Painesville, O., in 1801, and died in Detroit on August 20, 1875, in his seventy-

fourth year. He was nearly six feet in height and slimly built, weighing about 160 pounds, with light complexion, blue eyes and was always clean shaven. He married Jane Greer in Painesville, and came here with his wife in territorial days. At first he was a journeyman bricklayer, but subsequently he was a contractor and built brick houses. His wife died in 1870, and in 1871 he married Mary Segar, who was born in Albany and came to Detroit in 1866. His home for many years was at No. 10 Clinton street, four doors east of Brush. He removed to No. 54 Russell street in 1873, where he died two years later. His widow still lives in this city. John Doty, never had any children.

JOSIAH R. DORR.

Josiah R. Dorr was a prominent citizen of Detroit in the '20s, '30s, and '40s, and was deservedly popular in all classes of societies, being an enterprising, energetic merchant and iron manufacturer, and a public-spirited and charitable man. The reference in the Detroit directory of 1837 is "Josiah R. Door & Co., commission and forwarding merchants, 3 Wapping, residence Washington exchange." He was from the East, and came here probably because his brother Melvin Dorr had risen to prominence in this city.

Melvin Door came here in 1815 or 1816, shortly after the close of the war of 1812, an had filled a number of important offices, including city marshal in 1819, public auctioneer in 1823, associate justice of the County Court for 1824-6, and chief justice of the same tribunal from 1828 to 1830. Melvin's occupation was that of commission and forwarding merchant. His wharf being at the foot of Cass street.

A COMMISSION.

Josiah R. Dorr's first recorded move in business was to form a partnership in October, 1825, with William Brewster, an old fur trader and merchant, who had been agent of the American Fur Company, and whose sister, Elizabeth Brewster married General A. T. McReynolds, now of Grand Rapids. Their warehouse, formerly occupied by Melvin Dorr, was at the foot of Cass street. The partnership did not last long, for in the following year Brewster assigned his interest in the firm of J. R. Brewster & Co., on April 1, to DeGarmo Jones. In 1827 the warehouse and wharf was burned, together with the brewery of Abbott & Converse, the ashery of Thomas Palmer, the wagon shop of R. W. Paine, and

Ewer's cooper shop. For the exertions of the firemen, Josiah and Melvin Dorr and DeGarmo Jones returned public thanks in the newspapers.

THE FIRST SAWMILL IN DETROIT.

In 1832 Josiah R. Dorr interested C. C. Trowbridge and E. A. Brush in the project of building a saw-mill in this city. They purchased a piece of river front at the foot of Hastings street from Antoine Beaubien for $450. This was the first saw-mill in Detroit. It was built by Harvey Williams, who afterwards removed to Saginaw and died there in 1883. The proprietors operated the mill about two years and then sold it to Dr. Justin Rice and Dr. Thomas B. Clarke, who were brothers-in-law. It was afterwards owned by Buckminster Wight and his relatives.

AN IRON FOUNDRY.

About 1830 the Detroit Iron Company was organized, with its office and shops at the southwest corner of Jefferson avenue and Cass street, extending west along Jefferson avenue about 150 feet and on the south to Atwater street. In 1837 the company was composed of Josiah R. Dorr, W. B. Alvord, and Turner Stetson. At first the foundry made mill irons, plows and castings, but it enlarged its facilities, added a triphammer and turned out steam engines. At the same time Mr. Dorr was actively interested in his commission and forwarding business, and made money.

About 1841 he formed a partnership with B. L. Webb, and did a large business. The first consignment to Detroit of express matter by the Pomeroy Express Company, of Albany, came to Dorr & Webb's warehouse. The Pomeroy Express Company was organized in Albany, in 1841, and the name was afterwards changed to the American Express Company.

He was a director of the Bank of St. Clair, a wildcat institution, which was removed to Detroit in 1842 and failed in 1845. He was also a member of the Detroit Boat Club in the '40s, and rowed in the river with E. A. Brush, Dr. J. H. Farnsworth, Henry Ledyard, A. S. Williams, DeWitt C. Holbrook and other young men, who subsequently became leading citizens.

Mr. Dorr was a good-looking, well-dressed gentleman, about five feet eight inches in height, spare in person, weighing about 145 pounds, with a fair complexion, light brown hair and blue eyes. He was quick in his movements, nervous in temperament and very energetic, and although taking delight in triumphing over obstacles, was not combative or excitable. He was a whig in politics but never held any public office, and was a member of the First Presbyterian church.

LIVED IN THE LABADIE HOUSE.

In 1835 he purchased from the widow of Governor George B. Porter, who died of cholera in 1834, the historic Labadie house on River street, at the foot of Twenty-fourth street. The house, which is still standing, was built in 1781 by Pierre Descompte Labadie, and within its wooden walls Whitmore Knaggs and Judge James May were married to two of Labadie's daughters. It was surrounded by Indians in 1813, when Perry's fleet came sailing up the river and Harrison's army was marching to Detroit on the opposite shore. One of the ships fired at the Indians and two grape shots were imbedded in the logs of the house.

Mr. Dorr improved the house and added two wings. His first wife died shortly afterward which accounts for his living at the Michigan Exchange in 1837. He subsequently married again and reoccupied the house. A hospitable, pleasant gentleman with numerous friends, his house had many visitors, and James F. Joy, John Winder and other old citizens retain pleasant memories of their host and his amiable wife.

After 1845 his prosperity waned. He had been a considerable investor in real estate, but the depreciation of property and the failure of the Bank of St. Clair, left him in straitened circumstances. After a long struggle he was obliged to succumb in 1848.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

He removed to Attica, Ind., where he engaged in the meat packing business. Becoming short of funds he came back to Detroit and asked George T. Porter to indorse his note for $800. Mr. Porter was then a partner of James F. Joy, and when he came to Detroit a poor young man he was befriended by Dorr, who gave him employment as a clerk in the iron foundry.

When Dorr asked for the indorsement Porter immediately signed it, expressing his pleasure in doing it. When Dorr had left the office, Mr. Joy said:

"Porter you will have to pay that note."

"I don't care," said his partner. "If Dorr wants more he can have it. He was a friend to me when I was poor, and I feel as if I would rather pay a much larger sum than refuse him."

Mr. Joy's prediction proved true.

According to the recollection of old citizens, Mr. Dorr died in Attica about 1852. So far as known he had no children that reached maturity.

HENRY V. DISBROW.

The directory of 1837 has the following reference of a well-known and prominent citizen: "Henry V. Disbrow, justice of the peace, office 29, residence 55 Griswold street." Mr. Disbrow was then thirty-nine years of age, tall and erect, of light complexion, blue eyes, dignified and rather phlegmatic, reserved in manner, and a man of few words, but kind and generous, and a great reader and student. A man of integrity and good judgment, he stood high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, who elevated him to several positions of trust and honor. He was generally dressed in black broadcloth, and wore a high beaver hat, which was the usual costume of persons of social consideration in those days, and his eyes being weak, he protected them with green spectacles.

The Disbrows were old settlers in these parts. His grandfather was a native of Holland, and came to this country about 1780, settling in Trenton, N. J., and in 1820, at an advanced age, came to Monroe, and died soon after.

HENRY DISBROW.

Henry Disbrow, father of Henry V. Disbrow, was born at Trenton, N. J., in 1768, and married Sally Anderson at that place in 1790. He emigrated to Marysville, Ky., about 1795, and his son, the subject of this sketch, was born there on Nov. 17, 1798. Henry Disbrow, although born in this country, was a typical Hollander, resolute and stern in character, and was an honorable, patriotic and courageous man. He was a surveyor by profession.

He was in Detroit in 1812, and took an active part in the war which commenced in that year. He was the owner of a boat load of provisions, which he was bringing to Detroit, but it was captured on Lake Erie by the British. It is said that the first shot fired in the war of 1812 was directed at him, or rather his boat. His loss by this capture amounted to several thousand dollars, for which he never received any compensation. He must have been obnoxious to the British, for he was kept a prisoner of war for two years afterward. His wife was in Detroit when Hull surrendered to Brock in 1812.

GOES TO MONROE.

In 1817 Henry Disbrow settled in Monroe with his family, and engaged in the duties of his profession. He surveyed and laid out the city of

Monroe, and also engaged in other business. He was one of the first members of the first established Presbyterian church in Michigan, which was organized at Monroe in 1820. The First Presbyterian church of Detroit was organized in 1825, five years later. To his house in Monroe, in 1821, came his old father, who rode all the way from Trenton, N. J., on horseback, and who died a short time afterward. Henry Disbrow died in 1852, aged eighty-four years. His wife died in 1859, aged eighty-eight.

HENRY VAN DYKE DISBROW.

Henry Van Dyke Disbrow, his son, had not the advantage of a college education, but he was a studious lad and early chose the law for his vocation. He studied for several years and in 1821 was admitted by the territorial Supreme Court, composed of A. B. Woodward, John Griffin and James Witherell, to practice as a counselor and attorney-at-law. He is mentioned in his certificate as "of the town and county of Monroe." He came to Detroit shortly afterwards, and the records show that he was enrolled as an attorney here, but the law seemed to promise little advancement, and he became a merchant. He started in the dry goods and general mercantile business in a store on the northeast corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues, the present site of the Merrill block, and did a good business over ten years. His residence was on the southwest corner of Griswold and Congress streets, which was afterward occupied by Sylvester Larned as a law office.

Mr. Disbrow was a leading and influential citizen, as is evidenced by the office he held. He was alderman at large in 1829, and again in 1832. In 1829 he presided at the indignation meeting of the prominent citizens which denounced the Supreme Court for fining Editor John P. Sheldon $100. In 1829 he was one of the directors of the old Farmers and Mechanics' Bank. In 1835-36 he was chief engineer of the volunteer fire department, and in 1837 he was justice of the peace. In politics he was first a whig and then a republican, and he attended the First Presbyterian church.

His last occupation in Detroit was that of forwarder and commission merchant on the dock, his warehouse being on Atwater street, in rear of the dismantled Michigan Exchange Hotel. His wife was Harriet Cummings, whom he married in Detroit in 1825. She was born in New Hampshire, but came west with her parents while quite young. She was a sister of the wife of James Williams, who was a merchant on Woodbridge street in 1837. Williams, it is said, was his partner in the commission business. Their residences were in close proximity, the Williams family residing across the street in a brick house.

RETURNS TO MONROE.

Shortly after the expiration of his term of trustee he returned to Monroe, where he engaged in the commission business on the dock in partnership with Henry Grenell, afterwards of Grand Rapids. The firm did an extensive business and made money. The partners owned a steamer which made trips between Monroe and Buffalo, calling at all intermediate ports on the south shore of Lake Erie. In those days the voyage was made in three days, or six days for the round trip.

In 1857 he removed with his family to Galesburg, Ill., where he opened a crockery store, and continued in business until he died on June 7, 1868, in his seventieth year. His wife also died in Galesburg, on Feb. 19, 1872.

HIS CHILDREN.

They had six children, Harriet, Helen and Cornelius were born and died in Detroit, and Sarah, Mary and Frederick were born in Monroe. Sarah married Amos Rugbee, and died in Galesburg, in 1863. Frederick died at Chicopee Falls, Mass., in 1891. The only surviving child is Mary Disbrow, wife of Professor Henry W. Tyler, of Smith College, Northhampton, Mass.

The sisters of Henry V. Disbrow were the late Mrs. Oliver Johnson, of Monroe, Mrs. Green, of Dayton, O., and Mrs. Thomas G. Cole, who still survives in Monroe at the advanced age of eighty-six.

JULIUS ELDRED.

Julius Eldred played a leading part in the affairs of Detroit from 1817 until his death in 1851, a period of thirty-four years. He was a man of commanding presence and personality, being about six feet in height and in his prime weighed over 200 pounds, with strong features, dark hair and complexion and gray eyes. In his speech he was rather abrupt and sententious, and masterful in his ways, but in disposition he was kind, generous and honorable, with a taste for humor, and was fond of telling good stories. As a merchant and business man, he was honest and just, and he was also a leading and public spirited citizen.

He was born in Cooperstown, at the foot of Otsego Lake, Otsego county, N. Y., on May 15, 1787. Nothing of his early life can be related by his descendants, except that he married Mindwell Higby, the comely daughter of a farmer, at Ballston Springs, N. Y., near Saratoga, on

Christmas Day, 1811, the groom being twenty-four years of age and the bride nineteen.

CAME HERE IN 1817.

He came to Buffalo from Cooperstown with his family in the summer of 1816, and sailed to Detroit in a schooner. In the hold were two black horses which he had brought from Cooperstown. When the boat arrived at Detroit there were no facilities for unloading animals, and the horses had to swim ashore. He shortly afterward engaged in business with Levi Cook, Orville Cook and William Thurber in a general mercantile business. On May 18, 1818, the firm dissolved. Thurber stepping out, and a new firm formed of Eldred and the two Cooks. Their advertisement in the Gazette tells that they dealt in flour, whisky, dry goods, tinware, etc., and all the heterogeneous articles of an early general store. The firm was also among the vessel owners of the town in that year.

He early earned the reputation of being a safe and honorable man, as is evidenced by the fact that in 1819 he was appointed administrator of the estate of Dennison Palmer, of the River Rouge.

Julius Eldred evidently took rank at once as a leading citizen, and was considerably interested in politics. On Aug. 10, 1821, a call for a public meeting to support Solomon Sibley for Congress was signed by himself, John Palmer, Levi Cook, Ben Woodworth, Robert Smart and others.

In April, 1824, the Gazette contains an advertisement which shows where his residence was. Elijah Willet, on that date, advertises for sale "the house and lot on Griswold street, formerly occupied by him as a tavern, now occupied by Julius Eldred. The house is in good repair, and there are on the lot two stables and an excellent garden spot. It is on the corner and is 100 by 60 feet." This house was on the northeast corner of Griswold and Larned streets. It was the first house built after the great fire of 1805, and was just outside of the palisade of the military reservation. It was built by a man named Welch, whose daughter married Elijah Willet. An addition built on the corner was used by Tom Swan as a saloon, which was styled Cobweb Hall. The building was torn down about 1878,and is entirely covered by the Bank Chamber Building, owned by Sydney D. Miller and John H. Bissell The land is owned by the Henry P. Baldwin estate.

A WOOLEN MANUFACTURER.

In this year (1824) he went into partnership with David French, his brother-in-law, in a woolen mill, which was situated on Therese alley. This thoroughfare runs from the river to Berthelet alley, now Franklin

street, between Brush and Randolph streets. The Gazette of October, 1824, says: "The facility of communication in this country is singularly illustrated by the fact that wool has been sent 1,080 miles, going and coming, to be carded at the establishment recently erected in this city by Messrs. Eldred and French." According to the recollection of Friend Palmer this mill was operated by animal power—either horses or oxen, or both. Julius Eldred's house in that year was on the same alley as the factory and both were destroyed by fire on Dec. 9, 1831. His house was rebuilt, but not the factory.

In the summer of 1825 his aged father, Elisha Eldred, came to Detroit on a visit, and died here the same year on Oct. 10, aged sixty-nine years. His remain swere interred in the city cemetery, but were afterwards removed to the family lot in Elmwood. In 1831 Julius Eldred was appointed commissioner of common schools; was alderman in 1834 and 1836, and in 1838 he was moderator of school district No. 1. In 1838 he was director of the City Bank, the only "wild cat" institution organized in Detroit, and was its receiver when it went out of existence in the following year.

During the cholera epidemic of 1832 and 1834 no citizen of Detroit, with the exception, perhaps of Father Martin Kundig, was more devoted and self-sacrificing in relieving the sufferings of the sick and dying than Julius Eldred.

IN 1837.

In 1837 the directory tells that Julius Eldred was a lumber merchant and dealt in ground plaster and French burr millstone at 84 Atwater street, and that his residence was still in Therese alley. The warehouse at Atwater street was on the south side, next lot west of the D., G. H. & M. depot.

In the same warehouse, which was called the "Blue Building" his son, Elisha Eldred, was a wholesale grocer, wine and liquor merchant and lived with his father.

Julius Eldred also operated a hardware store on the southwest corner of Jefferson avenue and Randolph street, where the water office now stands, in partnership with his eldest son, Francis E. Eldred, then twenty-five years of age.

The directory of 1837 also conveys the information that Eldred & Wickware were hardware and commission merchants in the same store, No. 186, on the corner of Jefferson avenue and Randolph street. This firm was composed of Frank E. Eldred and Cornelius Wickware, but it is evident that it was dissolved during the time that the directory was in press. Wickware was subsequently a partner of Dr. Hosea P. Cobb in the drug business. His daughter Mary afterward married Levi T. Griffin of this city.

In 1840 Julius Eldred and his son Francis built a block of three stores on the north side of Jefferson avenue, between Woodward avenue and Griswold street, where the Burns and Owen building now stands, and removed his hardware business there.

In the same year he contributed a handsome sum to complete the Ladies' Protestant Orphan Asylum building on Jefferson avenue, on which the work had been stopped for lack of funds. For this he was formally thanked by the association.

FIRST TO LAY CEDAR BLOCKS.

Previous to 1835 not a single street in Detroit was paved. Sometimes an enterprising citizen would pave in front of his property with cobble-stone, but not one entire block was paved until 1835, when Atwater street, between Woodward avenue and Randolph street, was covered with cobble-stones, mostly by the influence of Robert E. Roberts. The first wood pavement was laid by Julius Eldred in 1845 in front of his property on Jefferson avenue. It was of hexagonal blocks laid in sand, and extended to the center of the street. He also paved in front of his property on Atwater street that year with the same materials.

THE COPPER ROCK.

In 1841 he commenced putting into effect a long cherished project to obtain possession of the famous "Copper Rock," in the bed of a fork of the Ontonagon River, in Lake Superior. The rock has a history reaching into the dim past, when the mound builders were the only inhabitants of that region. It was worshipped as a Manitou by the Indians and was visited by numerous mining adventurers during English rule, who imagined that it must be connected with a large vein of copper in the vicinity. In 1819 the Cass expedition tried to visit it but failed. Lewis Cass then reported to Secretary of War John C. Calhoun that it was not a mass of copper, but rather copper imbedded in rock, and weighing about five tons. It is about four feet square and about eighteen inches thick. Subsequently Cass sent a party to obtain specimens of it. The party moved the rock about four feet on to the bank and built a huge bonfire of cordwood around it. When the mass was red hot they dashed water on it, but this only removed portions of the quartz.

IT IS MOVED TO DETROIT.

Joseph Spencer, one of the expedition, told the circumstances to Julius Eldred, who resolved to possess it. The market value of the rock could not exceed $600, and his object was to exhibit it for money in the eastern cities. In 1841 he purchased it from the Chippewa Indians for $150, and with a party raised it on skids, but could do nothing more. In

1843 he started from Detroit with a car and portable railway and procured a government permit from Colonel Walter Cunningham, the mineral agent, to occupy for mining purposes the section of land on which the rock was situated. When he got there he found Colonel Hammond and a party of Wisconsin miners in possession, and Hammond displayed his authority from the Secretary of War to locate the land. Eldred bought the rock again for $1,765.

His party of twenty-four persons performed herculean labor in transporting the rock over hills 600 feet high and through valleys and deep ravines, but finally they got it to the main stream, and thence floated it to Sault Ste. Marie. Here Colonel Cunningham seized the rock by order of Secretary of War Porter, who in his communication said that the parties claiming the rock had no right to it, but directing that they be "remunerated fully and fairly, but not to exceed $700."

Colonel Cunningham allowed Eldred to take it to Detroit, and on Oct. 11, 1843, it was brought to this city. It was drawn on a truck from the landing by four black stallions driven by a Frenchman named Desjardins, and exhibited in the room below the Advertiser office, in the Sheldon (now Willis) block on Jefferson avenue, for twenty-five cents a head. Among the crowds that gazed upon it was Henry R. Schoolcraft, who had seen it on the Ontonagon twenty-three years before. On Oct. 9 it left Detroit on the revenue cutter Erie, to Buffalo, thence by the Erie canal to Albany, thence to New York and it was finally laid down in the yard of the War Department at Washington. It is now in the National Museum.

Of course Eldred appealed to Congress for redress, and his bill was reported by Senator William Woodbridge, of Michigan. Three years later on Jan. 26, 1847, he was allowed $5,664.98 for his time and expenses. The above facts are taken from an able paper written by Charles Moore of this city and read before the Anthropological Society of Washington.

Eldred suffered inconsiderable hardships and anxiety of mind in the work, and the insufficient remuneration greatly disheartened him. His health visibly failed afterwards, both on this account and from other reverses in business, which stripped him of nearly all his means. He indorsed the notes of John Drew, a local capitalist for a considerable amount and ultimately had to pay them. He had invested in two farms below this city on the River Rouge, and not being able to keep up his payments, lost them. He made an assignment to David French, for the benefit of his creditors, on Jan. 8, 1842.

Julius Eldred died at his home at 100 Congress street, south side, two doors east of Brush street, which is still standing, on March 26, 1851, aged sixty-three years. His wife died on Jan. 2, 1864, aged seventy-two.

FRANCIS E. ELDRED.

Francis was a fine looking man like his father, being within half an inch less than six feet in height, and weighed about 170 pounds, with dark hair, gray eyes, a clear, rosy complexion, and wore a full beard, but no mustache. He was an active fireman, and in 1837 was foreman of No. 3 engine company, of the old fire department. In 1848-9 he was alderman of the old Seventh Ward and filled the same office in the Ninth Ward in 1863. From 1863 to 1866 he was city assessor.

Francis E. Eldred, the oldest child, was born in Otsego county, N. Y., on Sept. 12, 1812, and came to Detroit in 1816 with his parents when he was five years of age. As above stated he was in partnership with his father for several years, and subsequently went into the tanning business the establishment being near the foot of Rivard street. In 1847 Andrew Ladue (brother of John Ladue, mayor of Detroit in 1850), came to Detroit and became his partner. Subsequently a son of Andrew Ladue and their foreman, Levi E. Dolson, started a tannery at the foot of Thirteenth street, but the venture was not a success. When the firm of Eldred & Ladue dissolved in 1855, Mr. Eldred acquired the tannery of Ladue & Dolson, and Levi E. Dolson was employed as foreman. This establishment was badly damaged by fire on June 1, 1861. He prospered in business and was a generous, whole-souled man. A member of Christ Episcopal church; like his mother, he was liberal in donations to that society, one of his gifts being the substantial sum of $4,000. A lover of speedy horseflesh, he was a frequent contestant in the winter races on Jefferson avenue in the '50s and '60s. He built his home on Jefferson avenue, two doors east of the Presbyterian church, which is now occupied by Truman H. Newberry. A few years before his death, while racing on the avenue, his horse ran away and he was thrown out of his cutter at the corner of Beaubien street and struck his head against a brick wall. This accident permanently injured his health. He owned two farms at Farmington, near this city, one of which was traversed by Grand River avenue. He retired to his farm at Farmington in 1866, and died there on March 7, 1868, in his fifty-sixth year. He married at Monroe, Mercy A. Howard, on Dec. 31, 1834, who died in Deroit on March 10, 1889, aged seventy-three years. All of his children are dead except Florence Eldred, who married Frank P. Mann, and is now the wife of George W. Buffum, builder, of this city.

ELISHA ELDRED.

Elisha Eldred afterward removed to Chicago, where he was engaged in the lumber business for many years. Last year, his health being very bad, he was advised by his physician to go west. He went to Pasadena, Cal., but his ailments grew worse and he died there in May, 1894, aged

about seventy-six. His first wife was Mary Marvin, of Cooperstown, N. Y., who died in Chicago. His second wife was Mrs. Ashton, a widow who survives him. He left four sons, one of whom has since departed. He left an estate of about $20,000.

ANSON ELDRED.

Anson Eldred removed to Milwaukee, where he was an extensive dealer in lumber and pine lands, and several times a millionaire. He was born about 1820, and died on January 14, 1895, aged seventy-five years. He leaves three children.

SARAH ANN ELDRED.

Sarah Ann Eldred was born in Detroit, March 25, 1824. She married Joseph Benjamin Griffing in October, 1844, and removed with him to Beloit, Wis., where he became a member of the dry goods firm of Higby & Griffing. He died ten months afterward, on Aug. 1, 1845, and his widow returned to Detroit, where she lived until her death, on June 8, 1882. Her only child, Josephine Griffing, accompanied her to Detroit, where she married James F. Hill, formerly of Albany, N. Y., who died in 1883. Mrs. Hill and her six children live in this city at 160 Baldwin avenue. She has a fragment of the "copper rock" in her possession, and so has A. B. Wood, of 980 Jefferson avenue.

John Higby Eldred, born in 1830, died in 1835.

John Eldred, born in 1822, died on March 26, 1824, on the day after his sister Sarah was born.

A SKETCH OF THREE GENERATIONS OF THE DOLSENS.

Levi Euphrates Dolsen, known for many years as the oldest person of continuous residence in Detroit, was born in Raleigh township, Kent county, Upper Canada, near Chatham, on Jan. 1, 1813.

MATTHEW DOLSEN.

His father, Matthew Dolsen, is said to have been a native of Detroit, but removed to Kent county, Canada. His mother, Elizabeth Willits, was born in Cumberland county, opposite Harrisburg, Pa., and in 1800 removed with her parents to Kent county, where she was afterward married to Matthew Dolsen.

In 1812 Matthew Dolsen, then the father of five children, was drafted

into the British army and was brought to Sandwich. Here he deserted and came to Detroit, where he enlisted in Hull's army. After the surrender, with a man named Garvey, he scaled the pickets of the fort and went to Chillicothe, Ohio, where he enlisted in Harrison's army. He was a guide for the American army in Canada, and was present at the battle of Moraviantown, about sixteen miles from Chatham, where the British were defeated.

Meanwhile his wife and family remained in Chatham, and after the fight, Levi, the youngest, born during his father's absence, was brought to Detroit with the rest of the family on Oct. 20, 1813. Levi was then nearly 10 months old. He was taken into the family of his grandfather Willits and brought up by them, making his home in Detroit until his death in 1887.

LEVI E. DOLSEN.

In 1828 young Levi, then 15 years of age, was apprenticed to a tanner, and during the remainder of his life, with the exception of a short time in which he was a clerk, was engaged in that business. For several years he was foreman in the tannery of Eldred & Ladue (Frank E. Eldred and Andrew Ladue), at the foot of Rivard street. Afterward he was a partner of James Ladue, son of Andrew Ladue, his former employer, but the venture was not successful. When the firm of Eldred & Ladue was dissolved in 1855, Mr. Eldred came into the possession of the tannery of Ladue & Dolsen, at the foot of Thirteenth street, and Mr. Dolsen was made superintendent. The position he retained until about three months before his death, the tannery meanwhile passing from the hands of Mr. Eldred to that of Pliny Jewell & Sons, in which Governor Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, was a silent partner, and then was merged into the Detroit Leather Company.

HONORED BY OFFICE.

In politics Mr. Dolsen was a whig and afterward a republican. In 1841 he was elected by the whigs as representative to the State Legislature and served one term. He represented the old Ninth Ward of this city on the board of education from 1858 to 1861 inclusive, and also in 1863. During his first term the High School was permanently established. The Legislature of 1844 had authorized the establishment of a high school and it was inaugurated in that year, but was soon discontinued. In 1855 the Legislature passed a bill increasing the facilities of the High School, but the matter was postponed until 1858. At the meeting of the board in that year to take final action, Mr. Dolsen was called to the chair, the president being absent. When the final vote concerning the re-establishment of the High School came up there was a tie, and he exercised his privilege and gave the casting vote in favor of a high school.

CHARACTERISTICS.

Mr. Dolsen was about five feet eight inches in height and of spare figure, with dark eyes and hair. During the last twenty years of his life he made a striking figure on the streets of Detroit, his form being as straight as an arrow, with snowy white hair and mustache, heavy black eyebrows, and dark eyes which retained the lustre of youth. His bearing was dignified almost to austerity, but he had a loving, generous heart.

Dolsen was a methodist and a sincere christian. He was proficient in the French language and for many years was affiliated with the French Methodist church of Detroit. He was also a local preacher, and occupied the chuch of that denomination on Rivard street for some time.

Mr. Dolsen abounded in interesting reminiscences of early Detroit, which he saw grow from a hamlet to a large and beautiful city. One of his anecdotes was about the old bridges on the Scavoyard River in this city. One day in 1822, when he was nine years of age, he was jumping on a little, one-plank bridge which crossed that stream on Congress street, a little east of Griswold, when he missed his footing and fell into the water. He became entangled with the rushes and narrowly escaped drowning. He remembered the visit of President Monroe in 1817, when that dignitary landed at the mouth of Ecorse River, and came to the city escorted by prominent citizens, and saluted by the guns of Fort Shelby; and could tell about his knee breeches, ruffled shirt and powdered hair. When the Walk-in-the-Water, the first steamer on the lakes, arrived in Detroit in 1818, young Levi was among the crowd who saw her tied up at the public wharf. He learned French under the tuition of Father Gabriel Richard. The historic pastor of Ste. Anne's had a large scar on one cheek, and one day young Levi asked how it was caused. Father Richard replied as follows:

FR. RICHARD'S ESCAPE.

"I was a priest in France at the time of the revolution, directed by Robespierre. I saw some of the soldiers near my house one day, and heard them asking for me. I knew what that meant, and I jumped out of a rear window. As I landed on the ground a woman in an adjoining house threw a teapot at me. It broke on my cheek, inflicting a deep wound. I ran out on the street until I was exhausted. Seeing some men digging a ditch, I jumped into it. They were friends and covered up my priest's garb with their coats and vests. I was not seen and my pursuers passed by. I worked in that ditch until I got a chance to leave for America in a vessel."

THE AWFUL CURSE OF ROME.

Mr. Dolsen was in St. Anne's when Rev. Fr. Richard excommunicated Labadie for refusing to leave his second wife while his first wife was liv-

ing. "I never heard such a curse uttered before or since. It rings in my ears still. He cursed Labadie when he was awake and asleep; when he was well and when he was ill; lying down or standing up; eating or fasting; cursed his head, body and soul; and condemned him to hell everlasting. Labadie sued for damages, as the catholics would have nothing to do with him, and his business was ruined. The court awarded him $1,100 damages, but Father Richard would not pay it, and he was lodged in jail. But while there he was elected to Congress, and he had to be released. He died of cholera in 1832, losing his life in caring for those afflicted by the scourge.

When Daniel Webster spoke in 1827 in the grove at the back of the Cass mansion, Levi was an attentive listener, and was introduced to the "great expounder" by Phineas Davis. He afterward formed a pleasant friendship with Fletcher Webster, son of the great Dan., who was then a practicing lawyer in Detroit, and as colonel of a Massachusetts regiment fell at the second battle of Bull Run, in 1862.

HIS CHILDREN.

Mr. Dolsen married three times. His first wife was Ann Eliza Stevens, of Royal Oak, who died in 1843. The two children by this union who reached maturity were Josephine, who became the wife of F. H. Pease, professor of music in the state normal school at Ypsilanti, and Lura, who became the wife of Samuel W. Parsons, of the same place.

His second wife was Cornelia Jane Quick, also of Royal Oak, at one time matron of the Protestant Orphan Asylum on Jefferson avenue. Their only child died when quite young.

His third wife, Mrs. Emma Jane Burnell, a widow with two children, bore him no children, and died in the year following his death. Her daughter Elizabeth, married Theodore Wood, of Batavia, Ill., and her son Arthur has never made his home in Detroit.

Mr. Dolsen's estate which was valued at about $50,000, mostly in real estate, went to his only surviving child, Mrs. Parsons, and the five children of his deceased daughter, Mrs. Pease.

Levi Dolsen died at his residence on Trumbull avenue on Jan. 23, 1887, aged seventy-four years. When he died the little children of the neighborhood wanted to pay loving tribute to "the dear, white-haired old gentlemen." While he was lying in his casket two men, strangers to each other, wept over the remains. On said: "There lies a man who has done more for me than any other person in the world.' "Give me your hand," said the other, "for I must say the same thing."

GILBERT DOLSEN.

The directory of 1837 makes mention of "Gilbert Dolsen, dry goods and grocery store, 49 Atwater street," but mentions no other of that name. This was Levi's brother. He was born at the same place as Levi, near Chatham, Ont., on Aug. 24, 1806, and came with the rest of the family to Detroit after the battle of the Thames in 1813. On May 3, 1829, he married in Detroit, Juliet A. Filer, who was his loving partner until her death on April 22, 1862. In 1845 Gilbert Dolsen with his family removed to Janesville, Wis., and remained there until 1861. In that year he removed to Albany, Wis., where he was engaged in the milling business for a few years. He then engaged in the drug trade for three years, and afterward became a partner of H. B. Jobes in the dry goods business. In 1871 the store was destroyed by fire, and Gilbert lost nearly all he possessed. Next year he went to Kansas, where he remained ten years, returning to Albany in 1882. He was then seventy-six years of age, and thereafter lived with his married daughter, Mrs. G. W. Bartlett, in that city. Gilbert Dolsen died on June 11, 1894 in his eighty-eighth year.

His surviving children are Kate, wife of G. W. Bartlett, druggist, Albany, Wis.; Caroline, wife of Mr. Bancroft, miller, Trinidad, Col.; Martha, wife of Mr. Butterfield, farmer, Yorktown, Kas.; Juliette, wife of Mr. Glover, farmer, Graham county, Kansas, and William Dolsen, miller, Macon City, Mo. His son, George Dolsen, died in early manhood.

THE OTHER FOUR CHILDREN.

The other children of Matthew Dolsen were Jacob, Martha, Araminta and George. Jacob Dolsen removed to Cincinnati, which he made his home. He was twice married, his wives being sisters, and had three children; Mrs. Josephine P. Hancock, now living at Marysville, Ky.; Charles, who died in early manhood; and Mrs. Hettie Carpenter, of Stillwater, Payne county, Oklahoma territory. Jacob went to California, and when attempting to ford a river on returning home was drowned.

Martha Dolsen married Henry Chrysler, of Chatham, Ont., and spent her entire life there. She had six children, Mrs. Elizabeth Sterling, William Chrysler, Mrs. Caroline Lee, Mrs. Margaret Brooks, George Chrysler and Mrs. Theresa Blythe.

Araminta Dolsen married Griffin Roberts, a brother of Robert E. and Ellis Roberts, of Detroit. Her husband was a man of intemperate habits and they separated. They had three children, but two died young, and the survivor, Mary, became the wife of —— Latham. Mrs. Araminta Roberts carried on the millinery business for a good many years in Detroit, and was a matron of the Home of the Friendless for ten years.

She died in Detriot in 1886. Her grandson, John Latham, is a clerk in R. H. Fyfe's shoe store in this city.

George Dolsen emmigrated to Texas and was never married. One day in company with a friend, both mounted on fine horses, they were attacked and murdered by a gang of horse thieves. The latter, with a view of having their crime charged to the Indians, scalped the dead bodies. The murderers were arrested, convicted and hanged.

THE WIDOW DOLSEN.

There was a widow named Dolsen, who lived some fifty years in Detroit and whose residence for more than thirty years was on Monroe avenue, opposite the site of St. Mary's Catholic church. Her husband, who died more than fifty years ago, was named Isaac Dolsen. The relationship between her and Levi E. Dolsen, however, was so remote that he could not trace it.

CURTIS EMERSON.

"Emerson, Curtis, gentleman; office, 80 Jefferson avenue; residence, Michigan Exchange."

Of all the queer characters who ever resided in Detroit or Michigan, Curtis Emerson was the queerest. Old citizens of Detroit and Saginaw still grow loquacious when relating his sayings, and smile and laugh with reminiscential glee over his grotesque eccentricities, witty expressions, violent prejudices, monumental profanity, Rabelaisian ribaldry and crackling humor. He lived and died a bachelor. In person he was diminutive and slight, being not more than five feet two inches in height, and weighing about 100 pounds, with a complexion midway between swarthy and sallow, keen, fierce, gray eyes, which glared with resentment or twinkled with fun, according to his ever changing moods. He was a plucky little fellow, full of energy and vitality, and when engaged in an altercation would tackle a man twice his size, but was not vindictive, and when worsted in wordy debates or fisticuffs, would promptly extend his hand to his antagonist, and invite him and all the bystanders to liquid refreshments. He was always well-dressed in the pink of fashion, and looked as if he had just stepped out of a band box.

THE SON OF HIS FATHER.

"Curt," as he was generally called, was born at Norwich, Ct., on Feb. 4, 1810. His father, Thomas Emerson, was at one time engaged in bus-

iness in Detroit, but never lived here. The elder Emerson was a partner of Stephen Mack, and the firm of Mack & Emerson were extensive fur traders and general merchants in the early part of the century. Their store was on the south side of Jefferson avenue, between Woodward avenue and Griswold street. In 1816 Emerson retired and Shubael Conant purchased an interest in the firm, which then became Mack & Conant. Emerson afterward became a banker and merchant at Windsor, Vt. He was an eccentric man, with many good traits, and with an irascible temper and ungovernable prejudices, which sometimes led him to commit objectionable actions, but honest in purpose and deed, and kind at heart. A letter written by Thomas Emerson to Harry S. Cole will give the reader some idea of the elder Emerson's curious ways, many of which were inherited by his sons Curtis and John, who were both residents of Detroit in the '30s. Thomas Palmer, of Detroit, father of Senator Thomas W. Palmer, had given a bond of several thousands of dollars to Emerson. Indorsed on it were four payments, aggregating $325, which were discharged in coon skins, shingles, fish, lath and boards, between 1820 and 1832, but in 1833 and 1834 there were no payments. In the latter year a cholera epidemic swept all over the United States. One of its accompanying effects was a wave of religion, during which Thomas Emerson became a convert. While in this frame of mind he wrote the following letter to his lawyer, Harry S. Cole, of Detroit:

A MODEL DUN.

Windsor, Vt., Aug. 1, 1834.

Henry S. Cole, Esq., Attorney-at-Law:

My Dear Hal—I am rejoiced to say to you that the Lord hath been among us here in Windsor; that a day of Pentecost is here; and that I have been snatched as a brand from the burning.

I am now laying up my treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. Oh, Hal, how I wish you and your old friend Tom Palmer might see the error of your ways. By the way, Mr. Palmer has not paid the interest on that land for nearly two years. Now, I learn that the "pestilence is stalking at noonday" among you, and we know not how soon you may go. Mr. Palmer ought to settle that land. You and he, too, ought to prepare for death, and he ought to settle that land at once. Oh, Hal, if God would only open your eyes, and Mr. Palmer, surely he will pay the interest on that bond now. I pray nightly and daily for you and Mr. Palmer, and trust he will pay the interest on that bond. That the Lord will guard and keep you, dear Hal, and my friend Palmer, is our constant prayer, but do make him pay the interest on the bond. I will take furs, shingles, lumber, apples, fish, or anything he has. God bless and

preserve you both, but please do not let Mr. Palmer forget to pay the interest on that bond. Your devoted friend,

THOMAS EMERSON.

Mrs. Emerson was the very antipodes of her husband in character, being a pious, quiet, peaceful woman, whose greatest sorrow was the conduct of her husband and sons.

CURT CAME IN 1836.

It is needless to say that her son Curtis did not inherit any of her admirable traits, but in his own way he respected and loved her. Curtis received a good education, and graduated at an eastern college, and commenced the work of life with his father, but it was a case of flint and steel, and the sparks flew in every day's intercourse. This could not last long, and in 1836, when he was twenty-six years of age, Curt left Windsor and came to Michigan as a representative of a big eastern land company. Making his home at the old Michigan Exchange Hotel in this city, he traveled in the interest of his company in Michigan, Wisconsin and adjoining states, coming home occasionally for an extensive symposium of several weeks duration. With his father's capital he invested in the first brewery in Detroit, the firm being Emerson, Davis & Moore. The brewery was at the southeast corner of Congress and First streets. It was afterward used by Thomas D. Hawley as a malt house, and is still standing, though several times condemned as unsafe the past six years.

When Emerson was in Detroit he was always surrounded by a group who laughed at his eccentricities and profited by his liberality. Utterly unconventional, he joined in any conversation he might overhear, and vented his ideas with freedom and emphasis. If he did not like the appearance of either acquaintance or stranger, he would without ceremony abuse him to his face. In the early '40s, during the Washingtonian temperance movement, when the evils of strong drink was a leading topic in all circles of society, a lecturer named Hyde, who was no relation to Mayor O. M. Hyde, delivered an open-air lecture on the subject, from a dry goods box, at the southwest corner of Jefferson and Woodward avenues. Among the auditors was Curt, who in a loud voice exclaimed:

"You're a —— liar," adding an extremely insulting epithet. Hyde was not a meek and lowly disposition, and descending from the box, knocked him down. Curt was a little dazed, but rising up, came to Hyde with his hand extended.

"You're a good man, sir. Shake hands. You'll get along in this wide world of sorrow and tears. Let's take a drink."

ECCENTRIC FREAKS.

He fraternized with the Irish element partly because they appreciated his witty sayings and partly because they were mostly strong democrats like himself. On a St. Patrick's day he turned out in the procession with an abundance of green ribbons in his coat, hat and clothing, and ordered a supper in the evening at the Michigan Exchange. Mine host Dibble did as well as he could, and provided a repast at short notice. When Curt went into the dining room he thought it was not worthy of the occasion, and mounting the table he went from one end to the other knocking off all the dishes in his progress, and then held the supper in a restaurant. It was certainly a big affront to the landlord, but he didn't complain, for Curt always paid liberally for everything.

One day his father, who was generally called the "Deacon," came to Detroit to see how his sons, Curt and John were getting along. He learned that they had gone on a jamboree, and started out in search of them. He found them at Dan Whipple's saloon on the west side of Bates street, between Jefferson avenue and Larned street, where Buck Birmingham's saloon afterwards stood. Peeping in the door he saw and heard a tremendous racket, his two sons endeavoring to outdo each other in destroying the bar room. There was no fight or quarrel, but pictures were being broken and mirrors smashed, glasses and decanters were dashed to fragments, while Curt was making a frantic attempt to turn over the bar counter. The old gentleman smiled at this evidence of recklessness, and poking his head in the door, said:

"Go it, Curt! Go it, John! I'm proud of you. Landlord, that will be all right."

Curt was a great friend of Alfred Williams, always dubbed "Salt" Williams, also an eccentric character, who lived in Pontiac. Salt was a Connecticut man, of medium size, weighing about 150 pounds, well dressed and elegant in his carriage, witty, vivacious, fond of fun and an inveterate joker. He had an impediment in his speech and stuttered, which added poignancy to his jokes. When he got off a good thing he invariably rubbed his forehead with his hand.

He was interested in a salt works at Syracuse, N. Y., and agent of its business in the west. At one time he made a successful corner on salt in this state and Wisconsin, gathering nearly $100,000 into his exchequer, which made all the speculative merchants in Detroit turn green with envy.

Another of Curt's cronies was Theodore Williams, son of John R. Williams, and when the three were together there was sure to be oceans of fun.

A TRIP TO BUFFALO.

They all went on a trip to Buffalo on a steamboat, and had scarcely entered the lake when another steamboat forged up to them, and an exciting race ensued. Salt knew the other boat and offered to bet $100 that it would arrive in Buffalo first.

"Done," cried Curt. "No boat afloat can beat the boat I'm sailing on." In a little while the other boat drew ahead. Curt consulted with the captain and learned that there was a consignment of hams and bacon on board.

"Put them down below," he said, "I'll pay for them."

The captain remonstrated a little, but Curt had his way. Several thousand pounds of the stuff went under the boilers and Curt helped as a stoker. The escape valve was fastened down, the boat trembled under the pressure of steam, and when Curt emerged from below the rival steamer was a mile behind.

Salt didn't like to be beaten, so he said he would bet another $100 that he could pick out the homliest man on the boat. Curt promptly accepted the bet, and each produced his man. Both were fellow passengers, who entered into the fun. A jury was empaneled, and while they were examining the rivals it soon became apparent that Curt had won again. Salt's choice commenced making diabolical grimaces to influence the jury, when his backer exclaimed:

"You, you n-n-needn't sc-sc-screw your ugly face. God has s-s-s-saved you the trouble."

When the boat reached Buffalo all on board, captain, crew and passengers, were in an advanced stage of alcoholic sprightliness.

In 1837-8 Curt was an ardent sympathizer with the patriots in the Canadian rebellion, and contributed liberally to the cause. The self-constituted treasurer of the patriots in Detroit being General Thomas J. Sutherland who received his commission at Navy Island, and commanded at a safe distance the expedition of the schooner Ann against Amherstburg. After the capture of the Ann on January 9, 1838, Sutherland was arrested in Detroit for complicity in the Navy Island affair, and Curt signed a $5,000 bond for his appearance before the New York court. But when he heard that Sutherland was making arrangements to join in the invasion of Canada from Fighting Island, he surrendered him to the court and withdrew his bond.

A SAGINAW LUMBERMAN.

In 1844-5 Curt went into copper enterprises, which were a speculative furore in those days. In December, 1846, he removed from Detroit to Saginaw City and engaged in the lumber business. Despite his many defects and exuberant temperament, he was a good, clear-headed bus-

iness man. On July 4, 1847, he crossed the river, and it is said, became the first permanent resident of East Saginaw, which he named Buena Vista in honor of Zachary Taylor's then recent victory over Santa Anna. There was one saw mill, blacksmith shop and lodging house there at the time, which had been built by his brother-in-law, Mr. Atwater, but which were deserted. He started up the saw mill with C. W. Grant and commenced to manufacture lumber. In 1850 he built a two-story frame house, which he called Montezuma Hall, which was his bachelor home and the scene of many rollicking scenes, during which his conviviality and profanity attained almost a national celebrity. He loaded a schooner with lumber in 1847 and consigned it to C. P. Williams & Company, of Albany, and this was the first cargo of clear lumber ever shipped from Michigan. In 1854 the old saw mill was dismantled, and in 1856 he went into the real estate business. In 1863 he was a wealthy man.

HOW HE WELCOMED CHANDLER.

During the war he was what was termed a copperhead, and a very emphatic denouncer of the "nigger war." One day Zach Chandler came to Saginaw to address a political meeting. When he stepped from his carriage at the front of the Bancroft House there was a crowd, and among them was Curt Emerson and his dog Cæsar. The canine was short in stature and long in body, with an explosive temperament like his master.

Curt and Chandler knew each other, but the former did not speak. Addressing his dog, he said:

"Cæsar, if you wag your tail at that man I'll disinherit you.

On the fourth of July, 1864, Curt made a demonstration in honor of the day. He set fire to his old saw mill, which made a very imposing bonfire.

"This is not for the black republicans," he said. "It is in honor of George Washington, the Father of his Country."

In his later years he was involved in a great deal of litigation about property in Saginaw, and met with severe reverses, which left him a poor man. He died on Feb. 11, 1880, aged 70 years and 7 days.

ALVAH EWERS.

The directory of 1837 contains the following reference: "Alvah Evers, cooper, 37 Woodbridge street." "Evers" was meant for Ewers, but such mistakes are very frequent in that work. Alvah Ewers was about five

feet six inches in height and weighed about 160 pounds, with brown hair and blue eyes. He was very quiet and unassuming in manner, reserved in speech, and a man of integrity and good sense. After business hours he devoted a great deal of his time to reading, his mental pabulum being generally books of the "dry and improving" order. He was also fond of acquiring property and invested all of his spare cash in real estate. In religion he was a Presbyterian, and worshipped under Rev. George Duffield until the day of his death. He was an active member of the old fire department and foreman of No. 1 engine company, alderman of the old first ward in 1840-1, and president of the Detroit Mechanics' Society in 1844. Being a man of good literary taste he generally selected and purchased new books for the society's library when he went to the seaboard cities on business.

Little of his early life is known by his descendants, except that he was born in Berkshire county, Mass., on April 1, 1799. He came to Michigan about 1825 or 1826, settling in Washtenaw county, at a settlement named Geddes, which is now a station on the line of the Michigan Central, between Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor. It was named after the brothers Geddes, who were leading farmers in that locality. Here he taught school for a time, bought a farm, became a friend of the Geddes family and fell in love with Jane Geddes. The marriage took place in Detroit on April 28, 1829, and the pair lived in this city the remainder of their lives.

His first residence was on the west side of Shelby street, between Jefferson avenue and Larned street, on the south side of the alley. The lot, which was 22½ by 87 feet, was purchased by him in 1831 for $200 and with the house was sold in 1849 for $2,000.

COOPER AND GROCER.

His cooperage for about twenty years was on the northwest corner of Cass and Larned streets. On this property he built three frame houses and a cooper shop, the latter being now occupied by McCausland & Sons. He afterwards bought the property on the southwest corner of River and First streets, on which he erected a brick store and carried on the grocery business.

After selling his house he lived on his property at the corner of Cass and Larned streets, and subsequently purchased a lot on the north side of Fort street, one lot west of Fifth street, on which he erected a brick residence, and lived there until the time of his death.

Mr. Ewers was afflicted for several years with a painful disease of the hip, and succumbed to that ailment on July 13, 1851, aged fifty-two years.

His estate was appraised at about $34,000, of which $20,000 was in real property. The latter included some valuable city lots, a tract of 162

acres on Michigan avenue, adjoining the Larkins farm, four miles from the city hall, a farm in Greenfield township, and about 700 acres in Oakland, Shiawassee and Livingston counties. The city property is still mostly owned by his descendants.

HIS CHILDREN.

His only surviving child is Jane, wife of ex-City Treasurer William Parkinson, of this city. His deceased children were four in number. William Ewers, by the terms of his father's will, continued the grocery and cooper business with his mother, but was unfortunate and lost all his property. His wife was Adelaide Pasco, and they left six children, all of whom live in Springwells township, in this county. Sarah and James Geddes Ewers died before reaching maturity. Charles Ewers was born in this city on Oct. 17, 1843, and died of dropsy on July 27, 1885, in his forty-second year. He graduated at the Detroit College of Medicine and practiced medicine for some time. As a republican city politician he was astute and successful. He was alderman of the old second ward for five years, from 1876 to 1881, during which he was very influential in city politics. He was then appointed United States consul at Windsor, which he held until a short time before his death. He was never married. In person he was short and very stout, with brown hair and blue eyes, and was a pleasant and popular man.

HENRY G. HUBBARD.

"Hubbard, Henry G., attorney and counselor, 51 Jefferson avenue." This was an older brother of Bela Hubbard, of this city, who came to this city one year before him. He was a prominent and popular young man, known, admired and loved by the older citizens of Detroit, who all lamented his early taking off. He was the son of Hon. Thomas H. Hubbard, member of Congress of Utica, N. Y., and was born at Hamilton, N. Y., in May, 1813. He received a liberal education, and was a graduate of Hamilton College in his native town. He then studied law for a time in the office of Judge Davis at Utica, was admitted to the bar and came to Detroit in 1834. Here he formed a partnership with George C. Bates, the brilliant and popular republican orator and official.

Young Hubbard, then twenty-one years of age, was a handsome young man. He was rather slender in figure, with a well-formed head, regular features, a full and luxuriant head of dark hair, which often fell over his

fair forehead, a bright and fresh complexion, and was quick in his movements. His eyes were large and dark, and varied in expression according to his moods. When animated the glow of his eyes and the flush of his face were extremely attractive, and his feelings were easily read by his color and the quick response of his sensitive features. His manners in society were so genial and artless that few could resist a desire to know him. By natural impulse he was very social, but was not a trained converser. His voice was pleasant and under control, but often exploded with youthful merriment.

Young Hubbard was a favorite in the best circles of Detroit, and his bright, unstudied ways won for him the confidence and love of many friends. He was extremely sympathetic, and his large eyes would moisten under the narration of distress or the sight of suffering, and his hand, heart and purse were ever open to all appeals for assistance.

HE WAS PUBLIC SPIRITED.

Such qualities generally lead to failure in the battle of life, but he was also a man of excellent judgment and foresight, and a good business man. He was also public-spirited and quite active in all matters of public concern. He enlisted in the state troops, and under Governor Mason was in the memorable advance on Toledo and the great State of Ohio in September, 1835, in which one hog was killed. When Governor Mason was superseded at Toledo by John S. Horner, the Detroit troops came home on the steamer General Brady, and he joined in the jolly symposium on board.

In 1837 agriculture in these regions was in a low state, the farmers in the city and adjacent country being decidedly lacking in industry and enterprise. This led to the organization of a local agricultural and horticultural society in that year, of which he was appointed recording secretary. The society was in existence for a score of years afterwards, and the annual exhibitions were largely attended. He was also a prominent member of the Young Men's Society, the Brady Guards, and was recording secretary of the Young Men's State Temperance Society, into which the local branch was merged in 1837, and for which there was much need in Detroit at that early day.

He was a warm friend of Dr. Douglass Houghton, and in partnership with him made investments in real estate in Detroit and in pine lands on Cass river, which proved successful. He was also an active member of the Episcopal church. In politics he was a democrat, and was once a candidate for the Legislature.

After a few years his health, which had been precarious, gave way. Symptoms of the disease—consumption—which had carried off a brother, appeared, and in 1839 he returned to his father's home at Utica. With a view to the restoration of his health his friends made influence at Wash-

ington, and he was appointed United States consul at St. Johns, Porto Rico, West Indies, and thither he repaired in 1844. After administering the duties of his office for about a year a relapse in his disease put a sudden end to his life in August, 1845, aged thirty-two years. Mr. Hubbard died a bachelor.

For the personal description and analysis of his character The Tribune is indebted to Alvah Bradish, the well-known artist, who was one of his most intimate friends. Two portraits of Henry G. Hubbard are in the possession of his brother, Bela Hubbard, of this city. One was painted by Alvah Bradish and the other by Allen Smith.

THE EBERTS, THE OLDEST GERMAN FAMILY IN DETROIT.

The name of Eberts does not appear in the blundering Detroit directory of 1837, although it is doubtless the oldest German family in Detroit, and its members have lived almost continuously in Detroit from 1791 to the present day. Their American progenitor, Herman Melchior Eberts, was a count and a member of a noble Austrian family, of which the patent of nobility dates back over four hundred years. This is attested by documents in the possession of members of the family in this city. This Eberts was also the first sheriff of Wayne county under American rule, and was a remarkable man.

THE EBERTS GENEALOGY.

The first of his family advanced to the nobility was Count Caspar Eberts, who was thus rewarded in 1592 by Charles V. for meritorious services rendered during the Turkish invasion of Germany in 1590. The Austrian imperial archives say that he was "a skilled man in medicine, and a noble warrior, who bestrode a yellowish charger, whose neigh was ever heard where the clash of arms was greatest." Caspar married Marie Teresa Turr, daughter of Lieutenant General Turr, division commander of the Hungarian army. Her portrait was painted by Von Bibber in 1610, and is now in possession of the Turr family at Pesth.

SECOND GENERATION.

The children of Caspar Eberts were six in number. (1) Caspar Eberts 2d, who married the Countess of Tirma, daughter of Prince Eugene of Savoy; and was killed during the second Turkish invasion at Heidenchup, leaving one son, Jacob Frederick Eberts. (2) Jacob Eberts was an aide-

de-camp of Prince Henry Leichenstine, and was killed in a duel with Baron Markowitz. (3) Maria Teresa Eberts married the Count de Gotha, and died in childbirth. (4) Irma Amelia Eberts became mother superior of St. Anne's convent in Vienna. (5) Catherine Louise Eberts was one of the handsomest ladies in Vienna, and at one time was betrothed to Ferdinand, archduke of Frieburg, but the untimely death of the duke caused her forever after to live a life of seclusion. (6) Jacob Frederick Eberts, born Sept. 29, 1598, entered the army in 1622 as surgeon of the King's Hussars under Count Harrach. At the battle of Brigittenau in 1637 he displayed great valor, and was given two medals, one by the emperor, and the other by the empress in person. In 1635 he married the marchioness Marie Elsie, only daughter of Field Marshal Marquis Gonzaga, who was in command of the defense of Vienna. Both himself and wife died during the epidemic of 1663, and they lie side by side in the royal cemetery at Shownbrun.

THIRD GENERATION.

The children of Count Jacob Frederick Eberts were two sons and one daughter. (1) Frederick Herman Eberts was born in 1639. He married Anna, daughter of Dr. Peter Straup, and the only issue was one son, born in 1667, and named Robert "Whirlwind" Eberts. The latter was a roving blade and a famous horseman, and it is said that he killed more horses, broke more hearts and fought more duels than any gentleman in Austria. "Whirlwind" died in 1704. (2) Jacob Caspar Eberts was born in 1644 and married Maria Corvinus of Hungary, who bore him one son and one daughter. (3) Anna Elise Eberts was born in 1650, and died of a broken heart in 1671.

FOURTH GENERATION.

The only son of Jacob Caspar Eberts and Maria Corvinus was Jacob Caspar Eberts, Jr., who was born in 1683, entered the military academy at Munich in 1703, and graduated in 1708. He married Verge Drecote, daughter of the then reigning duke of Hap Gotha, who bore him two sons: (1) Jacob Frederick Eberts, born in 1711, died in 1759; and (2) Henry Joseph Eberts, born in 1713, studied medicine, entered the army in 1735, married Josette Felicia Descales, daughter of the French ambassador in 1749, and died in 1765, leaving two sons.

FIFTH GENERATION.

The children of Henry Joseph Eberts and Josette Felicia Descales were two sons. The second son, Henry Joseph Eberts, Jr. educated at the military academy in Vienna, was a second edition of his uncle, Robert "Whirlwind" Eberts, and was continually being involved in duels until 1786, when he was killed in attempting to ride his horse down the steps

of a public building. The first son, Herman Melchior Eberts, was the progenitor of the American family, and was afterward the first American sheriff of Wayne county, in 1796.

AN INTERESTING DOCUMENT.

The original patent of nobility granted by Charles V. in 1592 was amended and augmented on Nov. 27, 1658, at Vienna, by his successor King Leopold, "Roman emperor elect, king of Germany, Hungaria, Bohemia, Croatia and Sclavonia, archduke of Austria, duke of Burgundy, etc.," in favor of Jacob Frederick Eberts, descendant of Casper. This document, consisting of a large sheet of parchment inscribed in old German text, attached to which is a large seal about two inches in diameter, is in the possession of one of the Detroit Eberts.

A translation of this document shows that Leopold "confirmed and augmented" the original patent by admitting Jacob Frederick Eberts and his descendants, "be the same men or women, forever, to the rank and degree of the nobility of our and the Holy Empire," and confirmed to him and to his lawful heirs, the escutcheon bestowed upon his ancestor Caspar Eberts, by the late Emperor Charles the Fifth. The escutcheon is described as follows:

THE EBERTS COAT OF ARMS.

"A shield of gold color; from the middle of which a black angle turns upwards touching with the upper point. In this angle as well as in the two panes (panels) by the side of the same, is the black head of a wild boar, with red tongue sticking out, with visible tusks, with the muzzle to the left; on the shield a free open tournament helmet, as worn by noblemen, on both sides, covered with a yellow and black helmet veil, and adorned above with a colored or golden royal crown, whereupon two eagle wings extend to the left, one after the other, the hindermost of which is black, but the foremost yellow, or golden, and in the middle of which is to be seen the boar's head as described on the shield; just as such augmented and amended nobleman's escutcheon and ornament is painted with colors on the first page of this, our documental imperial letter."

The remainder of the document that the recipient and his descendants be admitted to the membership and society of the lawful born comrades of Feudal Tournament and the Chivalrous Noblemen, and in all transactions and things to be considered, honored and addressed as such, to ride in tournaments, and be judges of the same, and enjoy all noblemen's privileges. Any persons who disturbed or prevented these privileges were liable to the empire's strong disgrace and punishment, and to pay a fine of sixty marks of gold, one half to be paid into the imperial treasury, and the other half to the said Jacob Frederick Eberts, or his heirs, or his heirs' heirs, whenever their rights should be so violated.

This document is signed by King Leopold and attested by the imperial chancellor.

The Detroit Eberts, however, have no longings for titles, and are thoroughly Americanized, and imbued with democratic ideas and instincts. As one of them puts it: "Our ancestors were aristocrats, but we are democrats."

THE AMERICAN PROGENITOR.

Herman Melchior Von Eberts, the progenitor of the family in America, was born in Augsburg, then an Austrian city, in 1753, and after taking his degree of M. D., accepted in 1776 a commission at Worms as surgeon of the Hanau regiment in the Hessian contingent. This corps was hired by the British government to help extinguish the rebellion in the American colonies. The regiment moved to Canada and was quartered between Sorel and Three Rivers in cantonment until the spring of 1777, when it was ordered to join the main body of the British army in Eastern New York. Herman was a liberal in sentiment, and the more he learned of the struggle, the more he became dissatisfied with the part he was acting. He resigned at Castleton, and received testimonials and safe conduct to Lower Canada from Colonel Von Gall, who commanded his regiment. He returned to Lower Canada, where, in 1780, he married Marie Francoise Huc, orphan daughter of Colonel Huc, of the French army. He practiced his profession at Sorel and Boucherville, and in the latter place his eldest son, Joseph, was born in 1785. He afterward removed to Montreal, where he established a large and lucrative practice and was recognized as a man of high social consequence. Nevertheless, he had to leave Montreal between two days. In those times the "resurrectionist," if convicted, had to suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

A CURIOUS EPISODE.

A young lady belonging to one of the most prominent families in Montreal was taken sick. Three leading physicians, including Dr. Eberts, attended her, but her disease was a mystery which baffled their diagnosis and treatment. Her illness was protracted and she finally died. The three physicians conspired to raise the body, and it was exhumed two or three nights afterward, brought to Dr. Eberts' house, and concealed in the cellar. To diminish the risk of discovery the doctor gave a party that night, and cautioned his wife not to come or send any one to the cellar. While the guests were enjoying themselves, the doctor and his two confreres repaired to the cellar and commenced dissecting the cadaver. A short time afterward more wine was needed upstairs, and Mrs. Eberts, forgetting her husband's caution, sent a housemaid to the cellar. The maid opened the door, saw the corpse and the doctors wielding their knives, and shrieked. The three physicians tried to scare her by threaten-

ing death, made her swear not to reveal anything, and gave her money with a promise of more. But the doctors knew that a woman's promise to keep a secret was a very fragile thing, and they all fled the city. Dr. Eberts set out for Detroit, where he was followed by his wife after she had disposed of their effects.

MOVES TO DETROIT.

This was in 1791. At Niagara he met the family of Captain William Baker, who was in charge of the British government shipyard at Detroit. The journey up Lake Erie was made in a pirogue and lasted two weeks. The friendship between the families was subsequently strengthened under American rule, by the marriage of Joseph Eberts, the doctor's eldest son, to Ann Baker, the youngest daughter of Captain Baker.

In Detroit, then a western British military post, and the headquarters of the western fur trade, he practiced his profession on both sides of the river and also became a merchant. He dropped the "von" prefix and changed the terminal form of his name from "z" to the more anglicised "s," and soon took a leading place in trade and society. When Colonel Hamtramck's advance guard of General Anthony Wayne's army took possession of Detroit and its dependencies on July 11, 1796, he was the first to welcome the American officers.

Noble birth went a great ways in Detroit and elsewhere a hundred years ago, and this qualification in Dr. Eberts' case was reinforced by a fine presence, intellectual gifts, and great force of character. Four days after the American occupation Winthrop Sargent, acting governor who accompanied Wayne's army to Detroit, formally established by proclamation the county of Wayne of the Northwest Territory. The new county then comprised the whole of the present state of Michigan, a portion of Illinois, in which Chicago is situated, the eastern portion of Wisconsin, and a part of northern Ohio, extending east to the Cuyahoga river and including the present site of Cleveland.

Of this great domain Dr. Herman Eberts was the then appointed sheriff, and served until Aug. 20, 1798, a period of two years. While the supreme court was in session he wore his cocked hat on his head, with a black velvet coat, knee breeches, a long, yellow brocaded vest, and a sword—and filled the office with great dignity.

His home in Detroit while sheriff and until 1805, was on the south bank of the Savoyard river, on land where Larned street now intersects Shelby street, a few yards from the present site of The Tribune office, and within the limits of the stockade that surrounded Fort Shelby. In the great fire of Tuesday, June 11, 1805, Detroit was wiped out by fire, and his house with all the others, save Harvey's bake shop, was totally consumed. He removed with his wife and family to a house which he had built on

the other side of the river, where sometime afterward there was a domestic cataclysm.

HOME TROUBLES.

He was a man of masterful ways and brooked no opposition in his domestic life. His wife was an estimable lady, of a religious frame of mind, and the possessor of a rather high-strung temperament. Something occurred to heighten their incompatibility, which, however, did not involve any scandal in their marital relations. She applied for a divorce, but the courts did not grant it, and instead decreed a limited separation of two years. She went to live with her relatives at Montreal and never came back to her husband. After a time she became an inmate of the nunnery of the Gray Sisters in Montreal and afterward died in that institution.

Dr. Eberts' house in Windsor is still standing. It is the fourth house on the Detroit river below the Windsor water works, and is now the property of the Grand Trunk Railway, and used as a dwelling by one of the officials of that company. Although modernized by a covering of clap-boards, and ornamented by bay windows, it is substantially the same as when occupied by the doctor and his family a hundred years ago. The doctor was an accomplished botanist, and in his practice used medicinal roots and herbs in preference to mineral remedies. Many of these he cultivated in the garden in rear of his house.

The doctor was a member of Zion Lodge No. 1, the first Masonic body organized in Detroit, in 1764, but it is said that he incurred the enmity of the American Masons after the British occupation in 1796.

SURGEON-MAJOR UNDER BROCK.

In the war of 1812 his services were requested by the British authorities, and he accepted the position of surgeon-major in General Brock's army. His three sons, Joseph Henry and Richard, were all commissioned officers and attached to the staff and participated in the capture of Detroit. Another account of the sons, as told by Robert M. Eberts, is that his brother Henry was an American soldier under General Scott, and was killed at Lundy's Lane.

The doctor died in his house in Windsor on March 4, 1819, aged sixty-six years. He had been a Lutheran during his life, but shortly before he departed he became a Roman Catholic. On his deathbed he called his children around him and said: "I would like to have you all go to Germany when I am gone. There you can have everything you desire—horses and carriages to ride in and diamonds in your shoe buckles." Among the friends of the family present when he died were Mrs. Lewis, mother of ex-Mayor Alex Lewis, of this city.

He left seven children, five sons and two daughters. The sons were Ignace, Henry, Joseph, Richard and Robert M., and the daughters were named Therese and Phillis. The former married Alva Biron and lived and died on the St. Clair river, and the latter died unmarried at Chatham, Ont.

PROFESSOR LOUIS FASQUELLE, A LINGUIST OF WORLD WIDE FAME.

"Fasquelle, Louis, LL. D., professor of Italian and French, 90 Griswold street." (Jeane) Louis Fasquelle was a native of Guines, France, where he was born Sept. 19, 1808. At the time the first directory of Detroit was published he was about twenty-seven years of age, of medium stature, rather thick-set, and weighing about 170 pounds, with a large, bushy head of brown hair, sharp features, bluish-gray eyes, and a clean-shaven face. In manner he was pleasant and companionable, and a noted conversationalist, quite exact and almost finical in pronunciation, as became a teacher of languages, and using a vocabulary so extensive that even educated persons frequently failed to catch his meaning. He was nearly always attired in orthodox black, and in winter and stormy weather wore an immense blue cloak which he had brought from France, and which contained cloth enough to make two ordinary suits. This cloak he wore for many years afterward, even after he became a university professor.

In early life it was intended that he should enter the priesthood, but subsequently he went to the French capital and graduated in law at the University of Paris.

MARRIED AN ENGLISH LADY.

At his home in Guines he met a young English lady, named Grace Whiddon, who was a ward in chancery, and who had come to France with her father and mother for the benefit of the latter's health. The family liked Guines, and took up their residence there. The acquaintance between the two families ripened and grew until March 21, 1827, young Fasquelle and Miss Whiddon were married. According to French law, the ceremony was performed by the mayor of the city. This did not please the bride's father, and at his request the wedding ceremony was repeated in the cathedral at Dover under the auspices of the English church. During the seven years following his marriage Fasquelle and his wife resided in England.

In 1834 he came with his wife to the United States, after a short stay in New York City, locating on a farm near Ann Arbor, having determined to abandon forever the profession of teaching. At the end of the first year's severe labor he found himself the possessor of but $9 as net profit. One more year he toiled, but with no better success. Then he removed to Detroit, where his services as a teacher of languages were engaged by the Detroit Female Seminary, at the head of which were Wm. Kirtland and his wife, afterwards a famous literary woman. The seminary, which was located on the present site of the Detroit city hall, on the Griswold street side, was a three-story building of cream-colored brick.

A GREAT LINGUIST.

Fasquelle could speak and write nearly all the modern languages of Europe, but was rather deficient in German. So he went to live with a German family, and with the additional aid of books, mastered that language in a few months.

It was said of him in later life that he was the most accomplished linguist in the world, being more or less proficient in twenty-eight languages. He was a pronounced anti-Bonapartist, and any mention of the great Corsican in his presence was sure to bring forth the strongest criticism of his deeds and character.

He was an active member of the old Michigan Historical Society, and took great interest in its proceedings. In 1838 Lewis Cass, then United States minister at Paris, through Dr. Zina Pitcher, presented to the society the Pontiac manuscript. This was a diary of the siege of Detroit by Pontiac in 1763, and was written by an officer in the beleaguered fortress. In 1840, a minute in the proceedings of the society shows that Professor Fasquelle had translated the manuscript. It was afterwards carried by Henry R. Schoolcraft to Washington.

Mr. Kirtland, whose primary object in coming to Michigan was to become a landed proprietor and build up a settlement, resigned his position in the seminary a few years afterwards, and proceeded to Livingston county. Here he founded the village of Pinckney and built a sawmill. The two men were warm friends, and Fasquelle also came to Pinckney, where he invested in land and made his home.

Ready money, however, was a great desideratum in the '40s, during which Michigan slowly recuperated from the panic of 1837, and Fasquelle was obliged to continue his language lessons in Detroit. The distance was about sixty miles, and the roads during the spring and fall were execrable, so Fasquelle made the trip but seldom, remaining most of his time in Detroit. Once, at least, he covered the distance afoot.

In 1842 Mr. Kirtland left Pinckney and returned to New York. Their departure was a great social loss to the settlement, and also to Fasquelle,

but he remained there until 1846, when he accepted a chair in the faculty of the University of Michigan. The next year he moved to Ann Arbor and commenced teaching. The first year he taught only one term, or three months, for which the regents paid him the munificent salary of $100. The next year he received the same amount, although yielding to the wishes of the students he taught two terms instead of one.

AN AUTHOR OF FAME.

He served the University as professor of modern languages and literature from this time until his death in 1862. During these sixteen years he attained a world-wide reputation as a French educationalist, and his works became the standard text-books in all American colleges. In 1851 he published in New York a "French Course, or a New Method of Learning to Read, Write and Speak the French Language." The work had an immense sale. A slightly altered edition was also published in Great Britain from the presses of Cassell & Company, and this attained a sale of 30,000 copies.

He also published "Telemaque," "Racine," "Napoleon," a "Colloquial French Reader," a "Manual of Conversation," a "Shorter Course in French," and several other text-books. These works were skillfully written and had the great merit of being readily understood by even dull intellects. From the royalties received from their sale he derived a considerable fortune, which was mostly judiciously invested in Ann Arbor real estate.

HE WAS PARTICULAR.

It is told that at one time he was arranging with a New York firm for the publishing of a new book, when he suddenly paused and asked, "And how do your compositors spell traveler?" The answer was, "t-r-a-v-e-l-e-r." Prof. Fasquelle at once exclaimed:

"You shall not print my book; no one who spells traveler with only one l can print my book."

He was firm in this and yielded only after the strongest persuasion.

His students all loved Professor Fasquelle. One of them, Roswell B. Taylor, of the class of 1861, now residing in Brooklyn, N. Y., writes thus of him:

"We had French under Professor Fasquelle—the dear old man, how well I remember him—gentle, sweet in spirit, forbearing to a fault. He taught us to pronounce French without an accent, smooth, mellifluous with even tone. His own life seemed like it, even, smooth-flowing, full to its verdured banks, but without inflections. His French, of course, was fine and charming, but his English, while perfect in grammar and faultless in construction, was always tangled in pronunciation. If a boy

made a too flippant rendering in translation of the ever-recurring Mon Dieu, the professor in reverent mood would caution him against the spirit of the "infiddle"—pronouncing each syllable with equal and measured emphasis. He could neither repeat nor pronounce the letters of our alphabet. A pallor swept over his face in our last term of study, and soon after he yielded to fatal heart malady."

After his marriage and his subsequent removal to England he turned from the Roman Catholic church and became a member of the Protestant Episcopal church. At Ann Arbor he retained his membership in this church and up to the time of his death was a vestryman in St. Andrew's church.

HIS FAMILY.

He died Oct. 1, 1862, aged fifty-four years. His wife died April 7, 1877, aged sixty-seven years. His two sons, Louis and Frank, both became physicians and the former died at St. Johns, Mich., in 1889, the latter at Mr. Pleasant, Mich., in 1894. Caroline Mathilda Fasquelle, named after Mrs. Kirtland, became the first wife of Professor Alfred Hennequin, writer and educator, and died at Ann Arbor Oct. 4, 1889, aged forty-five years. The only surviving child is Miss Fanny Fasquelle, who lives in Ann Arbor.

SHUBAEL CONANT.

ONE OF THE MOST NOTABLE OF THE OLD MERCHANTS OF DETROIT, WHOSE HISTORY IS INDISSOLUBLY CONNECTED WITH THE CITY'S UNDER EARLY AMERICAN RULE.

One of the most remarkable blunders in the directory of 1837 is the omission of the name of Shubael Conant, one of the most noted of the old merchants of Detroit, and whose name is indissolubly connected with its early history under American rule. He lived to an advanced age, extending over the war of the rebellion, so that many living persons in Detroit have a vivid remembrance of his personality and character.

When any old citizen revives his memory in conversation the first topic will invariably be his habitation, in which he lived for nearly fifty years. It was in an old, three-story building on the west side of Griswold street, immediately in rear of the First National Bank, and situated on the corner of the alley. The house, which was probably built about the beginning of the present century, was a substantial log structure, covered with clap-boards. The ground floor which faced on Griswold street,

was rented generally for an office or barber shop, and the two upper floors were approached by an outside stairway from the street on the north side of the house. The first floor was divided into two rooms, the front one which had windows on Griswold street and the alley, being occupied by Mr. Conant as an office. The back room was his sleeping apartment. The floor above was rented out for various purposes. In the later fifties it was the headquarters of the republican local committee, and was frequently visited by Zach Chandler, then budding into prominence as a politician.

HIS BED-ROOM.

In Mr. Conant's bed room the principal piece of furniture was an old-fashioned mahogany bedstead, with four high posts, from which at one time depended a canopy and curtains, but which had been discarded by its owner. On the walls were two old flint-lock horse pistols, which had been loaded for many years; two or three old-fashioned prints; and several oil potraits of members of the Conant family. A large eight day clock of the "grandfather" variety, stood against the wall and industriously ticked off the flight of time. It is now in the residence of his nephew, Harry A. Conant, at Monroe. In another corner stood a wooden wand about six feet long and an inch and a half in diameter, colored white, red and blue, and gilt at one end, and bearing the inscription "Fire Warden." This showed that he had been a fire officer in the old times between 1825 and 1839, when the city was divided into wards for the sole purpose of forming districts for the fire wardens. The floor was innocent of carpet except in front of the bed, where a small rug concealed a portion of the clean floor. A tin, portable bath tub and a couple of chairs completed the furniture of the room. From the above description it is easy to infer that the occupant was a bachelor. He had the English habit of "tubbing" every morning, even in the coldest weather.

The office in front was also uncarpeted and contained a large desk with a great many pigeon holes filled with papers discolored with age. On the wall was an inscription written by himself and which was intended to be seen by visitors. It read about as follows:

"Under no circumstances will I indorse a note. I have had two lessons."

CHARACER AND ANTECEDENTS.

Shubael Conant was a man of commanding appearance. He was over six feet in height, strongly built and weighed about 220 pounds, with bright brown eyes, clean shaven face, gray hair and a rosy, healthy complexion. In his later years he wore whiskers all round his face. Like all members of the Conant family, he had a large and prominent nose. He

was always clad in orthodox black, with a large white linen scarf around his neck, and he wore a large, old-fashioned gold watch. His speech was mild, soft and kindly in its tones. In his dealings he was the soul of honor and integrity; his word was as good as his bond, and he was a man of fine judgment and marked ability in mercantile affairs.

Shubael Conant was born in Mansfield, Windham county, Conn., on Aug. 1, 1783, and was apprenticed to the watch-making business at an early age at Northampton, Conn. It is said that he first visited Detroit in 1807, and then returned east and engaged in mercantile pursuits. He then came here with a stock of goods on July 5, 1809, and opened a store in a two-story wooden building on the south side of Jefferson avenue, between Bates and Randolph streets, on the site of the store numbered 214. He was then twenty-six years of age.

HIS BROTHERS.

The accounts which he wrote to his people in Connecticut induced two of his brothers to come west. Dr. Horatio Conant came here about 1810 and settled at Maumee, Ohio, where he lived all his life, dying at the advanced age of ninety-nine years. Dr. Harry Conant joined his brother at Maumee in 1816, but removed to Monroe, in this state, about two years afterward, where he died in 18—. Harry Conant was the father of Harry A. Conant, of Monroe, afterward Michigan's secretary of state and United States minister at Naples, and John S. Conant of Princeton, N. J.

AT THE SURRENDER.

The Jefferson avenue store was carried on under the name of S. Conant & Company, the partner being David Stone of Walpole, N. H., and they did a fair business until the surrender of Detroit, on Aug. 16, 1812. When war was declared Conant was a sergeant in the company of Captain Solomon Sibley, who lived at the northeast corner of Jefferson avenue and Randolph street, opposite the western end of the Biddle House. The city had been bombarded by the British battery at Windsor, and an attack by land was momentarily expected. The company formed in front of the captain's house, and was waiting for orders to march westward to repel the British and Indian troops, who had crossed the river at Springwells and were moving on the city.

Just then the militiamen saw a white flag hoisted on the flag staff of the post. Incensed and excited the men simultaneously exclaimed, "What does this mean?" The answer came soon. Colonel Elijah Brush rode up Jefferson avenue, his countenance expressing anger and chargin.

A private named Richard H. Jones, a merchant, stepped out of the ranks and said: "What's the white flag for? What is to be done?"

"Done!" said Colonel Brush, "what can be done? Eighteen hundred British troops are marching up the road below, and three thousand Indians are back of the town. That's our condition."

"It's a ——— lie," said Jones, in illogical anger.

Robert Smart, a Scotchman, also a private, stepped out of the ranks and striking his musket against a post broke it, saying:

"I'll be dommed if the infernal British 'll hae my gun."

The company were then ordered to proceed to the cantonment, which was on the square on which the new federal building stands, and there they surrendered their arms. The terms of the capitulation specified that militiamen should not be detained as prisoners of war, and they returned to their homes.

This was Shubael Conant's last experience in war with the exception of a little skirmish with Indians in 1814 which will be related further on. He had no taste for military affairs, but he was a courageous and patriotic man, and being an expert rifle shot, would have given a good account of himself in an engagement. In after years when he recounted the above anecdotes, he said that he would rather have been a participator in an honorable defeat, than been present at a disgraceful and cowardly surrender.

LEFT TOWN IN 1812.

General Isaac Brock, the British commander, left Col. Henry Proctor in charge of the fort. The Indians soon commenced plundering the houses and stores, and in response to the indignant complaints of the inhabitants he detailed troops to protect the property. The stores were then reopened, but the pillaging continued, and the perpetrators were not punished for their misdeeds.

It was evident that Proctor, who was a man of brutal instincts, passively permitted these outrages by his failure to punish them. Subsequently, in February, 1813, he ordered a number of prominent citizens to leave Detroit. This was in direct contravention of the articles of capitulation, and called forth a protest, which was signed by the persons ordered expatriated, including Richard H. Jones and Robert Smart, the two privates mentioned above, and also Elijah Brush, Conrad Ten Eyck, Peter Desnoyers and other leading citizens. But the protest was of no avail, and they all had to leave.

It does not appear that Shubael Conant was ordered to leave, but he did. With his partner he packed up the goods of the firm, stored them, and returned to Connecticut, where he remained until Perry fought and won the famous naval battle at Put-in-Bay, on Sept. 10, 1813. He then purchased a quantity of goods and returned to Detroit in November, continuing in business with his former partner.

AN INDIAN SKIRMISH.

The Indians were very troublesome in and around the Detroit settlement during the war of 1812, particularly after the British evacuated the post in 1813. They would lurk in the neighboring woods, drive off cattle, and molest citizens. On Sept. 10, 1814, a settler named William McMillan went out on the commons with his little son Archibald to find his cows. When they reached a point about the present intersection of Grand River avenue and Griswold street, they were fired on by Indians and McMillan fell. The Indians rushed forward and took his scalp. His little son Archy ran away westward and was pursued by a savage on horseback. When the Indian overtook the boy he stooped to seize him, but the brave little fellow turned and struck the horse on the nose with a little stick which he held in his hand. The horse shied off and Archy ran away. The Indian again overtook him, but Archy repeated the trick and again the horse sheered away. This was done several times, and finally the Indian jumped off his horse and caught the boy, who was taken off to Saginaw.

The body of William McMillan lies in Elmwood cemetery, and on his gravestone may be read a short account of his violent death.

These and similar outrages roused the settlers. General Cass called for volunteers, and the following young men responded: Shubael Conant, Charles Moran, Captain Francis Cicotte, James Cicotte, Edward Cicotte, George Cicotte, Henry Jackson Hunt, General Charles Larned, William Meldrum, John Meldrum, James Meldrum, James Riley, Peter Riley, John Riley, Lambert Beaubien, John B. Beaubien, Joseph Andre, Lit Clark, Louis Moran, Louis Dequindre, Lambert LaFoy, Joseph Riopelle, Joseph Visger, Jack Smith, Ben Lucas and John Ruland.

The party rode up the river to the Witherell farm, and through the lane northward to the woods. They came to an Indian camp, but the Indians had fled, leaving their meat roasting on sticks by the fire. Here Archy McMillan's hat was found, and also tracks of the hostiles. The latter were followed to the back of the Cass (then Macomb) farm. Peter Riley shot a fleeing warrior, and took his scalp. The chief, Kish-kaw-ko, was wounded, but was carried off in a blanket, and several Indians were killed.

General Cass rode at the head of the squad, and Conant bore testimony to his bravery and coolness in the skirmish. After driving off the Indians in sight, the party marched to the Rouge, there they drove out another band, and then returned in the evening. This gave quiet to the settlement until the end of the war in 1815. The above is a synopsis of an account written by B. F. H. Witherell, uncle of ex-Senator T. W. Palmer, which was published in the collections of the Wisconsin Historical Society.

MACK & CONANT.

In 1816 the firm of Mack & Emerson (Stephen Mack and Thomas Emerson) were leading fur traders and general merchants in Detroit. Emerson wished to retire, and Conant purchased his interest in the firm, which was then styled Mack & Conant. The store was on the south side of Jefferson avenue, between Woodward avenue and Griswold street. Here many leading citizens, including Judge Woodward would sit and gossip and drink whisky and brandy in the evening.

The new firm did a large and lucrative business for several years. Detroit was then the military headquarters of the west, and all government supplies for troops in Detroit and other posts were purchased in this city. Any person who had furnished supplies for the troops and could not wait for the pay could transfer their claims to Mack & Conant, who advanced the money. In 1818 their aggregate claims against the government were about $50,000. Uncle Sam was in a rather impoverished condition after the war, and for several years the firm could not collect their money, which compelled Conant to make several trips to Washington to plead with the war and treasury departments for a settlement.

THE PONTIAC COMPANY.

While at Washington, in 1818, his partner, Mr. Mack, went into a speculation without his knowledge or consent. At that time the government threw open a large amount of public lands in Michigan for settlement, and the first auction sale took place on July 6, 1818, at the council house, on the southwest corner of Jefferson avenue and Randolph street, on the site of the water commission building. A fever of speculation, caused by the published announcement, set in, and Stephen Mack became infected. With other parties he organized the Pontiac Mill Company, and purchased a large tract of land at Pontiac, and made arrangements, which were afterwards carried out, to build hydraulic works, saw and flouring mill and other buildings at that place, which was expected to eclipse Detroit as a center of trade in a few years.

The firm, owing to these related causes was in rather straightened circumstances, but Stephen Mack, believing everything would come out all right, took $18,000 of the firm's money and invested it in his own name in the new enterprise. But it did not prosper as anticipated. The government refused to allow some of the claims, and this embarrassed the firm. After struggling along for two years, it was forced, in 1820, to make an assignment for the benefit of its eastern creditors.

IN MIDDLE AGE.

After the failure of Mack & Conant the junior partner, with his clerk, David Cooper, devoted some time to settling up the business of the firm.

Colonel Mack removed to Pontiac, and died there insolvent in 1826. Conant then assumed all the debts, and some ten years afterwards paid every creditor in full.

After the failure he retired from mercantile life, and for some time was agent of the extensive firm of Davis & Carter, of Albany, N. Y., and purchased furs for that house. He gradually accumulated money, and by judicious investments realized—for those days—a handsome competence. In 1834, seeing the need of better hotels, he commenced the erection of the Michigan Exchange, which was opened on June 27, 1835, and was the leading hotel in Detroit for a generation afterwards. He also erected the three stores, 222, 224 and 226 Jefferson avenue, and owned farms and improved lots on this avenue. When the Michigan Central railroad was built he subscribed for a good block of shares, and helped the enterprise in every way. His work was appreciated by the directors, who sent him a life pass on the road. In financial matters he was close and exact, but not parsimonious. If a business man or friend needed assistance, he made due inquiry and examination, and if found worthy, the relief was promptly extended. In a quiet and unostentatious way he did many charitable actions which were never made public. When business or other matters were discussed he was always calm, sensible and polite, and never lost his temper. He was accessible to argument, and would change his mind on any subject if stronger reasons were advanced than he could state for the side that he favored, but when he made up his mind after exhaustive inquiry, he was immovable. Although polite, he would not hesitate to speak openly when any circumstance displeased him.

One Sunday he took several friends into his pew in the First Presbyterian church, of which he was a trustee. When the collection was taken up the box was protruded before these friends, but he quietly gave his own donation and then waved the box away. He took the earliest opportunity to interview the person who made the collection and said: "I wish you would not pass that box into my pew. When I bring invited friends to church I don't want that box passed under their noses. I will always give what I ought to give."

When the first edifice of the First Presbyterian church was erected in 1834, the contractor, Alanson Sheley, received $2,046, which was $456 short of the contract price. The debt was unpaid some twenty years, but the interest was always paid. At one of the yearly discussions on this debt Conant said:

"This is all talk. I will pay my share of the debt now, but I won't pay it unless the rest of you pay also."

The debt was eventually discharged by Zach Chandler, James F. Joy, Shubael Conant and a few other leading members, when the church was sold in 1853, and purchased by Chandler.

HONORS THRUST UPON HIM.

During all this time his sterling qualities as a man and citizen brought him into deserved prominence. He was a stout whig, and one of the early abolitionists, and took great interest in local and general politics, always contributing his share to the party exchequer. Never seeking office, it was always thrust upon him. He was trustee of the town in 1821; one of a committee in 1822 to draw up a petition to Congress asking that the judicial be separated from the legislative power; alderman at large in 1824; associate, or side judge of the county court in 1827; assessor in 1830 and 1832; commissioner of common schools in 1830-2; director of poor in 1832 and 1838; supervisor of township of Detroit in 1835-7; and in 1838-40; justice of the peace in 1840; county commissioner in 1840; appointed one of the state commissioners of internal improvements in 1842, and subsequently one of the commissioners for building the Sault Ste. Marie canal; receiver of the insolvent Bank of Michigan and settled up its affairs in 1844; one of the first trustees of the old Detroit Savings Fund Institute, now the Detroit Savings Bank, when it was organized as a state institution in 1849; and first president of the water commission for 1853-9.

PERSONAL TRAITS.

Judge Conant, although a life-long bachelor, was gallant and devoted to the ladies. In youth and middle age he was fond of dancing, and as a votary of Terpsichore was noted for his enthusiasm and agility. The cause of his single life was said to be disappointment in love in early manhood, but if he met with that set-back, it did not seem to have any effect on his conduct in society. He was an acquisition at all social gatherings, being universally loved and respected. A temperate, but not a temperance man, he had a partiality for a glass of good Monongahela and water and cards. He was very fond of playing euchre, but did not care for whist, and his partners and opponents were generally Zach Chandler, Ben Vernor, J. W. Tillman, C. M. Davison, Robert P. Toms, George W. Bissell, E. A. Brush, Emory Wendell and other old citizens. At 10 p. m., however, no matter how agreeable the party, he would stop playing and go home to his bed. He was an inveterate smoker of good cigars. From the time the Michigan Exchange was opened in 1835 he ate his meals in that hotel. When the hotel was enlarged in 1855 the dining room was removed from upstairs to the Jefferson avenue floor, and his seat was in the southeast corner of the room, in the Woodbridge street corner. On the ceiling were painted a number of oil portraits, including George Washington, General Scott, Daniel Webster and other celebrities, and in the corner over his seat was a picture of himself.

At his house on Griswold street he dispensed with all attendance and

preferred waiting on himself, blacking his own shoes, cleaning his rooms and doing all the chores. Before the water works was established he generally filled his pail at the river, and brought it back to his room. It is said that he opposed the building of the new water works at first, but afterwards changed his mind and became the first president of the water commission.

A KEEN HUNTER.

But his greatest hobby was hunting. Every day he could spare in good weather he would go in his buggy to the ten thousand acre tract or to the Rouge region and tramp all day through the woods in quest of squirrels, which was his favorite game, although he would also bring back plover, quail and woodcock by the score. He never would fire at a squirrel unless he could see its head, and when he drew a bead he hardly ever missed. When his eyesight grew dim he discarded his rifle and used a shot-gun. In the '40s and '50s, when Jefferson avenue was the course for racing sleighs in the winter time, Mr. Conant in his old-fashioned cutter and old but speedy gray mare, was a familiar figure.

These out door sports were practiced until a short time before his death. He was also a valiant trencherman, eating three hearty meals every day. During all his life he was not sick a single day, until shortly before his death.

HIS FIRST AND LAST ILLNESS.

When J. W. Tillman, who was the husband of his neice, died in March, 1867, he was persuaded by the latter to make his home with her. The house, which is still standing, is at No. 170 East Woodbridge street, between Hastings and Antoine streets, and contains thirty-eight rooms. A few months afterward he was taken with a congestive chill and went to his bed. He was nursed day and night by the late George De Baptiste, a prominent colored citizen, who performed the same office at the White House for President William Henry Harrison on his death bed, and who died in his arms. Mr. Conant gradually sank and breathed his last on July 18, 1867, aged eighty-four years lacking thirteen days.

His estate, which was valued at $234,603.42, included the Michigan Exchange property, three stores on Jefferson avenue west of the First National Bank, lots in Detroit, lots and lands in Monroe county, and railroad bonds, bank stocks, and mortgages. His will left the Michigan Exchange Hotel property and the balance of the estate after debts and other legacies were paid, to his two nephews, John S. Conant and Harry A. Conant. The three stores, Nos. 142, 144 and 146 Jefferson avenue, were left to his neices, Mrs. Martha C. Tillman, now the widow of Alpheus S. Williams, Mrs. Helen Armitage and Mrs. Sarah Hogarth. He

also left money bequests and life interests on rents to other relatives, $2,000 to the Presbyterian home and foreign missions, and his double-barrelled shot-gun given to Harry C. Tillman, his neice's son.

PIONEERING.

GATHERING SAP AND GOING TO MILL.

[An original poem by Mrs. Harrison Hutchins, read before the Allegan Pioneer Society.]

Time, with his sickle smiting, has counted sixty years,
With all their joy and gladness, with all their griefs and fears,
And she, beneath the clover or snow, is sleeping long,
Who then was young and joyous, for whom we weave a song.

Tiny the low log cabin, by "shake" roof covered o'er;
Blue smoke from out the chimney rose o'er the wild lake shore;
The humble home was scanty, but wide enough for seven,
Hall, parlor, kitchen, pantry—on earth a little heaven.

Over the rough logs, sweetly the morning-glory twined,
The children, in the sunshine, sweet-scented pinks could find,
And marigolds and poppies were plentiful and bright;
Sweet briars and blush roses delighted sense and sight.

"Mother" could do the housework, could knit and sew and spin,
And deftly fashion garments to dress her darlings in;
Made butter, cheese, did milking; was wise, discreet, and fair;
Her voice was sweet, her kindness or friend or foe might share;

No time to study fashions—the garments neat were seen
Oft patched by toilworn fingers, and love stitched in between.
No school—could teach her children—neighbors were miles away;
No church—could read her Bible and find the time to pray.

The ague! Oh, the shaking! I seem to see it now,
And mother's hands awaiting to bathe the fevered brow.
No doctors and no neighbors, but God and angels near;
Alas, the lonely watchings through sickness sad and drear.

And now I see the father, was his a life of ease?
To hunt and fish and saunter, naught but himself to please?
O no; with hands so horny he felled the giant trees,
His logging heaps aflaming glowed in the evening breeze.

His plow, drawn by the oxen, the long rough furrow throws,
Where roots and stumps are plenty and the wild briar grows.
The chopping and the logging; oh, 'twas a fearful drill,
For thrice his leg was broken, and he in bed lay still;

Crippled, while wife and children cheerful assistance lent;
Crippled, two years on crutches our worthy hero went.
Once 'twas a compound fracture, fearful the fever rose;
Dark night and far off neighbors, how *lone* the sufferer knows.

His wife worn out with watching—"Oh, had we one to send
And fetch our neighbor Bostwick to nurse, the case might mend."
One shrinking, timid darling, none sure had ever sent,
Rose, and through woods and darkness, where bears might be, she went.

Father was sick and suffering—Bostwick a mile away—
Dark the ravine and woodland that 'long the distance lay;
Fierce winds that, shrieking, howling, with treetops were in strife;
On, on, swift sped the maiden; it was her father's life.

Dear, faithful, gentle Janie, the eldest daughter fair;
Methinks I see her often for babe and household care,
While mother tramps the woodland in search of truant cow,
Father on crutches hobbling—if well he'd hold the plow.

Mother makes maple sugar, each trough full well she knows,
And, as the sap she gathers, from tree to tree she goes;
She treads the bending heather, leaving her loved behind,
Where'er the pathway, dimly, mid forest aisles may wind.

The broad-armed trees above her, where clinging ivies twine,
And darksome grapevine arbors arching before, behind;
Green brakes and ferns about her, bright forest flowers around;
Past swamps where bull-frogs bellow and rattlesnakes abound,

'Round many an o'erturned tree-top, oft o'er decaying log.
She's lost! 'Tis lone and dreary; when lo, a shaggy dog
Comes out from 'neath the heather, and now another one;
Yes, two or three; she wonders so many dogs should come.

They frisk beside her footsteps, just off a little way;
Since 'tis so wierd and dreary she likes the dogs to stay.
She chirps; they eye her closely—sharp eyes and pointed ears;
Their long tails drag behind them—she has no thought of fears.

Full soon the gray dogs leave her to tramp the woods alone.
Strange! but she had no inkling that prowling wolves might come;
Perhaps some straying hunter so near her now may be;
Perhaps an Indian wigwam behind yon spreading tree.

But wearied out with tramping, she's glad at length to come
Where she may greet her loved ones, and rest at home, sweet home.
When friends list to the story of shy but friendly dogs,
They hint, "awed by her boldness, wolves shied behind the logs."

Who kept her brave and fearless 'mid dangers all unknown?
Aye, kept as heaven keepeth and careth for its own?
But spring and summer over and autumn crops secure,
The flail has done its duty upon the rought hewn floor.

And now, with cart and oxen, the farmer goes to mill,
Past Allegan to Pine Creek toils on o'er plain and hill;
Now in the sunshine broiling, deep sand the oxen tread.
Anon the rain is falling in treetops overhead.

His axe and gun he carries, prepared for what may come;
Panthers are sometimes mentioned, and wolf and bear aroam.
With axe he clears the treetops that oft impede his load
Or cuts the huge tree bodies that lie across his road.

Or, hunting better roadway, "blazes" the standing trees,
Where his rude cart and oxen may travel more at ease.
Thus busy, hardy woodmen gave little thought to fear,
Kept powder dry and gunlock, prepared for bear or deer.

At home the wife and mother with children 'lone must stay,
Be brave, though drunken Indian might chance to pass that way.
At length the weary husband from distant mill has come:
The days have dragged them dreary, but all is snug at home.

Ever in that log cabin 'tis bright with love and cheer,
Through summer's sultry sunshine and winter cold and drear;
Though hoarse the winds are blowing along the bleak lake shore,
And icebergs tall are growing where blue waves danced before;

And while the fields grow wider till to the wearied eye
The floe, so rough and jagged, seems joined to cloud and sky;
While storms abroad are blowing and snow piles high and free,
The father, riving shingles, beside the hearth we see.

The children pile the shavings upon the glowing fire,
And laugh, and dance, and prattle to see the blaze go higher,
Before the glowing hearthstone the frugal meal is spread,
And this was pioneering—a happy life they led.

NOTE.—Mrs. Hutchins writes: "I hope, when published, the fact will appear that Mr. A. N. Crawford, who was introduced upon the stand after the reading of the poem, is the hero of the verses. * * * Also the woman visited by wolves was his wife," and that though "she was not lost when the wolves made her a visit, she was lost at one time. * * * On the whole, a truthful representation of occurrences in his family." "The picture is not, I think, overdrawn."

THE LONG TIME AGO.

BY WM. A. LEWIS.

[Observation of One Who Used to Work in Piquette's Gold Pen Manufactory.]

Evart, January 7.—The reminiscences of Detroit forty-four years ago by Wm. Carson and the sketch of Griswold street given in The Free Press of January 5 would naturally stir a thousand memories in one who was then manufacturing gold pens in the second story of the building

standing on the corner of Jefferson avenue and Griswold street. The occupant of this building, proprietor of the jewelry store, silverware and gold pen manufactory therein, and of the cabs, omnibuses, sleighs and other vehicles stationed there was Charles Piquette, a Frenchman of energy with some non-commendable characteristics. He died long ago. In company with him in the manufacture of gold pens was James Guile, an excellent mechanic, a modest Christian gentleman, who afterwards married, established himself at Owosso and died many years ago. Allison occupied the room with us and afterwards established a jewelry house in Detroit in a building owned by Zach. Chandler. I have not heard of him for many years. He was something of a politician—a young Whig—even then arguing with considerable warmth that the war with Mexico, then progressing, was an outrage perpetrated by the democratic administration. We did not all agree upon the subject. Young Stevenson was a workman with us. Fifes and drums were playing on Jefferson avenue recruiting for the Mexican war. Perhaps he joined the army. Rodney W. Fairchilds, a gentlemanly fellow of considerable mechanical skill, was there. He was afterwards killed by the Indians while crossing the plains with a herd of cattle. His brother Ben and Sam Beckwith also worked with us. They were strong, wiry, energetic fellows; just such as win their way to fame by hard knocks. Perhaps they have and are among the Beckwiths and Fairchilds of whom we read, and perhaps Allison in his evolutions has become that statesman of the west who aspires to the presidency.

For a time, in that upper room on the corner, we had our own artist and engraver, who plied his graver in the interest of the institution. Piquette trained us at off hours in the art of pugilism, which occasionally since saved us the infliction of a pummeling. The upper room of the building was the silversmith's shop, in which the metals, silver, gold, platinum, copper, brass and whatever else were required for the manufacture of spoons, pins, etc., were melted, fused, amalgamated, hammered and rolled ready for use. From this upper door John, the smith, resolved one day while under the spirits' influence, to leap. Ben, whom I have mentioned, himself inclined to frolic, little thinking that he would leap out, cleared the way and gave the word "go!" and sure enough out he went and down to meet the sidewalk some fifteen feet below. For some months John, weighing only about 200 pounds was laid up with broken and disjointed ankles. Ben was too full of the d—l to be very much troubled about his management of the affair.

During this winter of '46-7, from our sightly windows on the corner of Jefferson avenue and Griswold street, we saw and knew all the gay rigs of the city. The most conspicuous were those of John R. Williams, then Mayor, of Gen. Cass, Ledyard, Chandler, Newbold, the Campaus and Palmer, and for some days we saw James Fenimore Cooper going slowly up

and down the steps of the United States Court House across the avenue. He had then some matter in litigation there. On their way to Mexico the Michigan troops marched down the avenue, and later in March a steamboat loaded with blue coats left the dock at the foot of Woodward avenue bound for the same happy fighting ground. Gen. Cass, home from Washington, was seen occasionally upon the street, Bell Cass holding the reins, which she even then held with an experienced hand. The Howards, Jacob and Wm. A., Romeyn, the Emmons, Billy Gray, Joy and Judge Hand were then in their glory, and coming to the front were D. Bethune Duffield, Bishop, Taylor and Jerome, Judges Whipple and Witherell were there. Robert Peidridge, Secretary of State, from Mt. Clemens, was there—stately, stern and majestic as a Clay. The Legislature that abolished capital punishment was then in session. Senators Abner C. Smith, the sage of Macomb, and George W. Fisk, the brilliant orator, were there. We were in at the close of that session and saw those noble Romans casting about for wads of paper, stubs of cigars or any other missile to shy at any one who did not seem to appreciate that freedom from restraint was the acme of glory.

THE INVASION OF THE SAGINAW VALLEY.

[A Legend of Northern Michigan as Told by an Indian.]

Mr. Harlan I. Smith of Saginaw, contributes the following article to the current number of the American Antiquarian, 1895:

There is an interesting tradition prevailing among the Indians and pioneers of Northern Michigan, which may furnish a clue to the origin of some of the primitive monuments found in the Saginaw valley. It can not be shown by actual proof that this tradition is authentic, nor is it often told twice alike. Yet the general thread of the narrative is indentical, whether related by the pioneer or by the Indian.

The tradition as told by an old Indian is, that at a time long, long ago, before the first white man set foot in this peninsula, there lived in the territory drained by the Saginaw and its tributaries, a very powerful tribe called Sauks, and that the balance of Michigan was inhabited by the Pottawattomies, while the Ottawas and Chippewas occupied the northern part of the state as far as Lake Superior. The Sauks, who had strong villages along the rivers, were continually making war upon their Chippewa neighbors on the north and the Pottawattomies on the south, as well as upon some of the tribes in Canada. At last realizing that the

efforts of a single tribe to permanently subdue the Sauks were of no avail a council was held at Mackinac Island, consisting of all the tribes who had been repeatedly molested. At this council a large force was fitted out with the best braves, arms and canoes which the united tribes could muster.

This force then set out in their bark canoes, going south along the western shore of Lake Huron until Saginaw Bay was reached. They then stealthily skirted the shore of the bay by night, secreting themselves in the day time; until after many days, they were within a few miles of the mouth of the Saginaw river. Here part of the force was set ashore, while the remainder crossed the bay in the night, and, landing on the eastern shore, detailed a part of their number to watch the canoes, which they concealed in the undergrowth. In the morning both parties started up the river, one on either side, and following the ridge upon which were located the villages of the Sauks, prepared to attack and massacre the inhabitants of each as they came to it.

The force on the west side attacked the main village by surprise and massacred all the inhabitants, except a few which retreated across the river to one of the other villages, which was located near what is now Bay City. But about this time the eastern division of the invading force arrived and made a furious attack upon this village. Here a second time the invaders were successful, and the enemy retreating to a small island about a quarter of a mile up the river, thought themselves safe, as the invaders had no canoes at hand with which to reach them. At this place a seige was instituted until the next morning, when, the river having frozen over during the night, the two attacking parties were enabled to cross, one from each side, and by their combined efforts exterminated the garrison, with the exception of twelve squaws.

The invaders then resumed their march up the river, attacking and massacreing all in their way. At the junction where the Cass, Shiawassee and Tittabawassee rivers meet to form the Saginaw, they divided, sending one party up each river.

Those going up the Shiawassee again divided on reaching the mouth of the Flint, so that some were sent wherever a village was located.

One of the largest villages was exterminated on the bluffs of the Flint, near the present town of Flushing. The division whose duty it was to exterminate the villages of the Tittabawassee river valley discovered an extremely large village only a few miles up the river, and overpowering the inhabitants by sheer numbers, killed them all and buried their remains in one large mound on the river bank. Traces of this mound may still be seen. The force that went up the Cass also attacked a large village which stood at the bend in the river now known as Bridgeport.

After exterminating the entire tribe, with the exception of the twelve squaws before mentioned, a second council was held, and after considera-

ble debate, these squaws were sent west, and by treaty put under the protection of the Sioux, much to the disgust of a large number who were in favor of torturing them. The conquered country was set aside for a neutral hunting ground, to be used by the several tribes who had taken part in the invasion. But since many of the hunting parties who visited the scene of their former victories never returned it was thought by some that there still remained a few Sauks, who, lurking in the denser parts of the forest, vigilantly watched the chance for vengeance, and to kill any unsuspecting hunter who might be led into that part by the game and fish which were so plentiful. Others believed the place to be haunted by the spirits of the exterminated Sauks, and nothing could induce them to venture into the mysterious territory. At last, so strong had become the dread of this region, that it was used as a place of exile for those of the tribes who committed extreme crimes.

More of the Chippewas were exiled than of the other tribes, so that their language prevails, although somewhat changed by contact with the other languages.

WILLIAM AUSTIN BURT.

The following copy of a letter written to Salathiel Cole by my father, William Austin Burt, the inventor of the Solar Compass and other instruments, is without a date. I am, however, quite certain, that it was written about the month of February, A. D. 1854. I found this copy with a lot of miscellaneous papers in a trunk or box left in my father's vacant house at Mount Vernon, Mich. I also found in the same place a few sheets of foolscap paper on which my father had commenced to write a sketch of his life. He was led to quit writing this sketch of his life by the advice of friends in Detroit. The circumstances were these: A printed circular was received by him through the postoffice asking him to write a history of his life for publication, and also to furnish a Daguerreotype or potrait of himself. This printed circular seemed to have been sent out by a man named Livingston who styled himself "a member of the New York Bar." My father's Detroit friends said it was only a speculation of Mr. Livingston's. I have often regretted that these friends advised my father to cease writing his own biography. And now after so many years have gone by, I have concluded to have the letter to Salathiel Cole, and the biographical sketch printed, that those who come after may know more particularly about William Austin Burt. I will say that his father was Alvin Burt of Taunton, Mass. He was born May

15th, 1761, and lived afterwards at Petersham, Mass., and at Freehold and Broadalbin and Wales Center, N. Y. He died at Wales Center, N. Y., July 19th, 1841, and his monument and grave are at East Aurora, N. Y. His wife was Wealthy Austin, a daughter of William Austin. She also died at Wales Center, and her grave and monument are at the same place as her husband's. My grandfather Alvin Burt was a soldier in the war of the Revolution, and I believe that some of his brother's were soldiers and officers at this time. The records of the time have their names often as men who served in the Revolutionary Army from Taunton, Mass.

Signed—William Burt, of Marquette, and formerly a resident of Mount Vernon, Mich., where I was born Oct. 31st, 1825.

Marquette, Mich., Dec. 25th, 1894.

(Copy of the letter written by William Austin Burt to Salathiel Cole.)

Dear Friend:—

It affords me some pleasure to address a few lines to an old friend, and in some measure, my teacher in youthful days. The memory of the few days that I was under your tuition in school is still fresh in my mind. I am called upon (with my own consent) to write a memoir of my life for publication. To do this truthfully I shall be under obligation to some of my old friends and acquaintances for facts and data for some part of my early life and character. You will therefore confer a favor on your friend and well wisher if you will to the best of your knowledge and belief answer the following questions:

What year and how long did I attend your school near Mr. Kinsleys, and what progress did I make?

What was my general character for industry and studious habits, and in what light do you regard my opportunities for advancement in education, and the use I made of what I had?

My object in asking these questions is to arrive at the truth and not to be the sole judge of my youthful days. Do not hesitate to answer these questions as you view them and they will be thankfully received.

All your relatives and acquaintances here are in usual health. My wife enjoys herself very well at our new residence and we feel that God in His providence has dealt kindly with us. I have been constantly at home during the winter preparing a treatise on "Practical Surveying with the Solar Compass, etc."

Wishing you health and happiness in this and the life to come, I remain,

Your friend,
WILLIAM A. BURT.

(Copy of Autobiography of William Austin Burt.)

I was born June 13th, 1792, in the town of Petersham, Mass. My parents, Alvin and Wealthy Burt, were in moderate circumstances, and I was sent to school as early as I could pronounce the alphabet and continued at school during the summer and winter terms until about nine years old, when my father, by misfortune, was reduced to poverty, and sold his farm in the fall of 1802 and moved to the town of Freehold, N. Y., and the following spring (1803) to Broadalbin (a comparatively new country), in the county of Montgomery, N. Y.

During this early period of my life my pious mother attentively instructed me in the principles of piety and virtue. These instructions, no doubt, had their influence on my future life. At this time my mind took a mechanical turn and a thirst for knowledge, and with knife and gimlet, little saw and grist mills on a rivulet near by were the result of my earnest labors. I also watched the sun, moon and stars as they coursed through the heavens, with delight, asking many questions about them, but no one gave me intelligent answers except "God made them." I now think that parents should cause such inquiries to be further answered to their children.

At about 14 years of age my father dispensed with my daily labors, and sent me about three weeks to the district school where I commenced arithmetic, and afterwards perseveringly pursued this study at all leisure moments without a teacher (except three weeks) until I had mastered most of the rules of the arithmetic.

About this time my father allowed me the perusal of an old treatise on navigation (published about the year of 1779) which had belonged to a deceased uncle. I studied this work with great interest, and without a teacher, and made myself understand many of its problems. The traverse table, and the method of determining the latitude were subjects of great interest to me, and an aspiring feeling seized me of becoming, some future day, the master of a ship, and I pursued my nautical studies as best I could without a teacher, and my mechanical skill was brought to the task of constructing some nautical instruments, which I made, and the latitude of my father's house was determined with my quadrant to a near approach of the truth, and my compass would do something like its proper duty. These were the first nautical instruments that I had ever seen. I endeavored to extend my astronomical knowledge by comparing a large number of almanacs of various dates with each other, and certain data found in the above named treatise on navigation, not knowing at this time what books I needed, and without means to obtain any. I was often reproached for my studious habits by those of my age, and even by men that should have encouraged if not assisted me. My favorite studies did not, however, so far absorb my thoughts but that I sometimes

engaged in games of ball or some other similar amusement until it resulted in a difficulty between myself and younger brother. This was painful to my feelings and upon the consideration of which I resolved never again to engage in like games of strife, which resolution I have fully kept.

About this time (15 years) I meditated much, making resolves and forming plans of future life and the future world that I religiously believed lay before me. Above all men I loved and reverenced the sincere Christian and desired and hoped to be a Christian some day. Sometimes I prayed that God would in some way manifest himself to me as I supposed he always did to Christians. At other times I prayed that God would give me wisdom to escape from all sinful practices and make me useful to the world. In regard to the duties of this life, I resolved not to engage in any calling but such as would be useful to mankind while it afforded me a living; neither would I engage in any calling for the sake of ease and idleness, though it afforded me a living profit, if my abilities rendered me capable of something profitable to the world or mankind. I also pursued my studies of mathematics, natural philosophy and astronomy, whenever I could borrow a book that treated in any degree on these subjects, at all leisure moments, and at about sixteen my father sent me to school three or four weeks. To prevent misapprehension, I remark that my daily labor for my father was fully equal to that performed by any young man in the range of my acquaintances.

Here ends all that William Austin Burt wrote of his history.

Signed—William Burt,
of Marquette, Mich.
January 11th, 1895.

THE DETROIT & LAKE SUPERIOR COPPER CO.'S SMELTING WORKS.

[Published in Detroit Post and Tribune, 1879.]

The existence of rich deposits of native copper upon the southern shore of Lake Superior was known to French explorers previous to 1660, but the first successful modern attempt at mining in that section of country now known as the Lake Superior copper mining district was undertaken in the year 1845. We say "modern attempt," because in long ages passed these self-same deposits were worked; but who the "ancient miners" were none can tell; they passed away in pre-historic times. We say "successful modern attempt," because between 1770 and 1845 a number of

attempts were made, though unsuccessfully. If space permitted we would gladly sketch the history of the Lake Superior mines, but we really have far too little room to fully describe the rise and progress of the important works for which this page is set apart, and we can refer to mines and mining operations only so far as it is necessary to do so in writing of the smelting works of the Detroit and Lake Superior copper company.

Among the pioneer explorers and miners in the Lake Superior copper district was Mr. John R. Grout of Detroit, and he was one of the first to appreciate the necessity of having works for smelting the copper situated conveniently to the mines. In 1850 some gentlemen of Waterbury, Conn., contributed the requisite capital and a company was organized under the name of "the Waterbury and Detroit copper company," of which Mr. J. M. L. Scovill became president and Mr. John S. Mitchell secretary, the superintendence and management of the work devolving upon Mr. Grout. At that time the mining district was comparatively a wilderness, with no way of approach except by water through the chain of the great lakes and their connecting links. The Detroit river formed one of these connecting links, and the city of Detroit, occupying a position by which all travel and business to and from the mines must of necessity pass, was selected as a location for the works.

In that year (1850) a smelting house, reverberatory furnace, and other fixtures were erected; a substantial wharf connecting the works with the channel bank of the river was constructed for receiving mineral, and the work of smelting entered upon. Workmen of experience were employed, and the smelting done with good and steadily improving results.

The copper of the mining district of Michigan, unlike that of such districts in other states of the union, or in other countries of the world, is the native, pure metal associated with mineral rock. It occurs as veins in fissures of the rocks (which are trappean in character), and also in beds or layers of the rocks, being disseminated through and impacted in them; it being in particles, in lumps and in masses, the latter often of great size and many tons in weight. To obtain the copper involves heavy mining, and not only heavy mining, but such subsequent treatment as will separate all rocky matters from the metal; and this, though the copper as it occurs is in itself as pure as any process of art can make it, involves the stamping and washing of the mineral at the mines and the subsequent further work of smelting. The pure melted metal as drawn from the furnace is run into moulds which give the various forms required by commerce. The copper when raised from the mine is immediately prepared for shipment to the smeltery. The large masses are reduced to sizes and forms that can be conveniently handled and safely shipped in bulk; the small masses, term "kiln work," are put in barrel packages, as are also the "stamps mineral," and the packages of the lat-

ter are graded from 1 to 5, according to the inferred yield of the copper. Each mass is marked with the name of the mine from which it was taken, it is numbered, and its weight marked by figures deeply cut in the metal. On packages the marks are painted. Thus carefully marked and duly invoiced the mineral is shipped to the smelting works, where the invoice is recorded and the mineral smelted for each company in the order of its receipt. The masses are smelted in separate lots, as far as practicable, and their per. cent. of copper made up; and the same is done with the kiln work. As each package of stamps is opened to place the contents in the furnace it is sampled for assay; when the smelting is finished the product is carefully weighed and the definite yield of each class is returned to the mining company. The smelting of the mineral of each mine is done strictly by itself, and the work is conducted with great promptness, so as to give an early return of the results to each mine.

When drawn from the furnace the molten copper is run into moulds of various shapes and sizes; ingot, cake and bar are the names given to the forms, the names including not only general shapes and sizes, but also quality. In each of the three general forms the grades of the copper are made to suit its intended uses; the ingot to be remelted and mingled with the several alloys of copper, as tin, zinc and other metals with which it readily combines; the cake and bar are used in the manufacture of iron and rolled plates, and are converted into almost numberless forms under the hammer of the coppersmith, being adapted to all uses where the properties of ductility, malleability, elasticity and tenacity are essential.

The furnaces adopted at the beginning of the smelting business were the ordinary Welsh reverberatory air furnace and the American cupola blast furnace, the former for reducing the mineral, and the latter for separating the final copper from the slag. They were the best then known, but time soon developed their imperfections and experience suggested important improvements. Both furnaces were unsuited to their uses. The best copper could not be made with that style of reverberatory, nor could all the final copper be extracted from the slag with that style of cupola. Many changes were made in each of them before they became satisfactorily effective in their uses—before they could be depended upon for producing the same steady heat and equally diffusing it through the mass to be operated on, and upon this steady and equally diffused heat largely depends the uniform quality of the malt in its several grades, and the effectiveness in extracting all the copper.

The reverberatory furnaces were so changed as to permit of converting the coal into gases and then of igniting the gases by passing through them currents of highly heated atmospheric air. By this arrangement a steady and powerful heat is maintained subject to perfect regulation as to its degree, and both the melting of the mineral and refining of the

copper are most happily effected; greater durability of the lining material of the furnace is also secured.

The cupola furnaces were changed to the elliptical form, with the belt tuyére and the usual blast furnace bosh, which was arranged to receive a water lining extending to the top of the melting zone of the charge. This arrangement effectually prevents the melting out of the bosh and gives far greater effective execution to the furnace, as it permits of unlimited heat and entire liquidity of the slag; resulting in the perfect separation of the copper from it.

Though, as we have said, skilled operatives were employed in the labor of the works during its earliest days, Americans were soon educated in all the mysteries of smelting and became most skillful in the art.

The present managing officers of the business have risen step by step through all the grades to the positions they now occupy, and no men are employed in the immediate smelting and management except those who have been so educated in the works.

In the mining district there has been a steady progression since solid mining operations were commenced in 1845; well built roads were gradually opened, connecting the mines with each other and with the lake harbors. As the mining interests increased in number and products so the smelting works at Detroit grew. They were enlarged and yearly rendered more effective, and for many years they did nearly all the smelting. But the time came when the mining companies desired a smeltery nearer to the mines, one that could be reached at all seasons. To meet this want, in 1860 a smelting works was erected at Portage Lake, a position central to many of the most productive mines, and to which they are accessible in winter by the roads built, and by water lines in the summer. Their situation is on the north bank of the lake midway between Houghton and Hancock.

In 1867 the proprietors of the Portage Lake works formed a union with "the Waterbury and Detroit Copper company" under the name of "the Detroit and Lake Superior Copper company," and since then the management of both the Detroit and Portage Lake establishments has devolved upon Mr. Grout. His aids are men of rare skill and he values them highly.

The works at Portage Lake had been imperfectly planned and imperfectly constructed; their equipment was faulty and the smelting had been unskillfully and wastefully done. Under the new management they were, in 1867, in part rebuilt from plans suggested by mature experience gained at the Detroit works, and the succeeding year every improvement and labor-saving appliance and the best skill known in the smelting of copper was introduced there. Under the new management the Portage Lake smeltery produced equally as good work as the Detroit establishment, and it continues to operate in the same satisfactory manner. Mr.

Grout has spent his time alternately with the two works, and they each, in the promptness with which they make returns, and the high returns they make, bear evidence of his skillful and energetic management.

The consolidation of the works of Portage Lake with those at Detroit, which brought the former up to the high standing of the latter, was satisfactory to the mining interests, and has proven advantageous to them in that the newer works give the metal derived from their mineral products the much desired qualities that previously had only been obtained at Detroit, and are available to them in the winter as well as the summer season, giving them a choice of smelting points at which to have their work done. This secures to them quicker returns and more economical management.

Both works have been extended from time to time as the demands of the business have rendered increased facilities necessary; and as the mining interest increases in the future (there is almost illimitable room for its growth) they will be further extended as occasion requires, the company's determination being to ever keep their facilities equal to the demand made upon them.

At Detroit the plant consists of two large brick smelting houses, in one of which there are two reverberatory furnaces, and in the other three. A suitable cupola furnace building, containing two cupolas, engines and all other necessary machinery; a commodious wharf for receiving mineral and shipping copper; coal receiving platforms and yards, and all other arrangements suited to and required for carrying on the business. The area occupied by the plant is about six acres. The annual capacity of these works is equal to the smelting of twelve thousand tons of mineral.

At Portage Lake the plant consists of two large stone buildings, each containing four reverberatory furnaces, and a cupola building, with three cupola furnaces; buildings for engines, machinery and smith shops; very large warehouses and wharves, essential for receiving and storing the business supplies and the copper—near 8,000 tons—accumulating through the winter months; also, extensive cooperage works for manufacturing and repairing barrels on a large scale; with coal, limestone, Lehigh and coke receiving platforms and their respective yards, the whole occupying an area of about 10 acres. The capacity of these works is equal to the smelting of 20,000 tons of mineral a year.

In the first years of the mining the refined copper product increased but slowly; in the latter years it has increased much more rapidly. In 1855 it had amounted to 2,895 tons for that year; in 1860 to 5,533 tons; in 1865 to 6,631 tons; in 1870 to 12,700 tons; in 1875 to 18,019 tons, and in 1879 to 21,080 tons. The two works of the company are equal to making a much larger amount of refined metal annually than the amount last mentioned.

This company, through the work of smelting, has been identified with the mining interests from the earliest period of their development. They have devoted to their work able, comprehensive, and untiring attention, having smelted through many years for from 40 to 50 mines in progress of development, and for some twelve years for all the mines in progress of work. Through the whole of the time they have studied to understand the copper from each mine and to acquire the art of bringing it to the same high grades of best refined metal.

To the enterprise of this company, the Lake Superior copper mines are largely indebted for the favorable development of their interests, for the establishment of these works and the skill of their management is mainly due the continued even quality and high market value of their copper. Wherever used, the superior quality of the lake refined copper is appreciated.

Mr. Grout originated and continued successfully at the head of these works for a period of over thirty years.

NAVIGATION VS. BANKING.

BY DR. E. D. BURR OF LANSING.

When living in Detroit in 1846 or 1847, a man by the name of Truesdill was running the St. Clair Bank there. The institution being located at the village of St. Clair whilst its business was at Detroit.

E. B. Ward at that time was running a small steamboat from Detroit to Port Huron, it taking him two days to make the round trip. Mr. Truesdill having to make frequent visits to St. Clair in order to keep his "Red Dog" running, suggested to Mr. Ward that he should give him a pass or free ticket. Mr. Ward replied that he "couldn't see it." Mr. T. said he would try and make him see it.

A few days later another steamer was advertised to run to Port Huron on the same time as Ward's boat. Mr. Ward interviewed the captain desiring to know why he did not run his boat up the river the day that Ward's boat came down, and thus make a daily line?

He was referred to Mr. Truesdill. Upon calling on him, he was informed that he intended to run him off the river.

"I think you will have a good time of it," said Ward who immediately asked the merchants to lay aside all the St. Clair bills they received for him. Thus armed, on every trip up he called at the bank demanding specie for the bills he presented.

It was but a few days before Mr. Truesdill came to Mr. Ward demanding to know what he was doing this for? Mr. Ward replied, "I intend to run on your line just so long as you do on mine."

Mr. Truesdill concluded to abandon steamboating, letting Mr. Ward have the charter of his boat for the season, thus enabling Mr. Ward to run a daily line of steamers to Port Huron greatly to his own and the public's satisfaction.

THE FOSTERS OF OTSEGO, ALLEGAN CO.

BY DR. A. R. FOSTER.

Nathan Foster was born at Old Town, near Bangor, Maine, January 26, 1744.

He married Hannah Haskell of the same place, born May 12, 1744.

They moved to the Old Bay State, as it was customarily called then, and probably lived in Salem a few years, when they struck into the wilderness and planted themselves in Willington, where he cleared him a farm. From here in 1811 he went to Orange, Vt., where he died March 12, 1812, and his wife also died (here?) Dec. 6, 1832.

Dr. Samuel Foster, son of Nathan Foster, was born August 9, 1788, probably in Vermont. He married Pamela Camp, Aug. 7, 1811, and came to Michigan first in 1829 and after some investigation he left for his home in the fall of 1830 to bring his family to Michigan. He was blockaded at Buffalo by the severity of the winter and did not arrive home until the spring of 1831. Having previously written to his family to be ready to start at once, he was delayed only about a week, when he started upon his return trip to Michigan with his family, traveling to Burlington, Vt., with two teams, one yoke of oxen and one span of horses. From there by steamer on Lake Champlain, then Northern Canal to Troy, N. Y., and Erie Canal to Buffalo, N. Y., and by steamer to Detroit.

His family consisted besides his wife, of seven children, born in Vermont, namely, Samuel Dana, born Aug. 11, 1814; Gould Camp, born July 17, 1816; Pamela, born July 4, 1818; Betsey, born Oct. 2, 1820; Benjamin Wooster, born Feb. 20, 1823; George Haskell, born Sept. 24, 1825; Evarissa, born Nov. 20, 1827.

Samuel Dana, eldest son of Dr. Samuel Foster, tells a good story of how, after reaching Detroit, he was detailed by his father to purchase a span of horses from Trusant Campau which should take them and their goods through to where Otsego now stands. When Dana returned with

the horses his father had bought a yoke of oxen and two wagons and harnesses.

The next day they resumed their journey, traveling that day only ten miles, arriving at Dearborn, at that time a military post. The next day they went to Ypsilanti, twenty miles, then to Battle Creek; here they built the first house in that place, where part of the family remained until the spring of 1832, while the men folks pushed on and about the first of September they reached a place where they halted and built them a house which was the first house built in Otsego. Here the father, son Dana and daughter Pamela spent the winter which was one of the coldest winters Michigan ever saw. In the spring they brought on the family from Battle Creek.

Samuel Dana Foster, who began business in 1836, dealing in general merchandise, has continued to date, having been in business 56 years in one town and on one corner. He has held many positions of honor and trust in the Wolverine state as well as many public offices.

On December 5, 1838, he was married to Mary C. Franklin. One son was born to them, Henry E. Foster, a resident now of Benton Harbor, Mich.

Dr. Albert R. Foster, the youngest son of Dr. Samuel Foster, was the first white child born in Otsego, Jan. 30, 1834, and when a boy ten years of age, began saving his spare money and was five years, five months and fourteen days saving $33.00 with which he made his first investment in merchandise and opened his little grocery store 12x20 feet, Oct. 31, 1849, which was opposite the old Otsego Hall, built by Dr. Samuel Foster in 1836. In 1854 he went into the drug business and later in 1860 he began to practice medicine. He married Sarah Lovina Randall of Cooper, Kalamazoo county, in 1854, to whom were born four children. Edgar D., born Oct. 22, 1855; Clarence Albert, born March 28, 1858; Isodene Pamela, Feb. 14, 1860, who died May 5, 1867; Aristen Permilla, born May 18, 1863. Edgar and Aristen remained in Otsego and are married and have families.

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